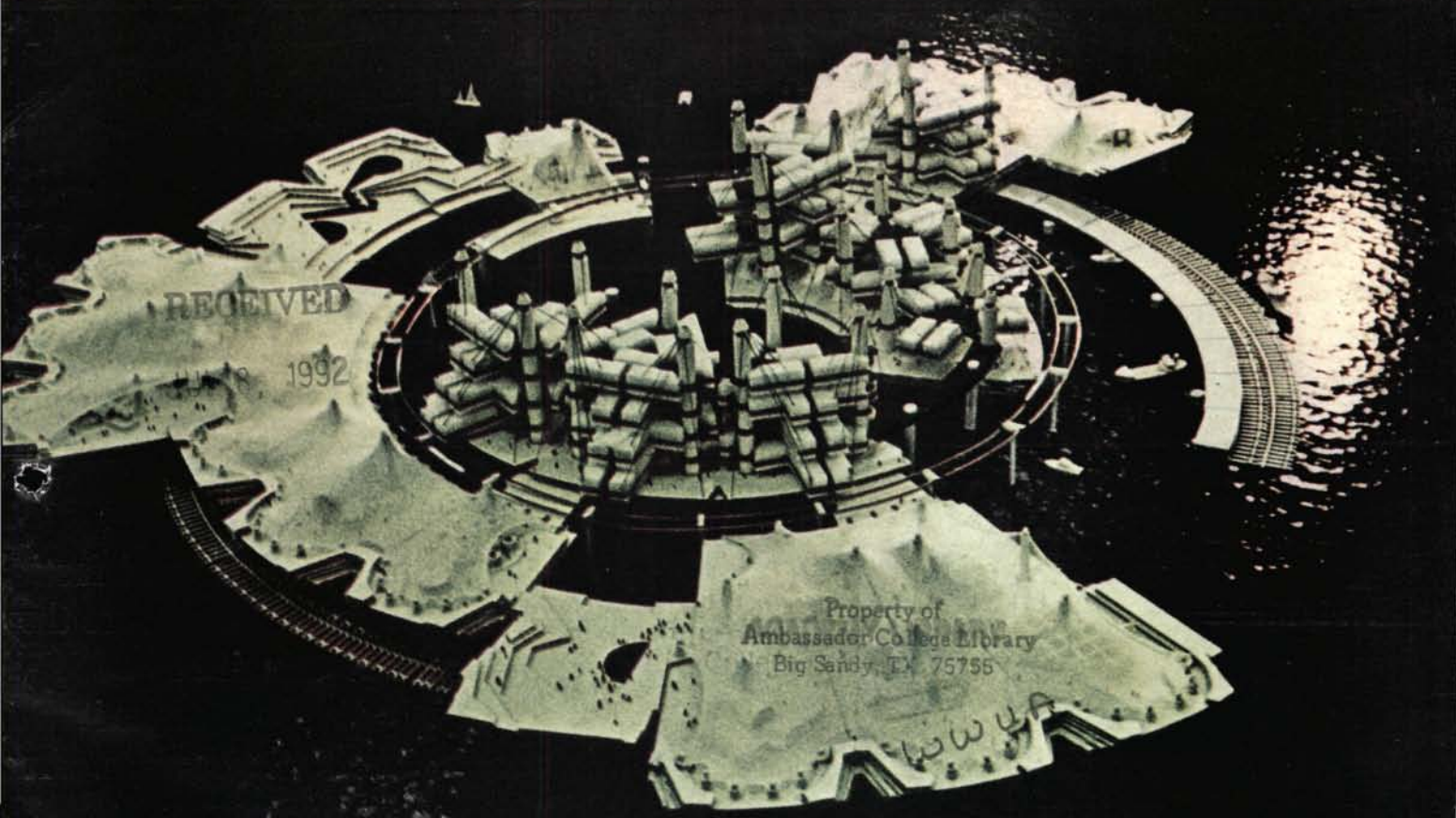
Saturday Review

DECEMBER 4, 1971 50¢

CITIES ON THE SEA?

BY JOHN LEAR



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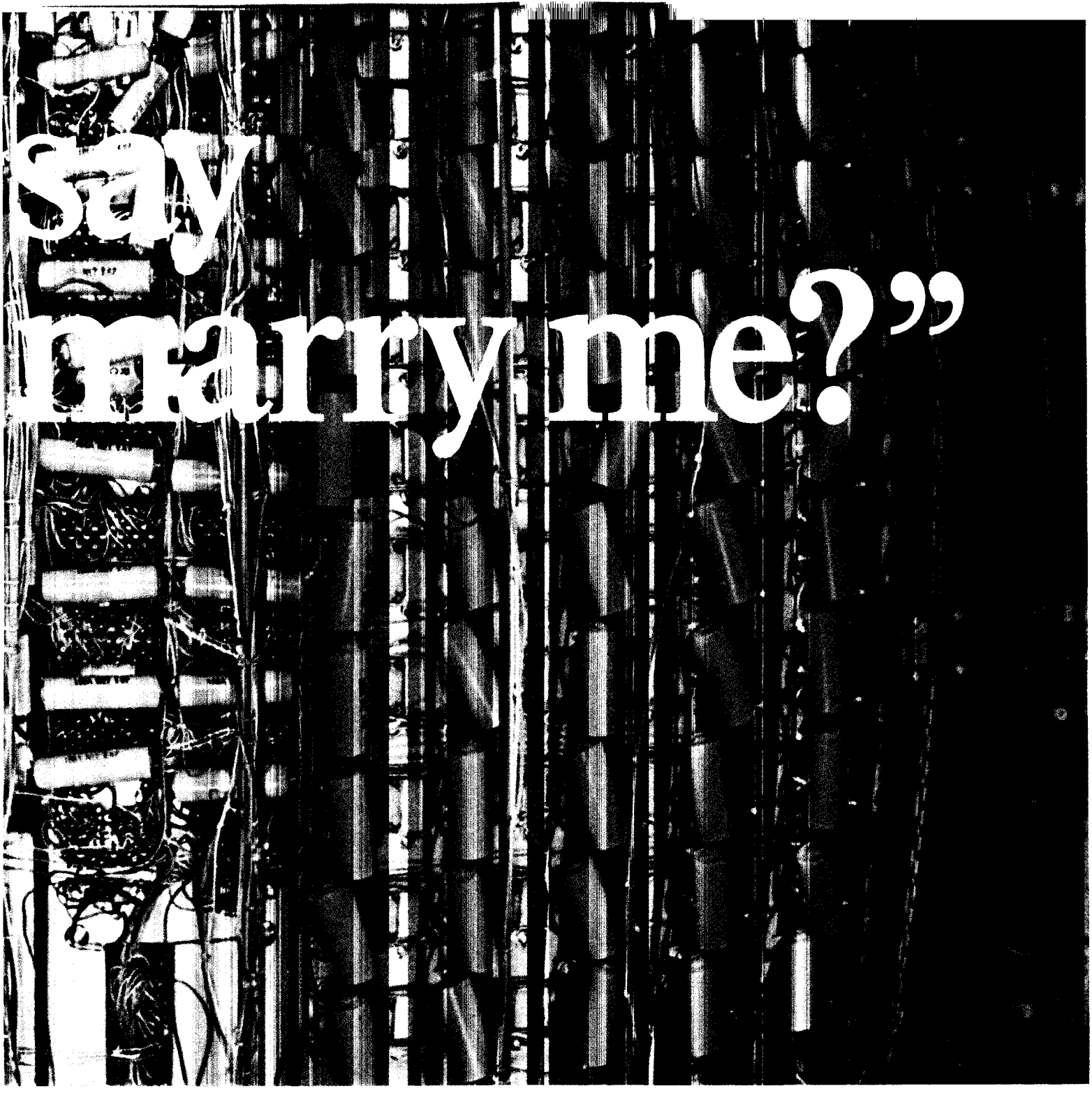

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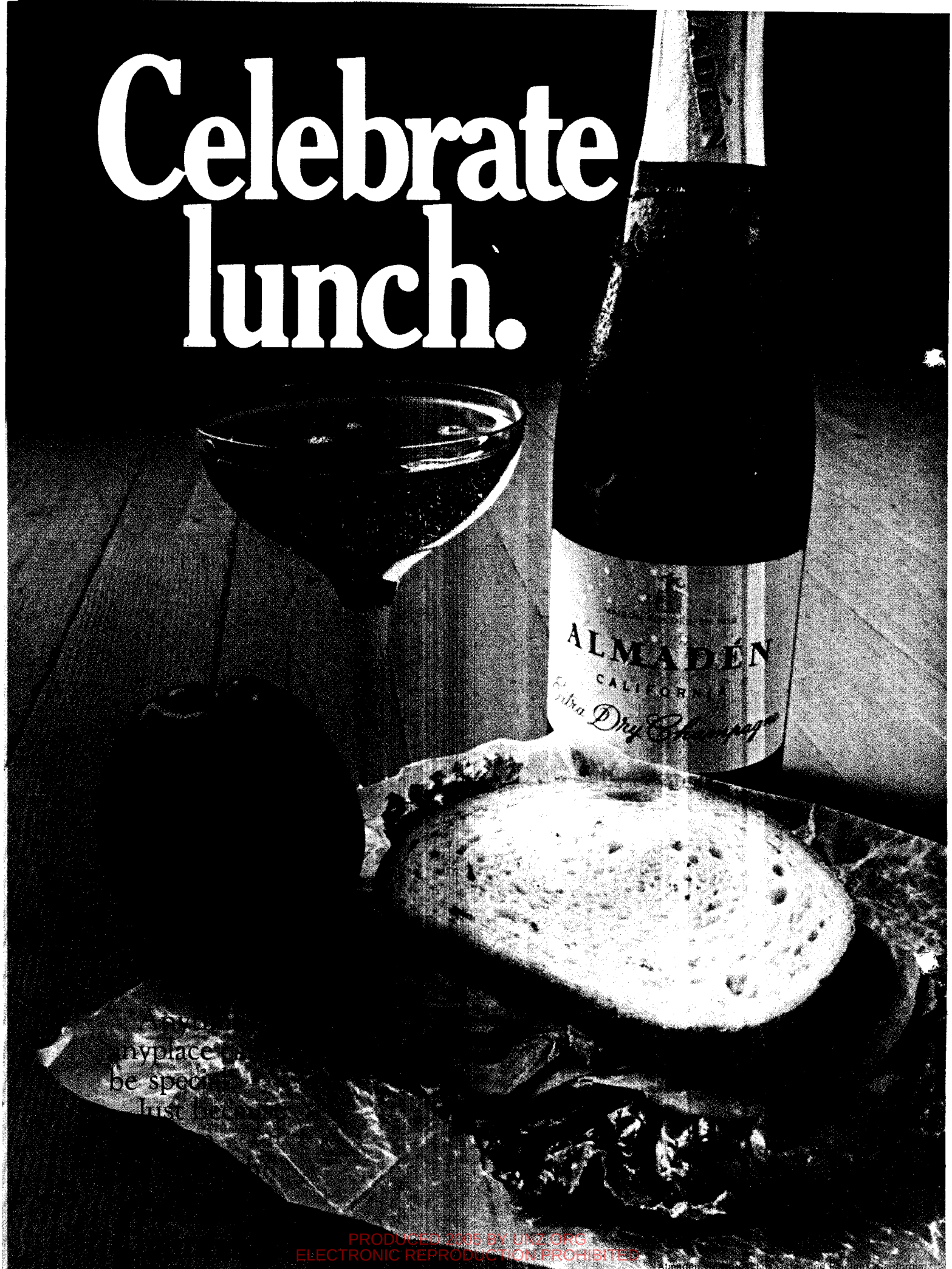

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The season may be jolly. But world events obey no calendar.

That's why television continues to focus its inquisitive eye on our communities and the larger world. On people and events that affect us, that inspire us, that excite and concern us, and that sometimes trouble us.

Not to the exclusion of bright and lively entertainment for the holidays. As you check the list below, you can see there's also plenty to amuse and enlighten every age group.

And why not. Isn't that what holidays are for?

All the Way Home. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Pulitzer Prize play from James Agee's novel, with Joanne Woodward, Richard Kiley. Wednesday, Dec. 1 (8:30-10 pm).

Santa Claus is Coming to Town. Animation with voices of Fred Astaire, Mickey Rooney, Keenan Wynn. Friday, Dec. 3 (8-9 pm).

The American West of John Ford. Tribute to the film director, with John Wayne, James Stewart, Henry Fonda. Sunday, Dec. 5 (9:30-10:30 pm).

Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer. Burl Ives narrates animated musical. Monday, Dec. 6 (8-9 pm).

Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas. Animated holiday story. Tuesday, Dec. 7 (7:30-8 pm).

A Charlie Brown Christmas. Yuletide with the "Peanuts" kids. Tuesday, Dec. 7 (8-8:30 pm).

Julie and Carol at Lincoln Center. Julie Andrews and Carol Burnett. Tuesday, Dec. 7 (8:30-9:30 pm).

The Plot to Murder Hitler. Appointment with Destiny—Re-enactment of assassination attempt. Thursday, Dec. 9 (8-9 pm).

Oil For But One Day. Religious special celebrating Chanukah Festival. Sunday, Dec. 12 (12-12:30 pm).

A Christmas Carol. Animated version of Dickens' story. Sunday, Dec. 12 (5-6 pm).

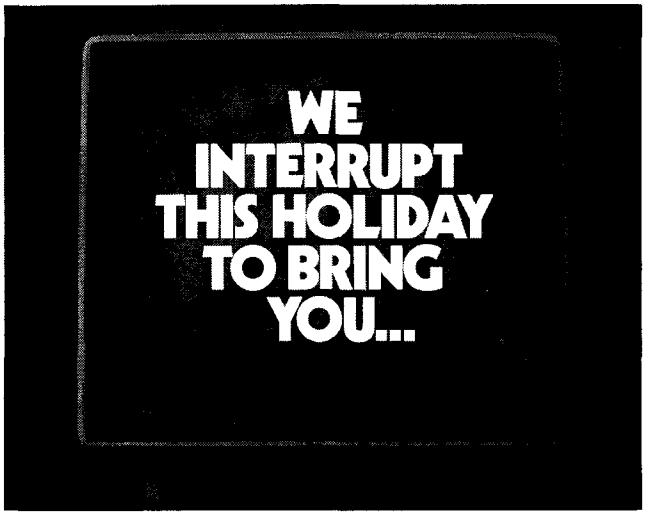
The Littlest Angel. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Shepherd boy is transformed into an angel. With Fred Gwynne, Cab Calloway, E. G. Marshall, Tony Randall. Sunday, Dec. 12 (7:30-9 pm).

The Little Drummer Boy. Animated musical with voices of Greer Garson, Jose Ferrer. Tuesday, Dec. 14 (7:30-8 pm).

The Night the Animals Talked. Parable of birth of Christ witnessed by group of animals. Friday, Dec. 17 (8-8:30 pm).

The Homecoming—A Christmas Story. Sensitive story of rural family during the Depression. Sunday, Dec. 19 (7:30-9:30 pm).

A Christmas Carol. Animated in the fashion of Dickens' times. Voices of Michael Redgrave, Alistair Sim. Tuesday, Dec. 21 (7:30-8 pm).



Octopus, Octopus. Cousteau films Pacific octopus. Tuesday, Dec. 21 (8-9 pm).

Getting There First: The American Experience. History of American achievements. Tuesday, Dec. 21 (9-10 pm).

Death of Diem. NBC News White Paper on JFK and Vietnam. Wednesday, Dec. 22 (10-11 pm).

Correspondents Report—Parts 1 and 2. Year-end wrap-up of news. Thursdays, Dec. 23 and 30 (9-10 pm).

J.T. Drama about lonely ghetto youth. Friday, Dec. 24 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Chronolog. Sampler of children's programming around world. Friday, Dec. 24 (8:30-10 pm).

Beethoven's Birthday: A Celebration in Vienna with Leonard Bernstein. Vienna Philharmonic plays Piano Concerto No. 1, "Fidelio," Symphony No. 9. Friday, Dec. 24 (9:30-11 pm).

Far From the Madding Crowd. Film of Hardy novel. Saturday and Monday, Dec. 25, 27 (9-11 pm).

Terror in Ulster. Chronicling strife in Northern Ireland (Date TBA.)

AND SOME JANUARY HIGHLIGHTS...

Whatever Happened to Privacy? Gadgets, processes, procedures that diminish privacy. Monday, Jan. 3 (8-9 pm).

Projection '72. Reviewing '71, analysts forecast trends of '72. Sunday, Jan. 9 (5-6:30 pm).

Suffer the Little Children. Effects on children of violence in Ulster. Tuesday, Jan. 11 (9:30-10:30 pm).

The Last Tribes of Mindanao. National Geographic study of natives of the Philippines, Wednesday, Jan. 12 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Mysterious Spring: Africa's Mzima. Study of African animal life. Sunday, Jan. 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Jack Lemmon in 'S Wonderful, 'S Marvelous, 'S Gershwin. The work of George and Ira Gershwin. Monday, Jan. 17 (8-9:30 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood/The Electric Company.

Thursday: CBS Reports (appearing every fourth week).

Friday: Chronolog (appearing fourth Friday each month).

Saturday: Pop-Up/In the News/Dr. Dolittle/Barrier Reef/Lidsville/Take a Giant Step/Curiosity Shop/Mr. Wizard/You Are There/CBS Children's Film Festival.

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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"Trendy" is a made-up word that —like such un-made-up words as "relevance" and "together"—appears to be working its way into columns and criticism. It seems to indicate a certain intellectual fickleness, a tendency to bow to the winds of fad. One commentator on the cultural and political scene who could never be described as even close to "trendy" is Marya Mannes, whose new book, OUT OF MY TIME, we have just published.

Marya Mannes has never suffered from the "Emperor's-new-clothes-syndrome" and she has never been unwilling to cast a very searching eye on whatever is fashionable—from fashion itself (when she was working at *Vogue*), to the counter culture (in her last novel, *They*), to the traditional idea of woman, which she deals with in her latest book. OUT OF MY TIME is an autobiography. It is unsparing in its candor and as unlike the traditional "And then I did" autobiography as its author is from the traditional "lady writer."

Oh yes, she tells what it was like to grow up in New York City as the daughter of a famous violinist —David Mannes—and the granddaughter of Walter Damrosch. And she tells about her job on *Vogue* under the editorship of the fabled Edna Woolman Chase, her WWII "Mata Hari" activities in Portugal, her marriages, her famous debate with Clare Booth Luce before the Newspaper Editors of America, which gave one distinguished journalist the impression that the platform was covered with blood, and not the blood of Marya Mannes.

All this is in OUT OF MY TIME, along with some of the most fascinating personal photographs I have seen since thumbing through Calvin Tomkins' *Living Well is the Best Revenge*. But there is much more to the book than stories of the famous and infamous because Marya Mannes has a lot to say about the man-woman thing. "What forms a woman," she asks, "whose dreams have no gender?" Her book turns on this question. It is an interesting question. So is the book.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

OUT OF MY TIME ($7.95), by Marya Mannes, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 105 East City Line Avenue, Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania 19046.

Saturday Review

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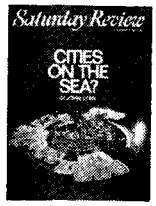
Cities on the Sea?

by John Lear

Cover photo: Elsie Burgess



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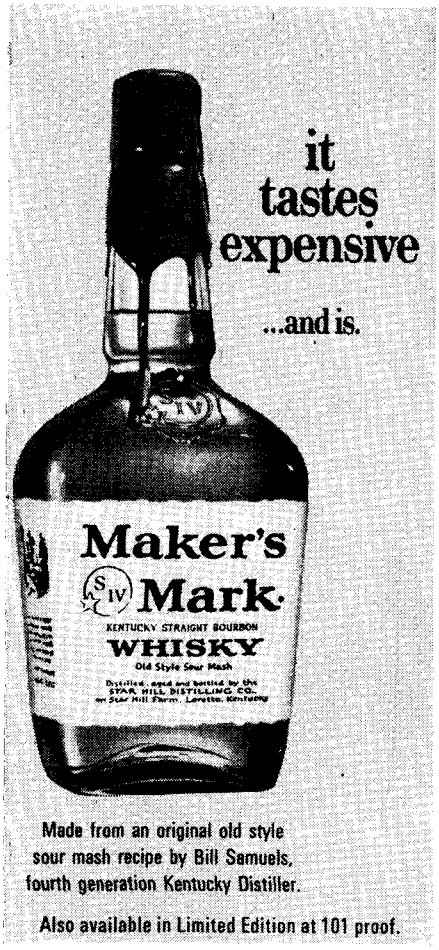

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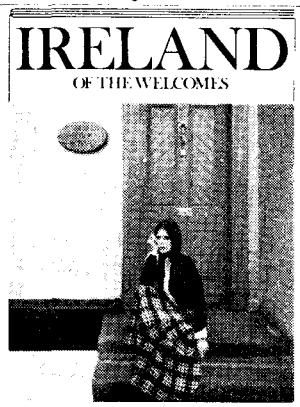

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Non-Believer

I BELIEVE I cannot believe much of the news I read in the papers about what is going on in our country.

It's not that I don't *want* to believe. I do. Believe me, I try. I pick up a paper and read a page-one story out of Washington, D.C., that begins "According to informed sources, the President said. . . . " Then two paragraphs later I read: "According to sources in high places, the President did not say. . . . "

Naturally, you favor the first sources because they are qualified as being "Informed," leaving you to deduce that the sources in high places were uninformed. But it doesn't stop there. A third statement suddenly shows up. When asked if the President did or did not say it, "sources close to the administration" made it all crystal-clear by replying, "The President is spending the weekend in Camp David and will return to the capital late Sunday evening by helicopter."

That could make you nervous and itchy. So I've become a non-believer. And I'm not alone. Recently, our President met with the wives whose husbands are held prisoner in North Vietnam. After the meeting, one of the wives, Mrs. Sybil Stockdale, told a *New York Times* reporter, "I'm at that point where I can't believe anybody." Another wife told him, "I'm not bitter. I just keep throwing up."

Well, I can throw up with the best, and I would if I hadn't converted to non-believing anything I read that has to do with politics. And hardly any story out of Washington during this two-year Presidential election campaign is non-political.

Since I've become a non-believer, I've added years to my life. Foot-loose and fancy-free. Some of these gray hairs have overnight turned to brown. Non-believing is my Linus blanket. It's the only way to fly in these times, warm and protected against all the headlines, no matter what their source.

For instance, there was the story the day after our Vice President said to a Republican rally in Buffalo that the Nixon administration is making significant progress toward halting the war; but the halt can't be accomplished "overnight," the paper quoted him.

I can't believe Mr. Agnew thinks three years to wind down a war is "overnight." I can understand that to him it might seem it was only yesterday that he zoomed from unknown Governor to national figure. But I say to myself, "He didn't say it."

To be a genuine, first-class non-believer takes a lot of talking to oneself. I talked to me for hours when I heard Senator George McGovern on a Sunday newscast say he could vote for Sentator Byrd if the President nominated him for the Supreme Court and then on Monday say he could not vote for Senator Byrd.

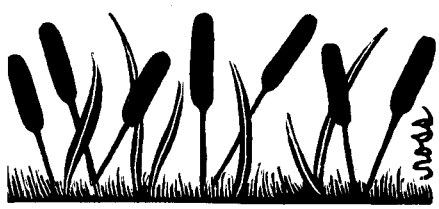
That's too cuckoo to believe. It's all right for a President to reverse his field 180 degrees. He's in. But I simply refuse to believe a possible Presidential candidate would say it. Despite my eyes and ears and the TV cameras, I say to myself he didn't say it.

Can you believe that Governor Ronald Reagan said he can't understand why Americans are so upset because General Thieu won a one-man election campaign, when, as we all know, in our own country, George Washington ran unopposed and won the Presidency, and no anti-Federalists complained about that? I refuse to believe that even Governor Reagan thinks of General Thieu as the father of his country.

But I'm not all that negative. I applauded loudly when I read that President Nixon planned to make overtures of peace by visiting his two former adversaries, Russia and China. Forgive and forget. I confess I did say to myself that I wished his itinerary had included a visit to Helen Gahagan Douglas.

Furthermore, I do believe we live in exciting times. Turbulent, yes, but exciting. How are you all doing out there in Phase II of the wage-price freeze? Isn't it exciting? Can you hardly wait for Phase III? It's a little early to freeze oneself into a negative posture of non-belief on our new economy game plan. We can only hope it won't take Phase II as long to phase us out of our inflation as we are taking to phase our boys out of Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos.

In spite of the fact that they've unfrozen a lot of the items on the wage-price freeze list, I still believe in Phase II. How can you not believe in it when you read in the paper that one item on the freeze list that will remain frozen is "frozen orange juice"?



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London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

Correspondence Course

IT COULD BE a moot question: Would an Englishman rather be the recipient of the Victoria Cross or see a letter written by him published in *The Times*?

Writing to *The Times* can hardly be considered a national mania here, or even a native passion for self-expression, surely not when one recognizes that from the country's population of fifty million the newspaper each year receives only between 70,000 and 80,000 letters addressed to the editor. What is significant, however, is that hundreds of thousands of British citizens, perhaps several million, *want* to write, even if they aren't regular readers, but realize how slim is the chance of being published. "To have a letter in your columns," wrote a Victorian some years ago, "is felt to be the duty of the distinguished; it is ever the ambition of the obscure. When you publish a letter, you confer a distinction on the writer." Indeed, there was an era when writers actually paid for the privilege, at prevailing advertising rates, preferring to have their letters labeled "Advertisement" than not have them appear in *The Times* at all.

Because letters to the editor of *The Times* are written not merely by musicians, merchants, and mechanics, by rugby players, race track touts, and dustmen but also by dukes and duchesses, bishops and barristers, generals and admirals and ministers of state, I saw no good reason why I, too, should not be among the elite. Thus, after Edward Kennedy's recent demand in the Senate that British troops be immediately withdrawn from Ulster, I sent a silly letter to *The Times* suggesting that the Senator not stick his nose into other countries' business. A reply from *The Times*, marked "Private," arrived promptly. "It was not possible to print the letter you kindly sent about Senator Kennedy," said Mr. Geoffrey Woolley, who is in charge of the department, "but your comment was carefully noted." What *I* carefully noted was that next day the *Senator's* silly letter to *The Times* was printed. Candor obliges me to admit that the decision of the paper in each instance was proper.

The Times made its debut on January 1, 1785, as *The Daily Universal Register*, changing its name precisely three years later. In the second issue, two letters to the editor already made their appearance. The first, signed Billy Bumper, discussed with warmth and much erudition the etiquette of proposing toasts. The second, by Publicola, fulminated against scurrilous newspapers and urged that the nation "fhould quickly fee an end to this fcandalous race of vermin."

Like mine, every letter addressed to *The Times*, by nut, novice, or nobleman, is instantly acknowledged. Because of the deliberately intemperate tone of my letter, I was neither surprised nor disappointed to find myself among the rejected majority, a casualty of the libel adviser. (A resident barrister is always on hand to counsel Mr. Woolley.) After all, other Men of Distinction, not only writers of columns, have found their effusions to be unacceptable. There was, for example, the articulate Mr. Disraeli. Once, even after modifying a letter at the editor's request, he, too, failed to make the grade. On other occasions, however, Dizzy was more fortunate. His letter to *The Times* for the attention of Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, was printed in full. It said, simply, "Sir, you can perform an act which will still command the gratitude of every lover of his country. You can RESIGN." After Daniel O'Connell, the Irish national leader who fought for dissolution of the union of Great Britain and Ireland, had denounced Disraeli as "possessing the qualities of an impenitent thief on the cross," Disraeli had published in *The Times* still another letter, demanding "satisfaction" for the insults "too long lavished with immunity upon political opponents." Somehow I have the feeling there wasn't any resident barrister around at *that* time.

The romance of Edward VIII and Mrs. Wallis Simpson caused *The Times* to be overwhelmed with more letters than have been received on any other subject in the 186 years of the paper's existence. Not one of the letters was published; the editor considered the affair a strictly private one. As a matter of fact, the letters *not* published by *The Times* might make a more compelling column than those that are. But, alas, the newspaper's insistence on the confidentiality of unpublished letters is still preserved. How fascinating it would be to have available, for example, the letters for and against Sir Roger Casement, whom the British hanged for treason in 1916. "We refuse," said the editor, "to have the case retried in these columns." Nor was there

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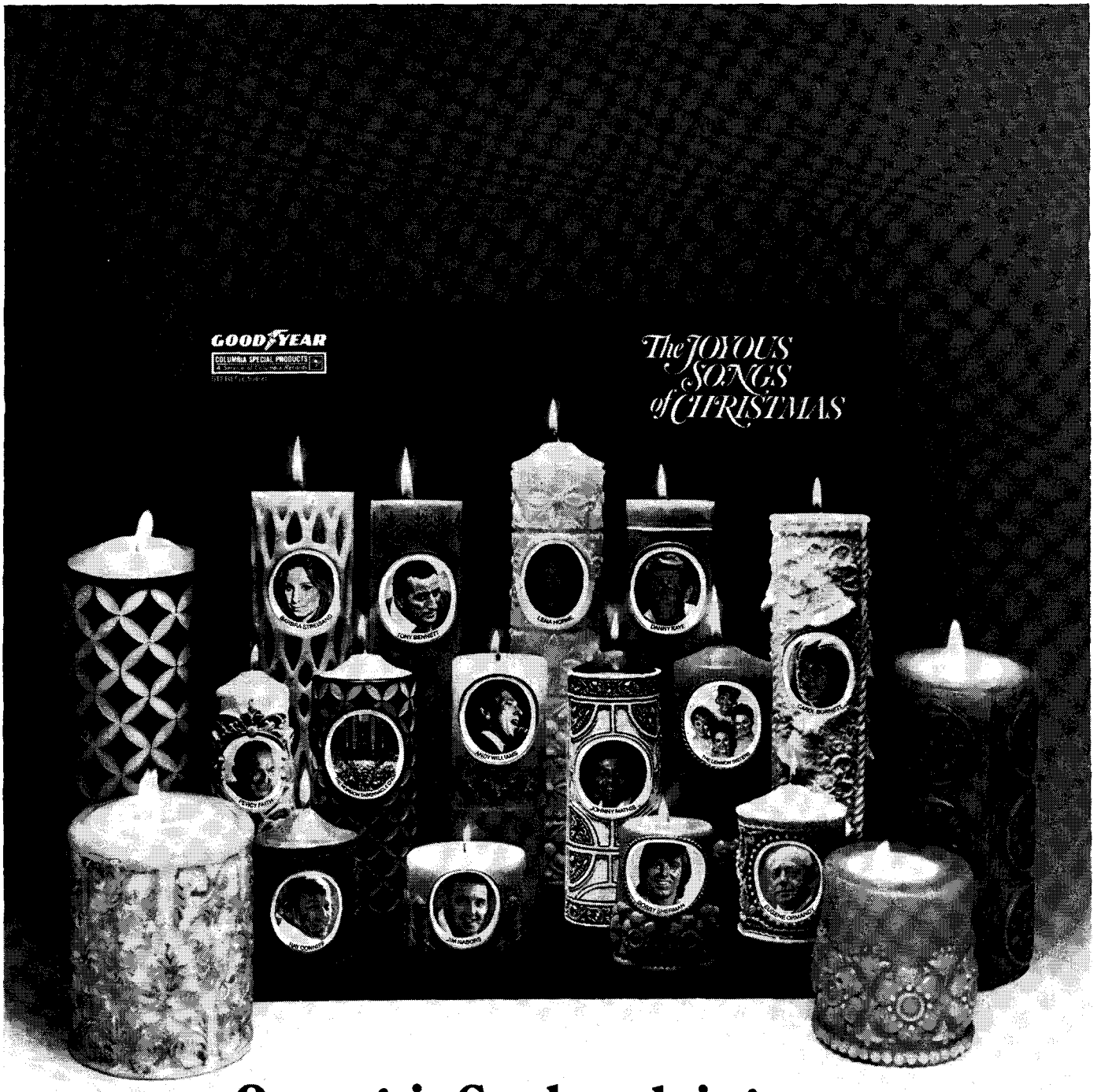

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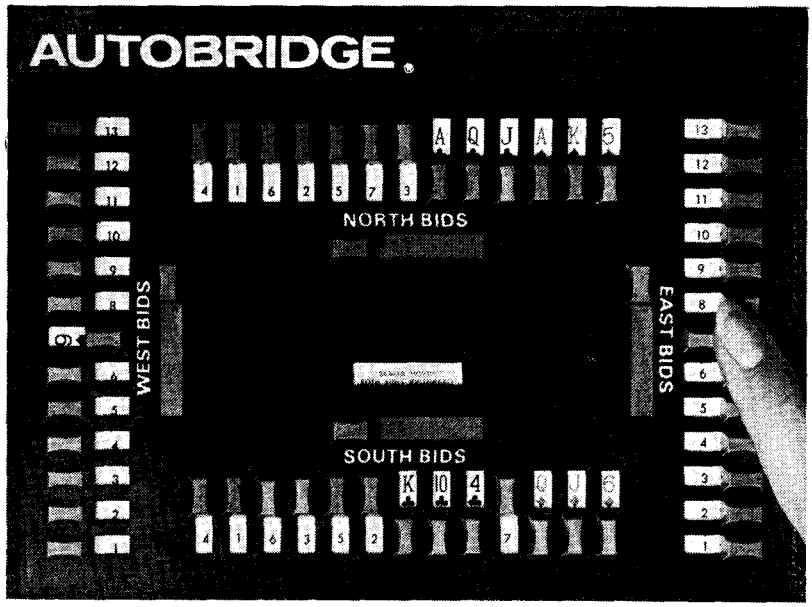

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much more of an explanation for declining, in 1939, to print requests that Neville Chamberlain take Winston Churchill into his Cabinet. The paper also had not printed, said the editor, any of the letters *objecting* to Churchill.

To John Arbuthnot Fisher, First Sea Lord during World War I, belongs credit for the largest number of letters from one person on one subject ever printed by *The Times*. In 1920, he wrote and saw published twenty-four letters urging his successors in office to forgo further outlays for surface vessels and to concentrate on submarines and on aircraft. A still more spectacular record, though of another kind, is held by Sir Godfrey Lushington. In 1898, the French captain Alfred Dreyfus was already a prisoner on Devil's Island. His trial for passing secret army information to the Germans had held the world spellbound. Convinced of Dreyfus's innocence, *The Times* declared that his conviction was "not only an illegality, but an iniquity," a view not altogether shared by all its readers. Correspondence was prolific, and on all sides bitter. Thus, to clear the air, on October 13, 1898, the paper published a letter from Sir Godfrey, then Permanent Undersecretary of State for Home Affairs. It was the minister's belief, and the paper's, that the facts of the case, as far as then known, should be presented for all Englishmen to read and examine. To this letter *The Times*, then in larger format, devoted more than a full page, a total of 12,000 words, certainly the world's length record for any letter to any editor anywhere.

A shorter letter came in 1925 from Mussolini, who was distressed because *The Times* had cast doubt on the claimed numbers and enthusiasm of his followers. "It is not true," wrote *il Duce*, "that patriots are discontented. Please note that Fascism counts three million adherents." To which *The Times* responded wryly that it was unimpressed, pointing out that there were thirty million Italians who were *not* Fascists.

Letters, said *The Times* on one occasion, represent a literature of protest. Certainly one can find in the files of *The Times* enough protests to provide a month's uninterrupted reading. Early in the century, as a case in point, George Bernard Shaw and John Galsworthy wrote jointly to protest reports that the British government was working toward an agreement with Russia and thus taking sides against the revolutionists. Queen Victoria, for the one and only time in her long life, wrote to contradict editorial comment concerning her protracted absence from London following the death of the Prince Consort. Though the letter was in her

(Continued on page 69)

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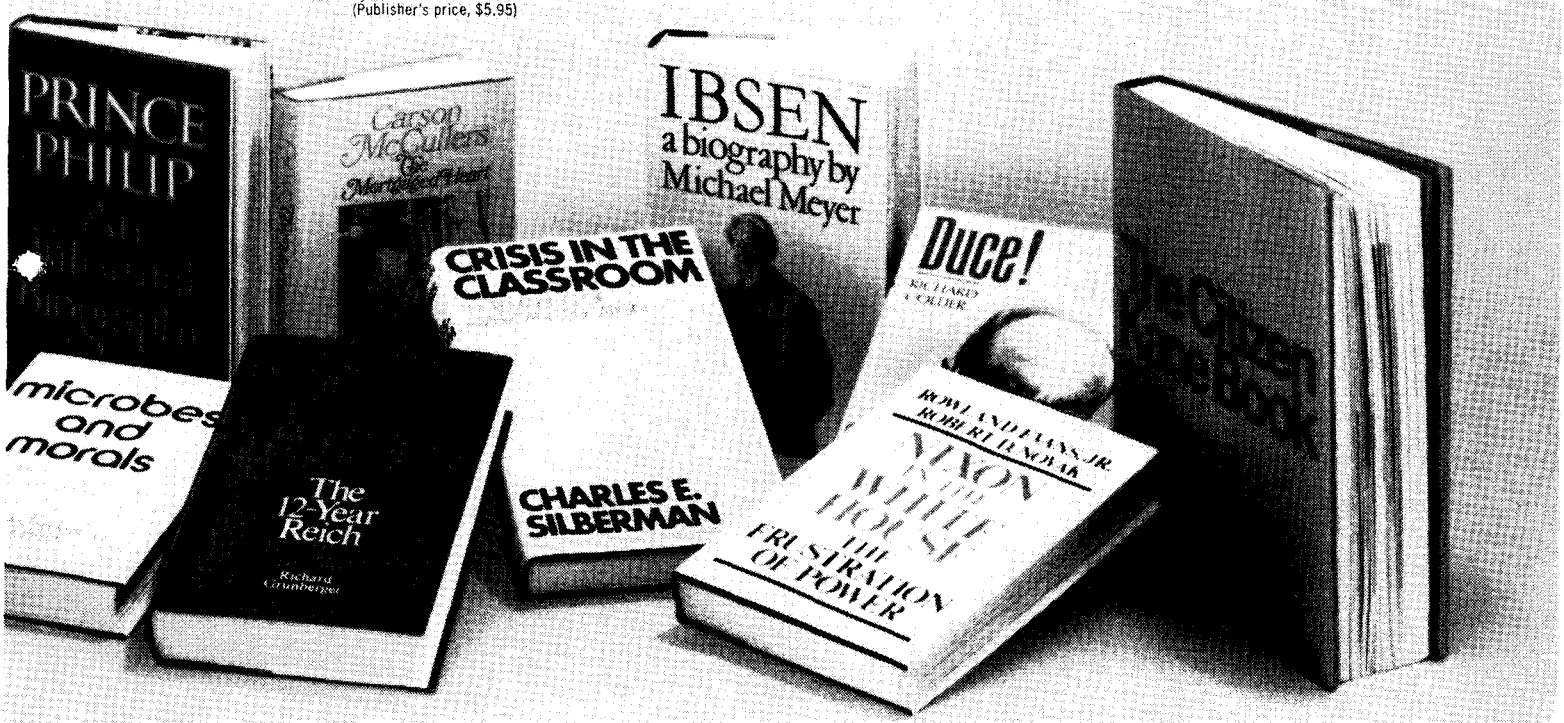

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

"Stand Up for Bastards"

PROBABLY the toughest assignment that any film-maker can hand himself is that of transferring a classic play to the screen. Not only is there the matter of interpretation, in which the director perforce ranges himself against the age-old traditions of the legitimate theater; there is also the quest for a suitable style that will bridge, or at least obscure, the discrepancies between photographic realism and the heightened imagery of poetic language. No matter how intelligently or inventively this bridging is done, the result is still a bastard form—a hybrid of two mutually antagonistic arts. Even so, there can be beauty in bastards, as Peter Brook demonstrates in his adaptation of *King Lear* and, somewhat less conclusively, Michael Cacoyannis does in his staging of *The Trojan Women.*

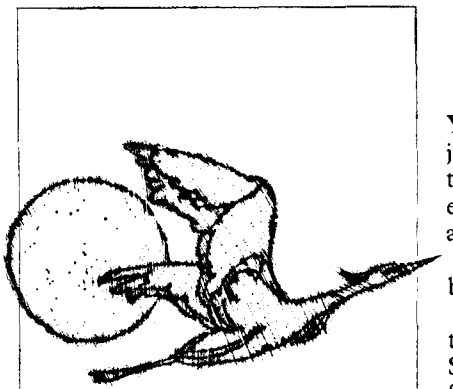
No question but that Brook had the better of it all the way. *Lear* is a far more dynamic piece, more plotted, with intense, strong characters in constant conflict with each other. And while it is too late now to argue that the old King was demonstrably simple-minded for giving away his kingdom to reward a few endearing words, or that Edmund's illegitimacy was hardly reason for him to act like such bastard, if we grant these improbabilities —as people have been doing for centuries—the play still moves with a solidity and steadily mounting horror to its tragic finale. *Lear*'s characters are driven by such dominating passions as hate and greed, which somehow are marvelously photogenic.

At least, Brook makes it seem that way. His *Lear*, ingeniously designed by Georges Wakhevitch and magnificently costumed by Adele Anggard, begins with shots that emphasize the almost barbaric quality of life in Lear's court. Rarely has a camera lingered so lovingly, so tactilely on the stones and woods of primitive forts and castles, or emphasized the textures of wools, leathers, and furs in the dress of everyone from King to cowherd. Henning Kristiansen's black-and-white photography seems superbly geared to the entire project. This is the way movies would have looked, one feels, if there had been cameras in Lear's day.

But as the film progresses, boring more and more intently into the private agonies of Lear and Kent and Gloucester, revealing more and more of the machinations of Goneril, Regan, and Edmund, the backgrounds grow increasingly abstract. There are empty skies and snow-filled wastes, a heath scattered with a few stunted trees and shrubs, a seacoast with a broad strand and leaden, distant waves. The camera isolates its people in huge, gray close-ups, the details of their costumes reminding us who and where they are. It is a technique, a style, that continues to impress even when the passages that it serves—such as Lear's encounter with the blinded Gloucester on the beach—fail to come off.

Inevitably, of course, it is the performances, regardless of apposite costumes and backgrounds, that determine the success or failure of any Shakespearean project, and Peter Brook has been more than merely fortunate in his cast selections. Paul Scofield, who played the title role for Brook in his 1962 and 1964 productions for the Royal Shakespeare Company, is now at the height of his talents, projecting a Lear who is so certain of his power, fair-mindedness, and esteem that his ultimate madness becomes less the loss of reason than a crumbling of ego (an approach, incidentally, that is admirably sustained by the text). No less persuasive are Irene Worth's steely-eyed, venomous Goneril and owlish Jack MacGowran as Shakespeare's wisest and tenderest Fool. Indeed, the entire ensemble, recruited primarily from the Royal Shakespeare Company and the Abbey Theatre, achieves a level of performance that would of itself stamp this the most notable *Lear* of our time. But what makes these performances so effective as a film experience is Brook's stylistic sense, the sense of period and place that lends them a visual validity.

It is precisely the lack of this stylistic unity that mars Michael Cacoyannis's resplendent production of *The Trojan Women.* Not only does the painstaking detail with which he recreated ancient Troy in Spain clash with, and sometimes overpower, the verbal austerity of Euripides' play; there is also a clash among the acting styles of his four principals—Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Papas, and Geneviève Bujold. But since each is magnificent in her own way, we can rejoice that these performances have been preserved. Yet there would have been greater cause for rejoicing had Cacoyannis resolved his stylistic problems as successfully as did Peter Brook.



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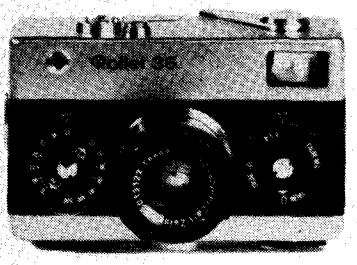

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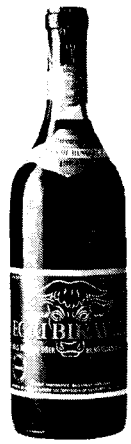

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Odd Husband Out

IN LIFE, memory plays tricks. But in his fascinating new play, *Old Times*, Harold Pinter has reversed the process and played tricks with memory.

The play begins with a husband and wife, Deeley and Kate, discussing the impending visit of Anna, the woman with whom Kate shared a flat in London twenty years ago. Kate recalls, among other things, that Anna used to steal her underwear. Later in the play, Anna says, without contradiction from Kate, that Kate used to loan her her underwear.

Similarly, Deeley recounts that he first met Kate in a moviehouse where she and he were the only people present at a showing of *Odd Man Out*. Later Anna tells us that she saw *Odd Man Out* in a moviehouse where she was the only one present.

Although Anna thinks they have never met, Deeley remembers encountering her at the Wayfarers Tavern. He spent the evening looking up her skirt, which she allowed him to do, and going to a party with her afterwards in Westbourne Park. (Subsequently he remembers it to have been in Edgeware Road, Maida Vale, and Paddington.)

Anna and Kate talk about several old boyfriends and decide that the one they would most like to invite over is Christy. Deeley interrupts them, saying, "Christy can't make it. He's out of town."

Anna remembers a man coming to their flat one night and her rejection of his advances either before or after he had been intimate with Kate. Was the man Deeley? He doesn't seem to remember. Yet, in a previous scene, he has proposed a *ménage à trois* escapade in which he and Anna would powder Kate after her bath.

The most puzzling memory of all is Kate's recollection of finding Anna lying dead in bed. This would seem to suggest that perhaps Anna really died twenty years ago and that Deeley and Kate are merely playing some sort of ritualized game as necessary sexual foreplay.

However, appreciating *Old Times* does not require verification of the truth about these memories. Pinter has manipulated them to maximum theatrical effect and has freed his characters of any responsibility to tell a story. Instead he allows them to play an exciting game in which a man tries every gambit in order to insert himself into his wife's private life and in which two women serenely enjoy frustrating him. Just as the playwright himself maddeningly uses evasive formalities to keep inquisitive people at a distance, so do Anna and Kate unperturbedly shut Deeley out. For instance, when he makes long and detailed allegations about Anna's past behavior, Anna, instead of responding with the outraged denial we anticipate, reflects a moment and dispassionately replies, "I've rarely heard a sadder story."

Indeed, if *Old Times* has anything to say, it is perhaps that the fatal fascination of a woman can be her secrecy, and that the curse of a man can be his passionate need to penetrate that secrecy.

Although both have been directed by Peter Hall, the London and New York productions are noticeably different. In London, where Colin Blakely, Dorothy Tutin, and Vivien Merchant played the three roles, more of Pinter's ironic humor emerged, and the memories evoked a deeper nostalgic atmosphere. Here, the emphasis is on Deeley's intensely felt passion. As Robert Shaw portrays him, Deeley is not playing a casual game. He seems from the beginning to be a desperate man who resents the proceedings, and he expresses his vulnerability movingly both in short eruptive outbursts and in his copious weeping at the end. Shaw's is an interesting interpretation, but it makes it more difficult for Mary Ure and Rosemary Harris to play Kate and Anna with as much Proustian detachment and sexual undercurrent as they might. Nevertheless, Miss Ure brings beauty and a poignant feminine passivity to her role, and Miss Harris is skillful and sensitive as she creates a ladylike and omniscient Anna.

John Bury's raked-stage setting of the kind of lonely beach house in which Pinteresque memories can dance is a beauty, and the device of opening and closing the play with a sudden burst of very bright light photographically etches *Old Times* onto one's memory, like isolated moments from an old love affair. *Old Times* is in fact an indelible theater etching, and a delicious excursion into the tricky business of memory.

In the middle of Neil Simon's latest comedy, *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*, its seemingly paranoid protagonist, Mel Edison, tells us that he has been listening to the radio and TV talk shows and has discovered that there is a plot to destroy America. It is not a

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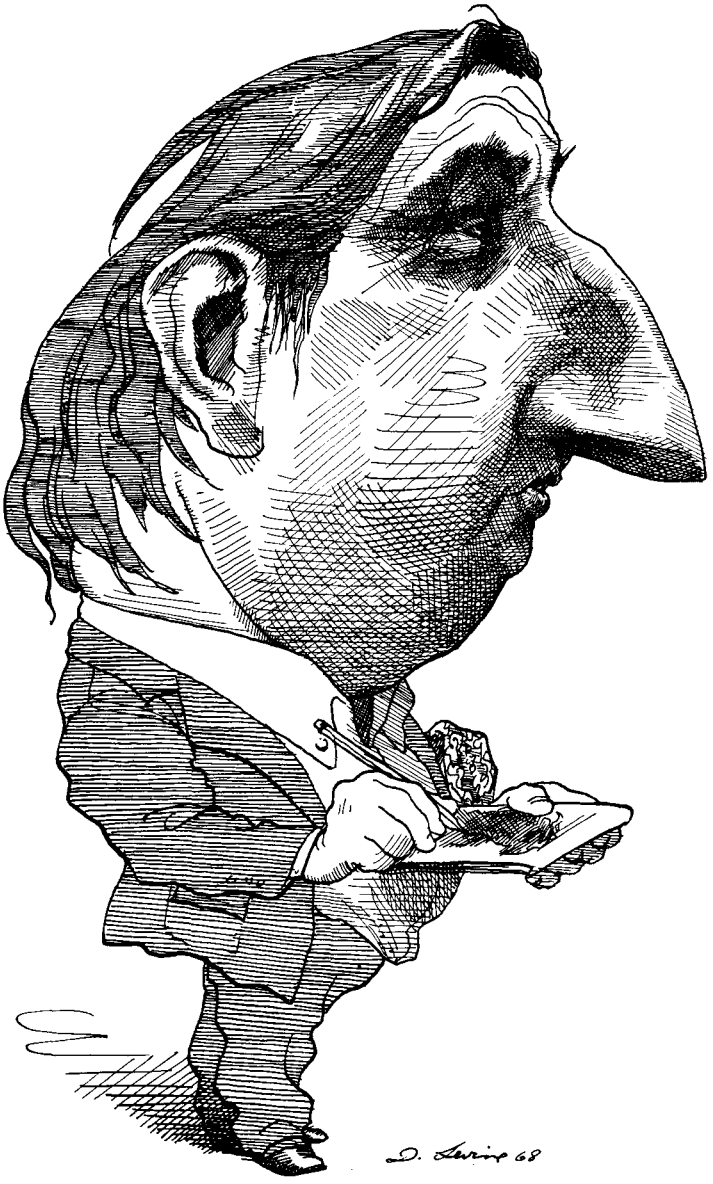

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But these preposterous discomforts are only the prelude to greater catastrophes. Their apartment is looted by burglars who even steal the tranquilizers the Edisons need to absorb the shock. And after twenty-two years Mel loses his job in an advertising agency. He cracks up, and his wife goes to work to support him, while he goes to the psychiatrist. So far, so good. Simon uses all his shrewd comic skill to make us laugh at the pain these average people doggedly endure in order to live in the big city.

Being an honest playwright, Simon has no answer to his characters' problem. Instead he writes an amusing scene about Mel's relatives, who feel obliged to go through the motions of offering financial help provided it will be modest and of short duration. But ultimately Mel drops his psychiatry, turns down their money, and accepts his desperate position as a prisoner of his situation. At the end of the play he is preparing to release all his pent-up hostility on the imminent project of getting even with his upstairs persecutor.

There are plenty of laughs as Simon plants funny situations, extends them, and then, when we've almost forgotten, suddenly returns to them for an additional chuckle. Furthermore, the playwright enlarges Mel's personal annoyances by interspersing the scenes with TV newscasts that, by only slightly exaggerating what we all listen to nightly, put the rest of the city in similarly absurd predicaments.

The comedy is precisely directed by Mike Nichols and acted without self-pity by Peter Falk and Lee Grant. Vincent Gardenia, Dena Dietrich, Tresa Hughes, and Florence Stanley furnish strong support as the wretched relatives. Yet, for all its virtues, *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* remains strangely unsatisfying. Although we recognize their troubles as being ours, Mel and his wife are weakly defined everypeople, less interesting than the devices Simon has invented for them. And for us fellow inmates, there is not enough liberation in our laughter.

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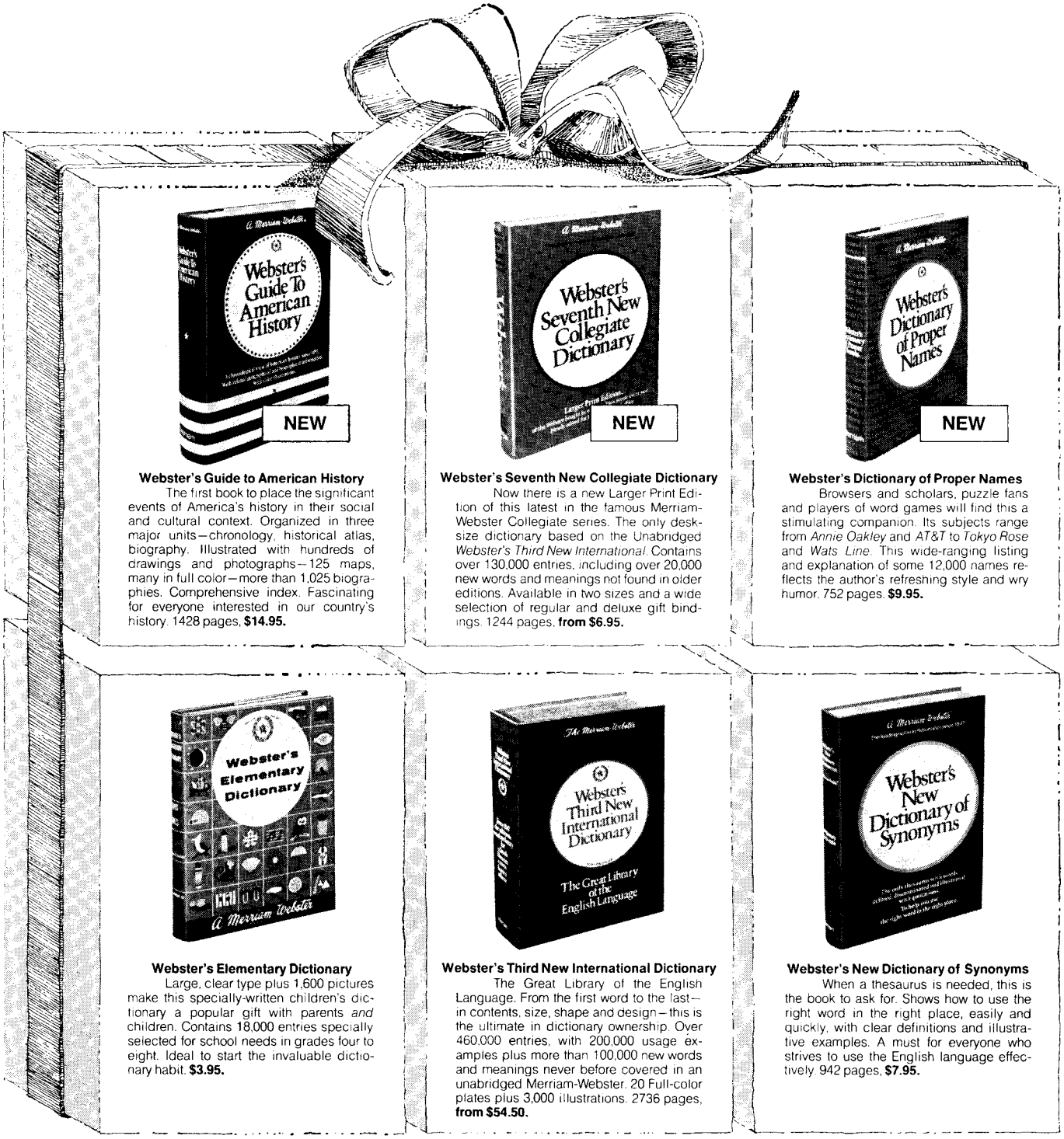

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Gremlins were everywhere this week, as witness this evidence submitted by Patricia Riker, who located it in the Detroit *Free Press*:

> Ziegler said Mr. Nixon was aware of worldwide protests but decided to go ahead for reasons of national security. reasons of insanity.

How about the unreasons of sanity? Elsewhere, Mrs. H. Grove of Miami Beach favored us with the following from the Miami *Herald*:

> SEVENTH AVENUE is all dressed up. Since the shirtwaist and long torso chemise started their comeback in designer collections for fall, dresses have grown in importance in the ready-to-wear market.
> and there is also a chance that defensive end Bill Stanfill can return to action.

Ready-to-go, we presume, chemise or no chemise. Then too John Beima of Portland, Oregon, found this one in the Oregon *Journal*:

> Memphis golf pro Tom McGinnis joined four amateurs to fire a team score, 63, capturing first place in the preliminary girl who has been associated with marriage or motherhood.

A *preliminary* girl? Sounds to us as if she's ready for the main bout. Finally, Marie Culwell of Castro Valley, California, culled this one very well from the Hayward, California, *Daily Review*:

> Entertainer Sammy Davis, Jr., was released from the hospital here seven-and-a-half weeks ago after being confined for treatment of an enraged liver.

Made him, we'll bet, livid.

Meeting the dimpled Sol Stein, who doubles in dynamic brass—first as publisher (of Stein & Day) and second as author (*The Magician*, Delacorte Press) —we found him breathless. So, we might add, is his book—an exciting story that begins with high school extortion and ends with man-sized manslaughter.

"I've been making," he told us, "the big circuit. I made the small circuit with *The Husband*. But this one—whew!"

Mr. Stein, it turned out, had just broken Jacqueline Susann's standing Olympic record. In four days in California, he had done fifty-four—count 'em—interviews. In a single day in San Francisco he did twenty-three. "That Sunday evening," he said, "I had already left Los Angeles. But if you had been there during that evening you could have heard me, at exactly the same time, on seven stations. It must have been irritating for some guy switching the dial and trying to get music."

Or, we hazarded, for some not so fortunate Stein & Day author. Mr. Stein protested our low blow. "Nowadays," he said, "it's up to the author—not the publisher. The publisher can get you on programs, yes, but it's what you do on them that counts.

"I admit," he continued, "the hardest thing to talk about is fiction. You can't very well just say it's a good read or a good page-turner. What you must do is discuss the non-fiction aspect of it. I have seven children, but I am not an authority on extortion in the high schools. Since my book's been out, though, I've damned well had to become one. The high point for me was when, on one program, a girl asked me why I didn't write it in non-fiction. I told her frankly that then it wouldn't have sold to the movies and it wouldn't have sold to Book-of-the-Month Club —a featured alternate—and that it wouldn't have sold, period."

But, we protested, we thought it was *non*-fiction that *did* sell—and that what all the book people were crying about was that *fiction* didn't.

"All right," said Mr. Stein. "Now I'll put on my other hat and talk publishing. I'll bet I'm the first interviewee you've ever had that came to you direct from the dressing room—literally from addressing, as president, the annual meeting of a publishing firm. Ten years ago all the smart money in Wall Street was saying that what you fellows need is more textbooks, that they are the bread and butter, and that the riskiest things are trade books—and the riskiest part of trade books is fiction. Well, let me tell you something—ten years from now there won't be any textbooks."

It was our turn to whew. You mean, we said, it will all be all this damn audio-visual stuff? He quoted us. "No," he said, "it will be books—real books, paperbacks of regular trade books. What the kids will be reading is the real firsthand stuff, instead of all the secondhand stuff they've always had to read after it's gone through all those dull textbook writers."

We were commentless. "That's for textbooks," he said. "Now take this trade and fiction thing. Let me tell you something else. In the fiscal year just ended, Stein and Day did five times better than it did the preceding year—even though it was a recession year—and we did nothing but trade books. We do a hundred books a year, and do you know what? Across the board, fiction is our most profitable revenue."

Your book must be pretty profitable too, we said. "You know I publish with Delacorte," he said. "What would my authors say if I published myself? But the point is, not only is fiction our most profitable, it's fiction without so damn much sex in it, either.

"My book," he went on, "has practically no sex. Sex is really on the decline now. To me, sex scenes have become irrelevant. And so have they to a lot of other people. It's just plain out."

Out? we asked. "I mean," Mr. Stein smiled, "in books."

Mr. Stein was born in Chicago, forty-five years ago, the son of a jewelry designer. He was a student and later teacher at both CCNY and Columbia, but his first job in publishing was as president of his own firm. The "Day" is for his wife, Patricia Day. Between teaching and publishing, however, came a stint for the State Department.

"My title," he said, "was senior editor of the Ideological Advisory Staff of the Voice of America." He paused. "I worked with Bertram D. Wolfe. He was in charge of what we were against, and I was in charge of what we were for. It was great fun. It was the height of the McCarthy period, and I did a broadcast against McCarthy that was translated into forty-six languages."

We asked him about publishing, "I have," he said, "one criterion. If a publisher does not add value to what he publishes, he's a printer, not a publisher."

We had discussed his writing and his publishing. How was he as an editor? "I have found it," he said, "both a limitation and a strength that I can work only with strong writers—strong-willed, self-confident, tenacious writers. I cannot deal with tender flowers."

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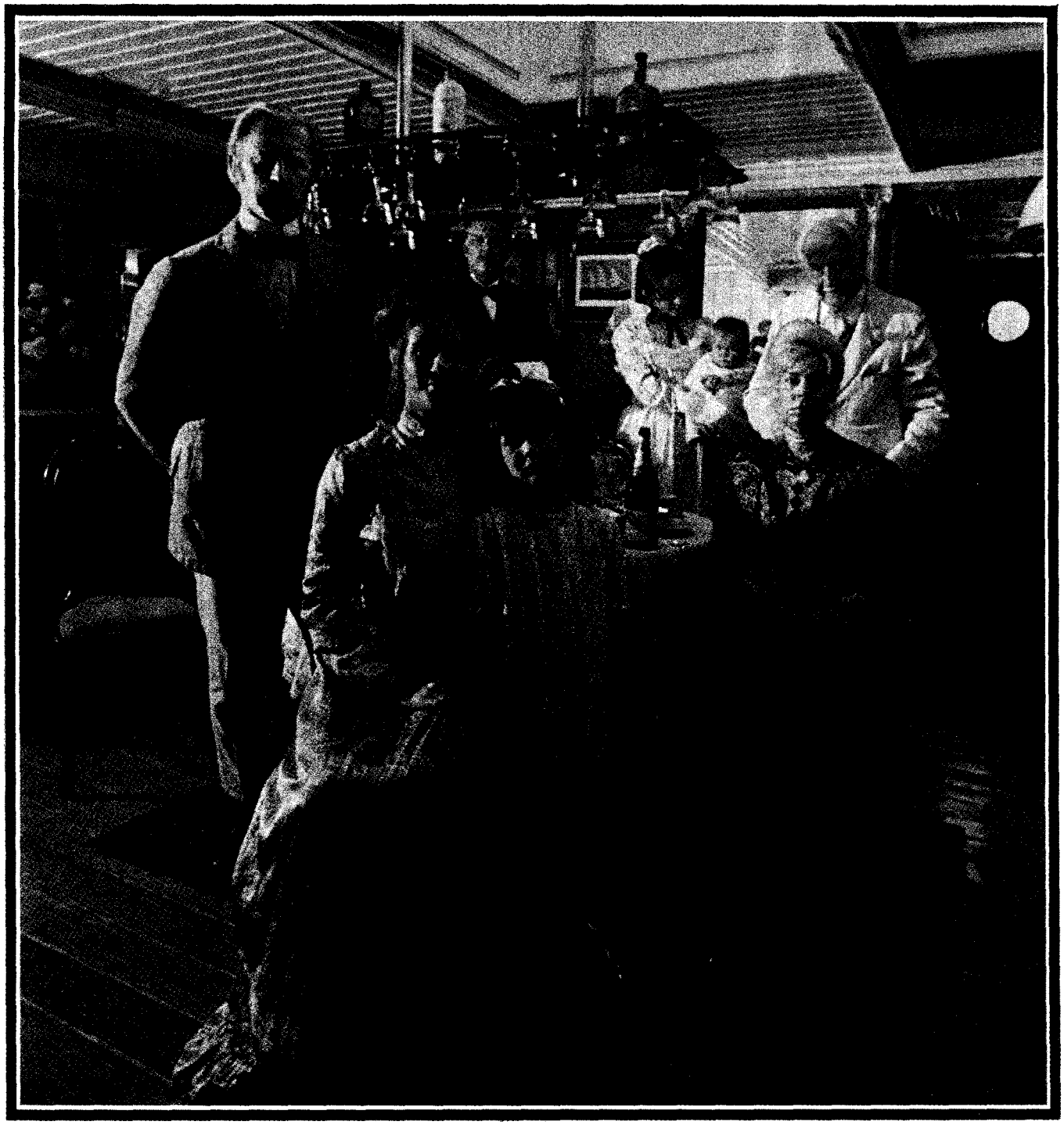

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CRIMES WITHOUT VICTIMS

"Is there some relationship between the use of the criminal justice system to police our morals and its failure to protect our persons?"

by ALEXANDER B. SMITH and HARRIET POLLACK

Few people would dispute that crime probably heads today's list of troubles besetting our urban population. City-dwellers are afraid of being mugged, robbed, raped, or murdered. In addition, they are disgusted: by the blatant soliciting from prostitutes; by gay bars; by seedy pornography shops; by openly sold heroin and marijuana; and by crooked cops. The response on the part of our law enforcement agencies has been to attempt better surveillance of high crime areas in order to protect people against assault and robbery, and to mount campaigns to clean up the downtown neighborhoods where pimps, female and male prostitutes, bookies, pornographers, et al., assemble.

Whatever the merits and feasibility of increased police patrols to handle street crime, there is at least no doubt that citizens need to be protected against thieves and murderers. There is a real question, however, whether campaigns against gamblers, prostitutes, and dope pushers are not actually counter-productive in terms of producing a decent, stable society.

Despite the attractiveness of the notion of a "clean" Times Square or Loop as morally pure as the more genteel sections of New York City or Chicago, are there hidden social costs to such clean-ups that society may not care to pay? Is there some relationship between the use of the criminal justice system to police our morals and its failure to protect our persons? Is how to handle prostitutes and pornographers the problem, or is it the larger question of whether morals offenses should be considered as crimes? Will a fresh look at the penal code be more fruitful in the long run than arguing over whether displaced prostitutes or pornographers will be likely to go to the suburbs if hounded out of the inner cities?

Conceptually, our penal code prohibits two kinds of acts: those that are *malum in se* (evil in themselves) and those that are *malum prohibitum* (evil because prohibited). *Malum in se* acts (murder, rape, arson, assault) are true crimes in the sense that no society can tolerate such conduct and survive. But a large part of our penal code is concerned with acts that are not universally considered evil, but that we, at this moment in time, for a variety of reasons, have labeled as sufficiently undesirable to be punished by the criminal justice system. In New York State, for example, gambling is prohibited by law, and the police, courts, and jails are expected to deal with numbers runners, bookies, and the like. At the same time, the state itself not only permits gambling at the race tracks and runs a lottery based on the outcome of the horse races, but has set up OTB, a corporation for handling off-track bets, from which the state expects to derive revenue. Nevada, among other states, licenses and taxes casinos and similar gambling establishments. Clearly, nothing in gambling per se is inconsistent with a viable society; yet the resources of our criminal justice system are diverted to the enforcement of anti-gambling laws.

Our attitudes toward drug use are equally inconsistent: We forbid the use of marijuana and heroin; yet we tolerate the limited use of amphetamines and barbiturates, and we encourage, through ubiquitous advertising, the indiscriminate sale of pills for every conceivable purpose, physiological and psychological. Hundreds of sections of the criminal law are concerned with acts that are criminal mainly because society at large says they are: homosexual activity between consenting adults, prostitution, gambling, possession of obscene and pornographic materials, to name a few. The enforcement of these laws takes the lion's share of our criminal justice resources. For every murderer arrested and prosecuted, literally dozens of gamblers, prostitutes, dope pushers, and derelicts crowd our courts' dockets. If we took the numbers runners, the kids smoking pot, and the winos out of the criminal justice system, we would substantially reduce the burden on the courts and the police. If we permitted the sale of heroin on a controlled prescription basis (as the British do, and as we do with other dangerous drugs), we would probably eliminate well over half of the cases going through our criminal courts. Myths to the contrary, there is no scientific evidence that the use of heroin, in and of itself, causes criminal conduct. By cutting off all legal access to heroin, however, we have driven the price so high that experienced observers estimate that more than half the crimes in New York City are committed by addicts seeking drugs or the money for drugs. The greater part of the social evil incident to the use of heroin, thus, comes not from its use, but

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from the laws that make it impossible to obtain the drug legally. This is not to say, of course, that the use of heroin is not harmful to the addict. It is only that our penal code has extended that harm from the user himself to those who are victimized by his crime. In short, the net effect of our drug laws is highly counter-productive in that they create more anti-social conduct than they prevent.

Morals laws that do not reflect contemporary mores or that cannot be enforced should be removed from the penal code through legislative action, because, at best, they undermine respect for the law, and, at worst, as in the case of our drug laws, they exacerbate a tragic situation. Admittedly, such a deliberate legislative policy would fly in the face of all historical American experience. As Morris Ernst once remarked, Americans do not repeal morals legislation; they simply allow such laws to fall into desuetude. Sunday blue laws are a classic example of this process. The New York State Sunday Closing Law currently on the books has in the past been read to forbid movie, stage, and radio performances on Sunday. Of course, this interpretation is archaic at present; the courts have simply stopped interpreting this law in so restrictive a manner. The police also have become so unconcerned with enforcing it that they ignore violations. In 1970, the New York City police commissioner, recognizing that no one any longer cared about the Sunday Closing Law, announced that his men would not even attempt to enforce it. Such forthrightness on the part of an administrative official is unusual; most laws go unenforced by default rather than by deliberate policy.

More important, despite the commissioner's candor and despite the inutility of this law, the legislature has not bothered to repeal it. The reasons are obvious: Any such attempt would lead to an outcry by small but militant minority groups who would convert a simple act of legislative housekeeping into a debate over morality. No legislator wants to be cast in the role of the defender of immorality, even in the case of a custom widely accepted and practiced by a good part of his constituency. It is much easier, and politically more sensible, simply to sweep the issue under the rug by ignoring it.

Unfortunately, we can no longer afford the luxury of waiting for administrative action (or inaction) to catch up with public morality. Possibly because we live in an era that has seen great changes in public mores in a relatively short time, we have too many laws that the police are attempting to enforce and the courts to handle that large segments of the public simply will not obey. Gambling laws are an obvious example, as are those forbidding prostitution, homosexual acts between adults, and possession of pornographic materials. The most troublesome morals laws, however, are those forbidding the possession and sale of marijuana, heroin, LSD, and other similar drugs.

There is something very frightening to most people in advocating repeal of morals laws. It is as though, by advocating repeal, the conduct that heretofore has been forbidden is being endorsed. Nothing could be further from the truth. In repealing morals laws, the legislature is not proposing that people become immoral; it is simply declaring that the criminal sanction will no longer be used to enforce a particular mode of conduct. Most human conduct, after all, is regulated by non-legal institutions: the home, the school, the church, the family, the peer group. Most husbands work hard and support their wives and children because they respond to cultural demands, not because they could be put in jail for non-support if they failed to do so. The unpalatable truth is that passing a law does not mean that it will be obeyed or that it can be enforced. Conversely, the repeal of a law does not necessarily mean an increase in undesirable conduct.

Prohibition is probably the most clear-cut example of the effect of enacting and then repealing a morals law. The Eighteenth Amendment had virtually no effect in reducing per capita alcohol consumption in this country, and its repeal did not increase either the amount of drinking or the problems of alcoholism. The only effect the Eighteenth Amendment had was to create a flourishing bootlegging industry, and it was this spin-off—the rise in serious crime due to an unenforceable law—that constituted one of the principal reasons for repeal.

We are in a similar position today. Our gambling and drug laws particularly have created a situation in which an enormous organized crime industry thrives on satisfying a consumer demand that cannot be met legitimately. Worse yet, the effort to cope with the crime wave resulting from our unenforceable drug and gambling laws is destroying our criminal justice system and rendering it incapable of dealing with criminals who violate laws that might, under better circumstances, be reasonably enforceable.

While the chances for legislative modification of morals laws are still poor, there are signs that public opinion is beginning to recognize the need for change, especially in the areas of gambling and consensual adult sex practices. Proposed repeal of drug laws (even those relating to marijuana) has aroused far more anxiety, and there are still virtually no prominent public figures willing to openly advocate the legalization of heroin. There is probably some risk in repealing the ban on heroin. Many policemen, among others, believe that if the ban were lifted, a substantial number of people (especially youngsters), eager to try forbidden fruit, would be hooked into an addiction that would last the rest of their lives. Removing heroin from the penal code does not, however, mean permitting its sale in every candy store. As with many other pharmaceuticals, distribution could be regulated by prescription. But more than that, almost everyone familiar with the drug scene (especially the police) agrees that the present law has not deterred anyone who doesn't want to be deterred. It is easy to get heroin in New York City today, despite the law and the entire criminal justice system arrayed in support of the law. Apparently, those who are not using heroin are abstaining voluntarily, in which case repeal carries minimal risks.

Not only are morals laws frequently counter-productive in terms of their causing more crime than they prevent, but their enforcement is particularly dangerous to civil liberties since crimes resulting from their violation have no victims. The prostitute's client has not been forcibly seduced; the housewife who bets a quarter on the numbers has not been robbed; the dope user has harmed only himself. Because there are no victims available to testify for the state, the burden of producing enough evidence for the prosecution rests entirely on the police. It is this need for evidence to make morals offense violations "stick" that traditionally has produced the greatest number of civil liberties violations by the police. Prostitutes, for example, are frequently victims of entrapment by plainclothesmen. If their customers will not testify, who besides the plainclothesmen can? And what better way of establishing a case than by offering an obviously willing girl a little "encouragement"? Official police records indicate that an incredible number of gamblers and drug pushers "drop" gambling slips and narcotics at the mere approach of a policeman. This so-called dropsie evidence is frequently a euphemism for an illegal search. The amount of dropsie evidence has increased markedly since 1961 when the Supreme Court in *Mapp v. Ohio* banned the use of overtly, illegally seized evidence in state courts.

Such violations of civil liberties occur not because the police prefer to act illegally, but because it is difficult

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to build a legitimate case where there is no real victim. At the Supreme Court level, it is noteworthy that most of the decisions censuring police conduct deal with state and local enforcement procedures rather than federal ones. This is not because FBI agents are inherently more civil libertarian or cognizant of legalities than local policemen. It is because they deal with different kinds of wrongdoings. In such crimes as kidnaping, bank robbery, or counterfeiting, there are real victims, and federal agents can build their cases in an ethical, professional manner: obtaining statements from victims, interviewing eyewitnesses, obtaining fingerprints, weapons, contraband, etc. Local police, in dealing with pimps, numbers runners, and dope pushers, are not afforded this luxury. They must make a case the best way they can, and frequently this involves illegal snooping, searching, and arrests.

The enforcement of morals laws not only involves the police in violations of civil liberties but is the source of most of the corruption within police departments. All police departments are plagued with a small number of rogues who join forces with the criminals they are supposed to apprehend and participate in burglaries, extortion, etc. This kind of corruption is relatively rare and usually not difficult to eliminate. Seldom does it extend to the top administrative levels. The most common type of police corruption is the pay-offs policemen receive (and pass along to their superior officers) from criminals involved with drugs, gambling, or prostitution. This sort of graft is almost impossible to eradicate, partly because the illegal activities involved are so profitable and the pay-offs so lucrative, and partly because the activities themselves do not seem terribly immoral to the police, possibly because the crimes have no real victims. Such corruption spreads, moreover, throughout entire departments, from the patrolman on the beat through top administrators and sometimes even to the commissioner, mayor, or other elected officials. Periodic exposés reveal a pattern that has varied little from the pattern laid bare at the turn of the century by Lincoln Steffens in *The Shame of the Cities*; however, the waves of reform following such exposés lead to little more than temporary remissions. No way has yet been found to eliminate this kind of corruption as long as the public wants to gamble, take illegal drugs, frequent prostitutes, etc., and as long as immense profits can be earned by criminals meeting these desires.

Perhaps the most important benefit that would result from the elimination of morals offenses from the penal code would be the relief of the criminal justice system. Prison riots, inordinately delayed trials, crimes committed by defendants out on bail, a clamor for preventive detention—all testify to the dangerously strained conditions of our criminal justice institutions. No one knows how much time is spent by the police, prosecutors, and courts in processing morals defendants, but it has been estimated that as little as 10 per cent of the courtroom hours available in our criminal courts are now devoted to the processing of serious crimes. If we were free to devote the remaining 90 per cent of our courtroom hours to the handling of dangerous offenders or serious crimes of property, we would be able to overcome most of the shortcomings of our present criminal justice system. With fewer offenders to concern them, police work could be more thorough and legitimate. The decongestion of court calendars would reduce the pressure for plea bargaining, as would, incidentally, more carefully prepared cases based on legally gathered evidence. The burden on probation and parole officers would also be lessened, and if the likelihood of arrest were greater due to better police work, then prison sentences might be more likely to act as a deterrent.

At the moment, proposals to repeal morals legislation are neither popular nor acceptable. Such proposals are attacked from both ends of the morality spectrum. On the one hand, guardians of public order are outraged at the prospect of "legalizing" gambling, drug sales, and sexual soliciting. "How would you feel if it were your sixteen-year-old daughter who became hooked on heroin?" "Terrible. But thousands are hooked now, and if she does become hooked, at least she will not have to steal, prostitute herself, victimize other people, or die of an overdose." The response in the imaginary colloquy is correct, but probably unconvincing to those who look at the printed word of the law as an amulet to ward off evil. The police, on the whole, do not favor the repeal of morals laws, in part because they see repeal as an admission of their limited role in society, i.e., that they can enforce only those laws the general public is willing to obey. Such an admission is not only ego-bruising but a distinct handicap in the annual race for their share of the public budget.

On the other hand, many people are making a very good living out of dope peddling, gambling, etc., and they are not likely to give up their livelihood without a struggle. What the ties of the underworld to elected and appointed officials are, no one really knows, but they exist, and organized crime is certainly capable of exerting pressure behind the scenes to discourage unfavorable legislation.

One can only hope that the uncommitted majority will come to realize the price we pay in corruption, the denial of civil liberties, and the overburdening of our criminal justice system for the luxury of using our penal code to enforce our currently fashionable behavior preferences. We need courage enough to admit that certain kinds of behavior cannot be controlled through the punitive sanction, and faith enough to believe that cultural pressure (or innate decency) will suffice to keep us from mass dissipation and self-destruction. And we need political leaders with guts enough to get up and say so.

"I want to thank you for coming. You've helped to separate the man from the myth."

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FRIEND TO THE DISPLACED

The world's catastrophes, both natural and man-made, continue to make the work of the IRC a ray of hope to millions of human beings.

by ROCHELLE GIRSON

In the gravest displacement of human history, more than twenty-four million people today are refugees, thousands of them uprooted by nature gone wild, multitudes more by wars or as the result of political, ethnic, class, and religious hostility. From Turkey to Peru earthquakes, drought, and floods left 11,743,000 survivors destitute and homeless in 1970. A cyclone in East Bengal deprived an additional 3.3 million of shelter, now almost forgotten in the unprecedented exodus of 9.5 million of their countrymen, fearing reprisals, even—with justification—massacre, for having elected last December a majority of independent representatives to the Pakistani Parliament.

Burma, Ceylon, and East African nations have been expelling native-born Indians, who, like their forebears for generations, have been the local shopkeepers and industrialists. Due to a paucity of urban employment for the indigenous people, the competitive Kenyans may no longer live in neighboring Uganda, though refugees from civil war in Rwanda and the Sudan who work on the farms are welcomed there. Nor, also for economic reasons as well as heightened national consciousness, may blacks from Nigeria, Dahomey, the Ivory Coast, and elsewhere in Africa stay on in Ghana.

Poles, Czechs, and Albanians, oppressed by totalitarianism, are still defecting to the West. Encouraged by Castro, more than 500,000 Cubans—to him the "worms" of the island's society—have forfeited their citizenship and settled in America, as have 70,000 Haitians terrorized by the police state of "Papa Doc" Duvalier and his legatee, "Bébé." During the first eight months of this year, nearly 15,000 Chinese, principally students, hazarded after dark the three-mile swim from Kwangtung Province to Hong Kong, where more than two million—half the Crown Colony's population—are refugees from the mainland, or children of those refugees. And, as usual, scores succumbed in the sea to cramps and exhaustion.

"The refugee condition, once experienced, does not wash off," says Carel Sternberg, the self-effacing executive director of the International Rescue Committee, who in the 1930s eluded the Nazis threatening his native Czechoslovakia and four years later again had to flee when they occupied France. So haunting is the trauma of flight that Sternberg has since then devoted his life—as did his colleague, the German lawyer Werner Wille (who had defended anti-Nazis in German courts), and as have many of the former refugees employed by the IRC—to saving and rehabilitating other unmoored human beings. Originally called the International Relief Association, the IRC was founded in 1933 by a small group of Americans worried about the rise of Nazism—among them, the Protestant theologian Reinhold Niebuhr and the philosopher John Dewey. Within a month after Hitler came to power, they began to help his political opponents as well as Jews escaping persecution. As the Third Reich tore off more and more of Europe, the organization spread its wing over the democratic vanguard among politicians, scholars, writers, artists, scientists, professors, and other professionals impelled to leave their overrun lands.

After the fall of France, where the majority had found sanctuary, the Pétain government, as part of the armistice terms, agreed to surrender to the Gestapo upon demand not only French Jews but all expatriates of "greater Germany"—Austrians, Czechs, Poles, Hollanders, Norwegians, Belgians, and émigré Germans. Three days later, on June 25, 1940, the Emergency

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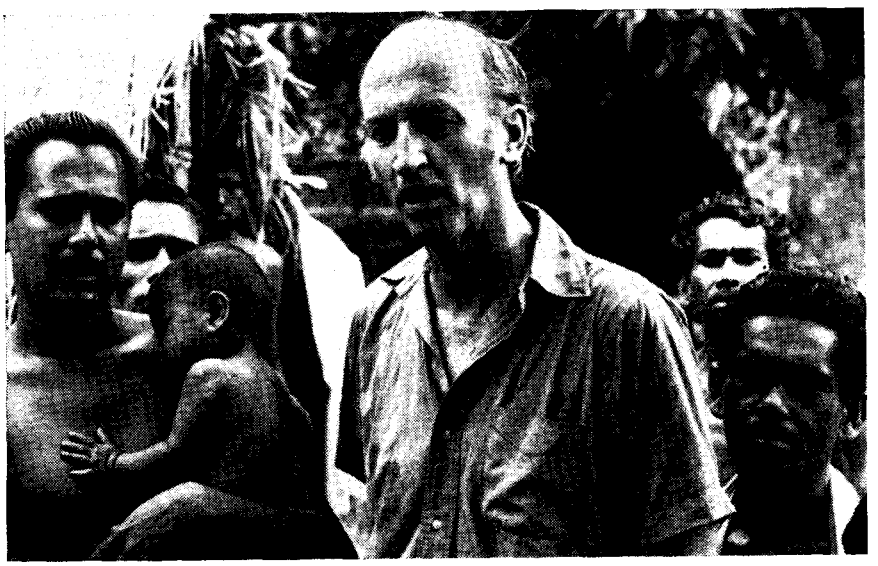

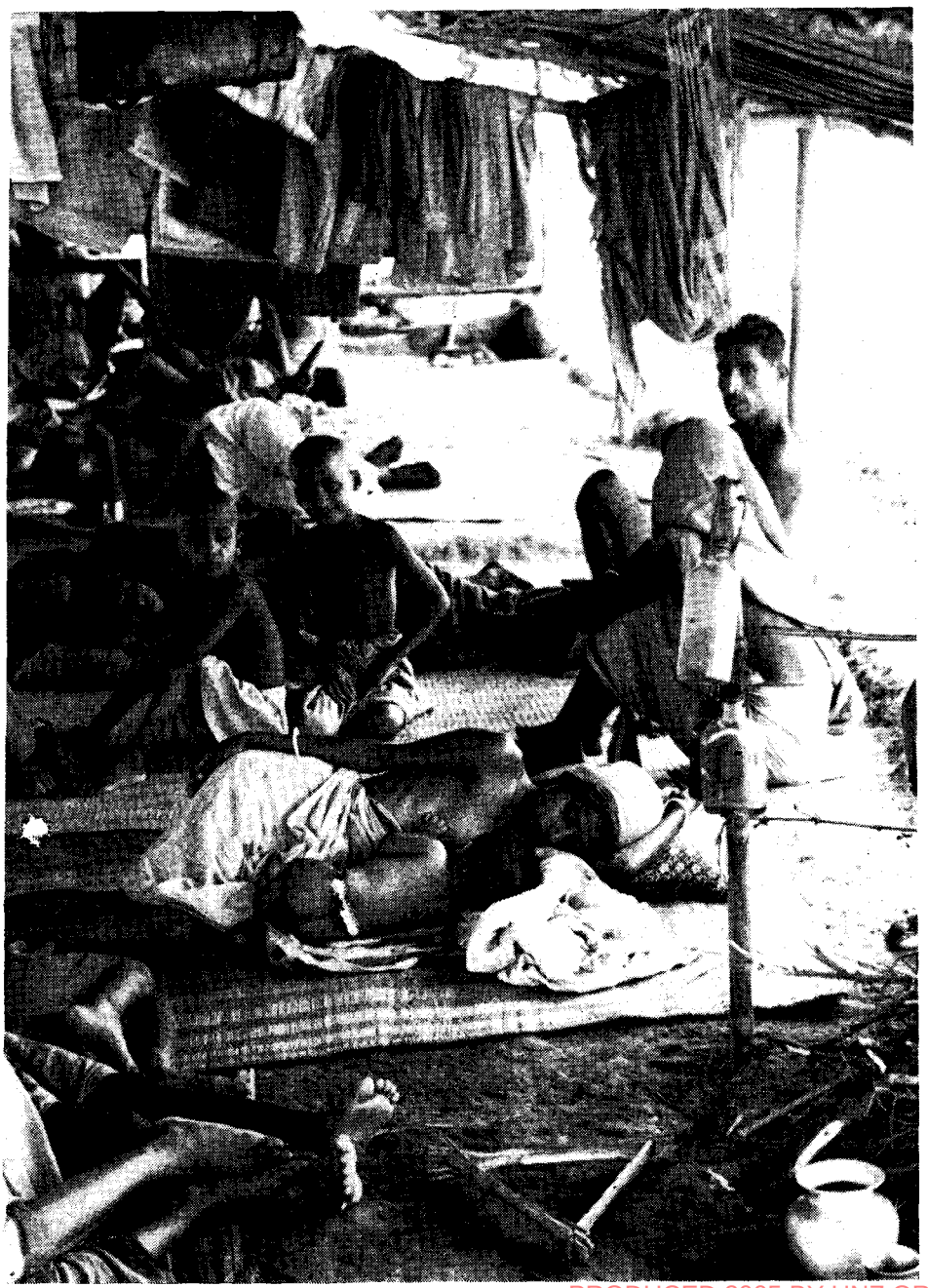

"He who saves one life, it is as if he had saved the whole world."—Far left: Displaced South Vietnamese children at an IRC day center. Left: Angier Biddle Duke, head of IRC mission in Calcutta, with refugees from East Bengal. Below: Exhausted and ill East Pakistani refugees after trek to West Bengal.

Rescue Committee, with which the IRC merged in 1942, came into being under the impetus of journalists Elmer Davis and Dorothy Thompson, educators Robert M. Hutchins, Alvin Johnson, and George Shuster, as well as other prominent Americans. Its goal, of necessity limited by the immensity of the tragedy, was to evacuate from the still-unoccupied south of France, where most of the fugitives had fled, some 200 key people among the hunted.

Varian Fry, a young editor, was selected as the underground agent to handle the mission. Totally untrained for the role, but equipped with fluent French, a familiarity with Europe, and $3,000 in cash, Fry took a minimum-rate room in Marseilles's most elegant hotel, the Splendide, and began communicating with those on his list. To circumvent suspicion, the committee set up an ostensible social welfare office—Centre Américain de Secours—to provide funds and food for trapped refugees, whose exit was blocked by Pétain.

"With the help of the French and other fellow conspirators," Fry recalled six years ago in *The New Leader*, "and more often than not with the connivance of or at least the deliberate eye-closing of sympathetic French police officials and border guards, I was soon deeply immersed in the business of sending the refugees over the border into Spain. Once in Lisbon, they were able to leave legally for the United States or for one of the Latin American countries that were also granting emergency visas at the time." First they had to be provided with travel documents (genuine or forged), Spanish and Portuguese transit visas, and sufficient money to get by. Though relatively simple for those not well known, perils multiplied for the celebrated, who had to be spirited out incognito. The novelist Lion Feuchtwanger went

(Continued on page 101)

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Report to the Readers

Norman Cousins is an extraordinary man. He is part editor, part world citizen, and in large part many other things—among them lecturer, author, humanitarian, president of World Federalists. We first met Norman Cousins after we became associated with *Saturday Review* magazine and Saturday Review Press. Since then (July 1971) we have developed respect, admiration, and an abiding affection for this unique person.

For many years, Norman Cousins and his staff have edited what many consider to be America's foremost thought weekly or, as others might define *Saturday Review*, cultural weekly—a magazine that has been and is in the forefront of man's continuing struggle to build a just and secure peace, to strengthen the United Nations, to defend civil liberties and organize a more compassionate society, to protect and improve the environment and quality of life in America, and to promote the concept that our true concern must be man and the earth rather than national advantage.

Saturday Review not only espoused these and other ideas for the enhancement of mankind's condition, but was often years ahead of public or official concern or their general acceptance.

As professional editors and publishers we were interested in *Saturday Review* with the objectives not only of maintaining *Saturday Review*'s editorial integrity, but of strengthening all its publishing activities in a manner to extend and expand its editorial scope and influence even more. These objectives entail development of circulation, promotion, advertising, finance, production, distribution, and ancillary activities as well as the editorial product itself. From the beginning we shared all of our editorial plans and publishing projects with Norman Cousins, who understandably was most interested in them.

As might be expected, he understood and embraced a good part of what we were doing.

On the other hand, he also seemed a bit uncomfortable with a few new developments. Perhaps our most senior—and very dear—associate, Irving Kolodin, put it best recently when, at a dinner meeting, he pointed out to Norman Cousins and me that quite obviously *Saturday Review* was now beginning its third generation. He remembered well Norman Cousins at the age of twenty-five coming to *Saturday Review of Literature* and shortly thereafter assuming the role of editor. "Norman represents our last link with the founders," Irving Kolodin said. "He is our second generation." And he added, "We've now entered the third generation, and we should concern ourselves with what *Saturday Review* can and should be in this new era."

The pride of all *Saturday Review* people is that we consider ourselves members of a family. How typical of an American family this situation seems to be.

Since July we have studied, analyzed, and lived *Saturday Review*.

Each week *Saturday Review* has featured Ideas, an Editorial, Books, The Arts, Travel, Columns, Games . . . and a special theme the editors internally have described as "the supplement." The supplement is a special editorial emphasis section with a topical theme rotating weekly. Over a period of four weeks the supplements cover MultiMedia (The Arts), Education, Science (with a special emphasis on Environment), and Communications. Several times each year special supplement sections covering travel and business also have been featured. Out of our study, analysis, and reflection on *Saturday Review*'s established editorial performance we crystallized a new and expanded program. We feel that this program continues the basic direction set for the magazine by Norman Cousins, which is to make it the nation's leading thought—or cultural—weekly.

We believe that the key to this program to strengthen *Saturday Review* lies in the special emphasis issues—or supplements as our associates call them. We have decided, therefore, to augment the total editorial program of *Saturday Review* and to offer you, the reader, a more complete editorial service. Each week *Saturday Review* will enlarge upon a given subject matter—MultiMedia (or Culture or The Arts), Science, Education, The Society. In order to do so we have doubled the editorial budget and expect to increase the editorial staff considerably. We also shall build *Saturday Review*'s circulation substantially so as to reach even more people with its ideas and values.

While crystallizing this program we continued to share our thinking with Norman Cousins. We asked him to remain as editor or to become editorial chairman. We offered him unlimited access to the world for firsthand observation of events and reflective personal exchanges with world leaders on every continent.

Understandably, during this period Norman Cousins experienced ambivalences. The magazine had changed ownership. There were new, younger professional editors and publishers involved—with new ideas, with new programs, with fresh energy and enthusiasm . . . and most importantly with their own commitment to the finest principles of editing. Norman Cousins tells of an experience last spring. While lecturing at Washington University in St. Louis, he was asked a question by a young undergraduate. "Mr. Cousins, how long have you been editing *Saturday Review*?" "Thirty years," was the answer. "Don't you think it's time you gave somebody else a chance?" the young man inquired. Norman Cousins enjoys telling this story. He adds that the only thing that troubled him about this episode was that he really should have thought of it first.

For a variety of reasons, Norman Cousins has resigned as *Saturday Re-*

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view's editor. In last week's issue he wrote his "final report to the readers." As stated earlier, we have developed respect, admiration, and an abiding affection for Norman Cousins. We also feel we know him well. *Saturday Review* is Norman Cousins's home and his base of editing. This editorial page always will be open to him. We also will welcome his articles, thoughts, and suggestions. We know Norman Cousins has been *Saturday Review* and that as a family member he will visit us . . . often, we hope.

Now, about another N.C. Nicolas H. Charney, *Saturday Review*'s new editor.

Nick Charney is an uncommonly gifted thirty-year-old. Six years ago, he was introduced to me by my brother George (presently on the faculty of Yale University), who first became acquainted with him when Nick was thirteen years old and the son of a then Princeton University faculty colleague, Jule Charney (the noted meteorologist now at MIT). At the time I met him, Charney, aged twenty-five, was getting his Ph.D. from the University of Chicago and had an idea for starting a magazine in the field of psychology. What was originally intended as a courtesy half hour was extended into two weeks of stimulating discussions about psychology as an editorial focus for a magazine.

The result became *Psychology Today* magazine, founded and edited by Nick Charney. Shortly after its founding, Nick Charney and I teamed up as equal partners and launched Communications Research Machines, Inc., a communications company that eventually included *Psychology Today* and *Intellectual Digest* magazines, *Behavior Today* newsletter, an education division that publishes textbooks for college and university students, a consumer products division comprised of book clubs, continuity books, games and posters, and an educational film operation that currently is featuring eight major films on college and university campuses.

Charney's role at CRM was very broad and ranged from editor-in-chief of all CRM's publications to chairman of the board. Nick, indeed, is uncommonly gifted. He also is committed to the highest standards of editing. Together we realize that reader loyalty and reader confidence can come only from the tangible evidence of the magazine itself. We intend to maintain *Saturday Review*'s high level of editorial integrity. We expect to be judged accordingly.

Our commitment is to you, the reader. We intend to continue editing and publishing America's foremost thought weekly.

—JOHN J. VERONIS.

Letters to the Editor

Sixth Blunder

AFTER READING Chester Bowles's powerful analysis "Five Major Blunders by the U.S. in Asia" [*SR*, Nov. 6], I feel more than ever that a sixth American blunder—important even if not "major"—was our government's failure to keep Mr. Bowles in a key position, preferably as Secretary of State or Ambassador to the United Nations, thus utilizing his fine acumen in international diplomacy and creative politics.

BEN W. FUSON,
Kansas Weslevan University,
Salina, Kan.

Ellsberg's Deed

THE SIGNIFICANCE of "The Ellsberg Affair" by Peter Schrag [*SR*, Nov. 13] is not that Ellsberg took the committed step to save his nation from the deceptions of its government by disclosing the Pentagon Papers. The significance is that it appeared only in 1971. The myth of the basic integrity and honesty of U.S. policy is so solid that his faith was not broken until 1969. . . .

Daniel Ellsberg spoke out *as soon as he was able*, which tells us a great deal about the efficiency of our government in convincing our people of whatever it wants to; and which tells us that we need many more Ellsbergs and much better informed people.

ALISON ROBB,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHETHER Peter Schrag could or did produce an objective review can be debated. But what he did not highlight is that Ellsberg *accepted* the confidence of his government and later chose to defy it by stealth. If everyone giving his oath of confidence to our government chooses to disavow it as and when he pleases, then we may have a government and a nation reduced to the whims of their servants.

A. C. BRECKENRIDGE,
Lincoln, Neb.

DANIEL ELLSBERG'S conversion and Peter Schrag's sensitive account of the Ellsberg ordeal have given me, a child of World War II, the courage to face my feelings of dissent.

No scheme to make loyal citizens of the present generation of young adults will work without honesty. They have been taught from nursery school through graduate school to gather facts and value their own conclusions. Follow-the-leader has never been their game.

KATHLEEN KOCH,
Bedford, N.Y.

PETER SCHRAG'S description of Ellsberg's conversion made me feel that my preaching about religious conversion is simply irrelevant to the deep gut-level responsibility of being a human being. Ellsberg's conversion will serve as an example of true religious conversion—from life as an unauthentic human, usually described as someone else's man ("Bundy's man, McNamara's man"), to authentic selfhood and one's own man.

Again, nineteen centuries later, another man is dramatically converted on the way to Damascus. Ellsberg is the St. Paul of this century. I really felt as if I was reading the ninth chapter of the Book of Acts all over again, this time with Daniel Ellsberg as the man on whom the awesome power of truth falls.

REV. DARRYL E. DECH,
Salem United Church of Christ,
Reamstown, Pa.

Capital Account

NORMAN LOWE [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Oct. 30] erred in his supplementary list of capital cities that are also the country's largest cities.

The capital of Israel is not Tel Aviv, but Jerusalem. True, many countries have their embassies in Tel Aviv in order to avoid giving status to Jerusalem as an Israeli city. Nonetheless, it must be an inconvenience for the ambassadors, including the U. S. Ambassador, to travel an hour and a half to Jerusalem to meet with Mrs. Meir and the members of the Israeli government whose offices are in Jerusalem. The only consoling thought is that the trip passes through some of the most beautiful scenery in Israel and perhaps might even inspire them in their political decision-making.

RABBI SHELDON J. WELTMAN,
Morristown, N.J.

On Mondrian

RE: Katharine Kuh's "The Center of Reality" [THE FINE ARTS, Oct. 30]. Mrs. Kuh's writing about Piet Mondrian is deeply appreciated [since] I was acquainted with him from 1938 to 1941. I visited his studio with Harry Holtzman just after Mondrian died. I think a word for Mr. Holtzman is needed when the story of Mondrian is told. It was Holtzman who took care of Mondrian like a father. . . . I feel that without Harry Holtzman, Mondrian might not have enjoyed his few happy years in the United States.

SIDNEY JONAS BUDNICK,
Sacramento, Calif.

Why New Zealand Isn't Tennessee

IN THE TEXT accompanying Brian Brake's photo essay "Why New Zealand Isn't Australia" [*SR*, Oct. 23] the statement was made that New Zealand is the same size as Tennessee. The statistic is wrong. The country is the size of Colorado (approximately 104,000 square miles). The area of Tennessee is roughly 42,000 square miles.

H. M. GOING,
Professor of History and Geography,
Snead State Junior College,
Boaz, Ala.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Children's Corner

Suzie's New Dog

Your dog? What dog? You mean it? That!
I was about to leave a note
Pinned to a fish to warn my cat
To watch for a mouse in an overcoat.

So that's a dog! Is it any breed
That anyone ever knew—or guessed?
Oh, a Flea Terrier! Yes, indeed.
Well now, I *am* impressed!

I guess no robber will try your house
Or even cut through your yard.
Not when he knows you have a mouse—
I mean a dog—like that on guard!

You have to go? I'm glad you came.
I don't see a thing like that
Just every day. Does it have a name?
Fang, eh? Well, I must warn my cat.

Fast Isn't Far

There was a boy in a souped-up car.
He drove it fast but not too far.
Just up to a curve he didn't quite make.
And through the fence. And into the lake.

On Being Too Right to Be Polite

When I was a boy I was so good
People from miles around
Would crowd into our neighborhood
And wait without a sound

From dawn to dark and half the night
And then again next day
For a chance to watch me be polite
And perhaps to hear me say

"Please," and "Thank you," and Howdja-do?"
And "Would you be so kind?"
And "Oh, how very good of you!"
And "Really, I don't mind,"

And watch me serve the ladies tea
And help them with their coats.
Some people filled up two or three
Large notebooks full of notes

On being good. One wrote a book
On what he learned from me.
So many came that at last I took
To charging a modest fee.

From dawn to dark and half the night
And then again next day,
A nickel to watch me be polite,
A dime to hear me say

"Please," and "Thank you," and Howdja-do?"
And "Would you be so kind?"
And "Oh, how very good of you!"
And "Really, I don't mind."

In a year or two and a day or two
I became a millionaire.
And the best of that (as, of course, you knew)
Is that no one seems to care

About your manners when you're rich.
And the rich care even less.
And that's my tale, the moral of which
I should think even you might guess.

Questions! Questions! Questions!

What do you know? It's going to snow.
How can you tell? By sniff and by smell.
What do you sniff? The wind off the cliff.
What do you smell? The ice in the well.
What do they say? It's coming this way.
How deep will it be? Two fathoms or three.
What shall I do? Stay here till it's through.
What shall I eat? Ox tail and pig's feet.
Where shall I sleep? In the pen with the sheep.
What if it gets colder? Put a lamb on your shoulder.
What if it melts? You can go somewhere else.
Then what will I get? Your feet good and wet.
How will I dry them? Bring them here and I'll fry them.
What of my dad? He'll say they taste bad.
What of my mother? She'll cuddle your brother.
What about you? I'll be glad when you're through.

We All Have Thought a Lot About You

Two hundred twenty thousand five hundred twenty-three
Registered local voters (well, yes, including me)
Were asked to vote in secret on what to do with you.
Two hundred twenty thousand five hundred twenty-two
Voted to put you in a cage and throw away the key.
That isn't quite unanimous, but I think you will agree
That as a test of sentiment their vote will surely do
To indicate what seems to be a rather general view
Shared by the mayor, the aldermen, your teachers, the police,
The deputy dogcatcher, the man who makes the keys,
The man who makes the cages, and the keeper of the zoo.
You might say everyone in town—no, that's not strictly true—
But *almost* everyone in town takes a dim view of you.

What Johnny Told Me

I went to play with Billy. He
Threw my cap into a tree.
I threw his glasses in the ditch.
He dipped my shirt in a bucket of pitch.
I hid his shoes in the garbage can.
And then we heard the ice cream man.
So I bought him a cone. He bought me one.
A true good friend is a lot of fun.

Sour Grapes

Danny Dreams and Willy Wake
Ate the same piece of birthday cake.
Ate the same helping of ice cream.
One at the party, one in a dream.
Danny wasn't even sent
An invitation, but he went
To Willy's party in his sleep.
"This way," said Danny, "I can keep
The present for myself and still
Eat all I want. In fact I will
Go back again tomorrow night
And eat up everything in sight.
I won't leave Willy Wake one bite
Of his own cake. In fact I might
Not even bother to invite
Willy to come. And serve him right!"

I Hate to Wait

Someone came to see me when I was not at home.
I let him in and told him I was sorry he had come
On just exactly almost the day I wasn't there.
So we made a new appointment to meet again somewhere.
I think we said last Tuesday noon at quarter after eight.
He said he'd be there on the dot but that he might be late.
I said if he was there on time I would be glad to wait.
I even told my mother I was going to meet him there.
But now it's Thursday morning and I can't remember where
I was supposed to meet him. I know he hasn't come.
I'll give him ten more minutes, and then I'm going home.

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Highballing down a track to disaster

If the railroads should cease to exist, the United States of America as you know it would grind to a paralyzing halt.

You would soon have very little to eat.

And no electricity to light your house. Or heat it. Or pump water into it.

Your job would wither away.

You'd have no television, no radio, no telephone, no newspaper to tell you what was going on.

And try as they might, the trucks, the pipelines, the airplanes, the barges would not be able to fill the gaping demand.

Chaos, even rule by panic, might erupt.

Fanciful?

Not in the least, if the railroads are allowed to die. And right now, some of our railroads are on a fast track to disaster.

The railroads need our help. And we all need the railroads...strong, healthy, and free to retain their vital place in our free enterprise system.

So, let us all do something about it. Write to your senators and congressmen. Tell them how you feel about the importance of keeping our railroads alive.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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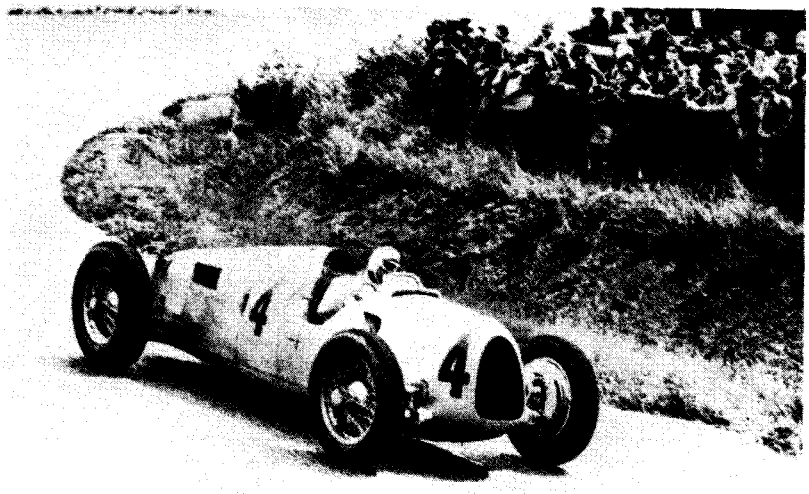
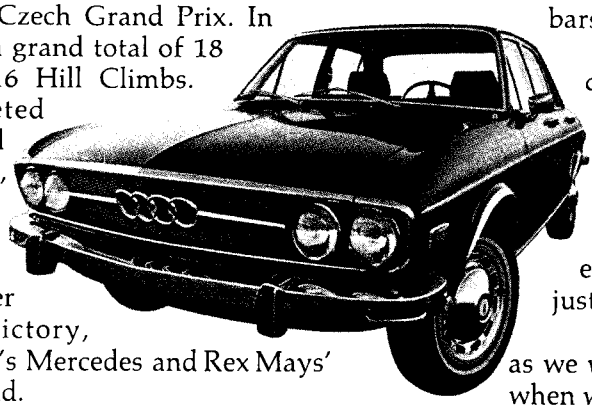


You don't win 18 Grand Prixs without learning a thing or two.

On July 15, 1934, an incredible thing happened in racing. A Mercedes-Benz didn't win the Grand Prix. For that matter, neither did an Alfa Romeo or a Maserati.

It was an Auto Union car (that was Audi's corporate name back then), designed by Dr. Ferdinand Porsche and driven by Hans Stuck that thundered past the checkered flag first.

Five weeks later, we took the Swiss Grand Prix. And then the Czech Grand Prix. In fact, we chalked up a grand total of 18 Grand Prixs. Plus 16 Hill Climbs. And even the coveted Vanderbilt Cup, held at Roosevelt Raceway, New York, where the great Bernd Rosemeyer and his sixteen-cylinder monster charged home to victory, with Rudi Caracciola's Mercedes and Rex Mays' Alfa trailing far behind.



We raced for glory and prestige and that "gut feeling" only drivers can put into words.

We also raced for knowledge. For what better way to test the mettle of a car than in a race, with all its grueling banks and curves, with the competition breathing down your neck.

Today we no longer race. But we've learned enough from yesteryear to have a lot in common with cars that do.

For example, our new Audi has rack-and-pinion steering which is the most direct steering system a car can have.

It's got a *servo-thrust* synchromesh transmission that makes shifting quick and precise.

The Audi has independent front suspension so you get more control with fewer jolts.

And a rear axle with twin adjustable torsion bars for precise road holding.

Of course, the Audi also has quite a few features that racing cars don't have. Like front-wheel drive. And seats that are not only very plush, but also very comfortable. (They were designed by orthopedic surgeons.) And enough legroom and headroom for just about anybody's legs and head.

We're as proud of our car today as we were on that hot July day of '34 when we won our first Grand Prix. And we're as determined now, as we were then, to reach a standard of excellence no other car manufacturer can hope to attain.

And experience is indeed a great teacher.

The Audi®

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Star-studded "Tristan"; Well-seasoned Bartók

FOR ALMOST ANYONE with musical sensitivity, the second act of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* is a summation of romantic love, emotional involvement, and the sexual communion unique in the lore of what is generically called opera. As realized on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera in a new production scenically conceived by Günther Schneider-Siemssen, dramatically supervised by August Everding, and performed under the musical direction of Erich Leinsdorf by a cast headed by the day's pre-eminent Isolde, Birgit Nilsson, it comes about as close to a perfect realization of what the composer himself called a *Gesamtkunstwerk*—a total work of art—as anything offered to the New York musical public in decades. It will remain, unquestionably, the outstanding scenic achievement of Sir Rudolf Bing's administration.

What distinguishes this whole conception of *Tristan*, which is evolved from a prior production in Vienna utilizing the same designer and stage director, is the adaptation, by an abundant use of projections from slides, of cinematic techniques to the composer-dramatist's purpose. Though *Tristan* was written (1857-59) when Sigmund Freud was just learning to walk, it is replete with psychological soul states, mind sets, and familial involvements that were subsequently reduced by specially qualified savants to a science or system. It is the basic premise of Wagner (sometimes misunderstood) that Tristan and Isolde were mentally and emotionally involved *before* they shared what is called a "love potion." This did not *initiate* their involvement; it merely enabled it to assert itself *against* the loyalties and obligations by which they were constrained. Schneider-Siemssen's scheme (an extension of prior scenic ventures by the late Wieland Wagner and Herbert von Karajan, with whom he worked on the Metropolitan's still incomplete *Ring*) is to treat the mundane world of things and people in terms of specific scenery and props. But when Tristan and Isolde have found superreality in their love for each other, the scenery vanishes, they are afloat in a world of color, abstract images, and brilliant vistas of the intangible. And Everding has evolved a pattern of movement and posture that complements it admirably.

The joint concept has a promising explication in the first act, when the beautifully picturesque boat (sails of what looked like parachute-silk form a billowing superstructure to the set) on which the Irish princess Isolde is being borne to a loveless match with the elderly King Marke of Cornwall vanishes when the clarifying potion takes effect. The stage craft is so clever, however, that it is reversible. When the destination is reached, the original surroundings are, by backlighting and other technical devices, immediately re-established.

Reality and remoteness are intermingled and fulfilled in the magical second act, when the passions by which the lovers are driven are symbolically cast by Wagner into the opposition of day and night. Day is reality, night is ideality, when the King's best friend (Tristan) and his obligated wife (Isolde) pursue their destiny to a fated rendezvous. Here cinematic values are invoked, through the use of projections, overhead lighting, and elevated platforms to achieve the equivalent of dissolves, close-ups, fade-ins and fade-outs, which encompass the possibility of putting the principals, literally, in space. Even Brangäne voices her "Watch" from an invisible platform high above stage right. There is also a suggestion that the vastness of spatial terrain on the moon captured by color TV may have played a part in Schneider-Siemssen's thinking. For once, then, science has given back to art some of its original mysteries. The underlying concept does not find a pliable parallel in much of Act III, but it is invoked for a sumptuous, detached, otherworldly realization of the "Liebestod," which brings it all around full circle.

And that, too, brings the musical values full circle, for it is the consummately sensitive, inexhaustibly vital singing of Nilsson that guides this production to a musical as well as a scenic fulfillment. It is now about a dozen years since the Swedish soprano made her debut at the old Metropolitan in this same role. It is a tribute to her intelligence, artistry, and vocal command that she not only has a deeper, more meaningful conception of the role than she had then—an under-

—*E. Fred Sher*

"They are afloat in a world of color, abstract images, and brilliant vistas."

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standable growth for a performer of her capacities—but looks younger through artful makeup and wiggery, and conveys greater ardor at fifty than she did at forty. The numbers are accusatory, but the tribute is not.

Opposite to her is the best embodiment of Tristan that she has yet enjoyed in New York. Jess Thomas, American-born (as were all the members of the fine cast other than Miss Nilsson), is a Tristan by need and necessity rather than inevitable endowment. He has built his originally lyric voice (Walther in *Meistersinger* was his best part a decade ago) into a workable mechanism for Tristan, though it doesn't have the vibrance, ring, or penetrating power required. But Thomas is by far the most persuasive image of a young knight that has been seen here almost forever (even the great Melchior would agree, I suspect). He projects verbal as well as musical values with a great concern for ultimate meaning, and he doesn't ever sing off pitch. Moreover, he has the strength to go through the arduous third act (much abbreviated) to the momentous outcome of a final statement of "Isolde!" as he expires, which is the most beautiful sound he produces throughout. A wonderful effort, in a self-sacrificing spirit.

But for my taste the most gratifying achievement of the evening was the beautifully pictorial, wholly sympathetic projection of Brangäne, Isolde's companion, by Mignon Dunn. She came to the Metropolitan fifteen years ago with a fine sound and unlimited objectives and by hard work and a recent immersion in the Germanic operatic world has qualified to succession in the role glorified by her mentor, the great Karin Branzell. Likewise of City Center background was John Macurdy, the excellent King Marke, who reached his career high in this finely formed characterization. As Kurvenal, Thomas Stewart was programed to the staunchness and bluffness expected of Tristan's dog-like aide, but he also made a mark of his own (no pun intended) with the fresh, vibrant singing of the music. Rod MacWherter as Melot, Leo Goeke as the off-stage sailor's voice, and Nico Castel's Shepherd were all quality-oriented.

A sizable part of this overall musical excellence was attributable to the careful, explicit direction of Leinsdorf, whose return to the Met after a Parsifal-like search for identity (as music director of the Boston Symphony, among other things) was an unqualified success. To form such a musical ensemble is a substantial achievement. The remaining objective for Leinsdorf is to relax, to improvise, and (as was said of Artur Nikisch) to poetize. He will, then, have us not only in his debt but under his obligation.

The week also brought a triumphant return of Georg Solti and his Chicago Symphony. Both the reception they received and a glance around a crowded Carnegie Hall suggested that they have suddenly begun to attract the elitists who determine by their presence where "in" is at. This relates in some measure to such projects as last season's concert version of Wagner's *Das Rheingold*, and this season's unprecedented attention to Schoenberg's *Moses and Aaron* (to be reviewed next week). But, in even greater measure, it relates to the superb results that Solti has been achieving with an orchestra conditioned by Rafael Kubelik, cultivated by the late Fritz Reiner, maintained by Jean Martinon, and now being inspired to its best by new vigorous leadership.

Solti gave a vivid demonstration of the values of such an inheritance in his performance of Bartók's *Concerto for Orchestra*. It is a contemporary masterwork, which first appeared on records when Reiner, a lifelong friend of the composer, was still in his Pittsburgh tenure (1945). When he came to Chicago in the early Fifties, he communicated his knowledge of the work's style and subtleties to many of the same players who gave back to Solti their mastery of its technical detail. Solti was thus able to shape, mold, and plasticize the work's substance in a manner highly personal to him. As this went to poetry as well as to high spirits, it was faithful to Bartók as well.

The storm of applause this performance aroused did not exceed by much a similar response to Solti's presentation, earlier in the evening, of Schumann's *Rhenish* Symphony (E-flat, No. 3), where it was decidedly less deserved. What Solti made of its orchestra texture was clearer, perhaps, than even the waters of the river it celebrates, and he left nothing undone with the glowing conclusion Schumann evolved. But much of it reached my ear as overly tense and aggressive, hectic rather than merely spirited, and a little gaudy for the sometimes somber scene it celebrates. Wagner's *Meistersinger* Overture brought the evening of great orchestral performance to its conclusion.

"Just think, we've got what everyone's killing themselves working for—leisure time."

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When We Tried on Ideas, Movements and Styles with Gusto

by D. E. FORTUNA

THE AGE OF ENERGY: Varieties of American Experience, 1865-1915

by Howard Mumford Jones

Viking, 545 pp., $12.50

With characteristic animation, Howard Mumford Jones lists the problems facing America after the Civil War:

> The tariff, the currency, the power of state or federal government to control malefactors of great wealth, the regulation of immigration, the capacity of the people to rule directly through the election of senators or the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, . . . woman suffrage, the desirability of controlling public utilities and transportation systems—such issues and their solutions are chronicled by historians, but their grave pages do not convey the passionate urgency of the age.

One hesitates, therefore, to term Professor Jones's latest study, *The Age of Energy: Varieties of American Experience, 1865-1915,* history. It is, instead, saga, a deeply felt and moving treatment of a period complex, vital, and contradictory, an era whose moral, political, and cultural variety is the immediate legacy of the 1970s.

Refreshingly, this book makes no attempt to find an underlying order that dictates the amazing polarities of the time, nor does it limit itself to the listing of educational, political, and philosophical happenings and their significance. For Mr. Jones abandons at the outset any attempt to unravel the tangle of passionate idealism and equally passionate materialism into "main streams" or even "cross currents" of American thought. Rather, the reader is plunged into the very flux itself: energy.

> . . . I do not find any leading principle that might serve to make sense out of American development as a whole from the age of Andrew Johnson to the presidency of Woodrow Wilson. In hunting for some clue in this rich confusion, in seeking for some standpoint from which to survey the tumult, I have hit upon the idea of energy as being central. By this, I mean the discovery, use, exploitation, and expression of energy, whether it be that of personality or of prime movers or of words. By the idea of energy in words I mean that, except for islands of linguistic calm in some magazines and some colleges, the verbal style of the period has the same sort of fury that characterizes the public language of today. . . . But after Appomattox it was as if the enormous energy concentrated by the Civil War, not satisfied with killing or wounding a million men or more, could not check itself at the peace but went on to gigantic verbal clashes over reconstruction, industry, politics, and theology. Never was oratory more orotund, propaganda more reckless, denunciation more bitter, reform more strident —until now. A people thus verbally unrestrained must have been filled with exuberance and wrath.

Citing the last chapters of *The Education of Henry Adams,* Jones acknowledges the symbolic tension between unity and multiplicity as the hallmark of any great age. Like Henry Adams's dynamo, Mr. Jones's "energy" indicates the sheer force of multiplicity itself. But unlike Adams, Jones posits no Virgin, no sense of unity, to check or offset the era's wrath and exuberance. Throughout these turbulent years Americans earnestly desired a unified

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nation. A native synthesis in politics, life, and letters was not, however, to be achieved until the turn of the century when the resolution of the Spanish-American War stimulated a "new nationalism" and when, under Theodore Roosevelt, America as a modern international power came of age.

Throughout these fifty years the American of means tried on ideas, movements, styles with the gusto of the emperor trying on and flinging off new clothes. He devoured books, fads, foods; exploited nature, technology, and his fellow man; and yet managed to fund public libraries, colleges, museums. He demanded and got a universal public school system, and he at least attempted to solve the interminable problems of poverty, racial and religious conflict, labor arbitration, and immigration. In science, the arts, and education a contradictory people called for a native American style but imported European ideas; espoused "decency" in the novel but recognized and

Above: Whitelaw Reid and Andrew Carnegie—7,680 organs donated to churches.

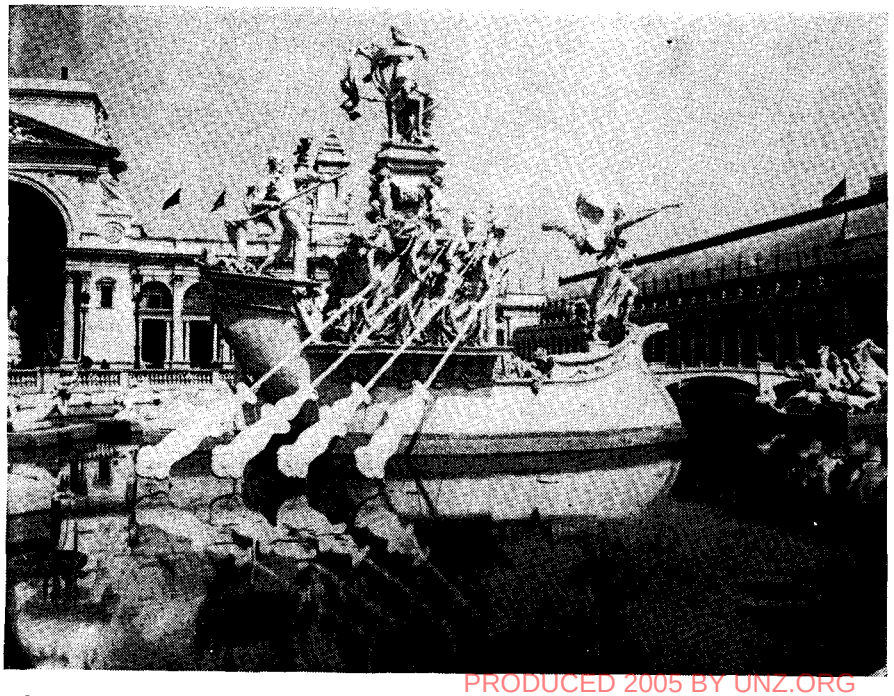
Right: ". . . the ambitious and hardy journeyed West."

Below: Columbian Exposition, 1893—

Chicago was "beautiful as a poet's dream."

". . . a basic hunger for experience, an insatiable desire for novelty, and an unceasing quest for permanent values."

—PHOTOS BY BROWN BROTHERS



acclaimed the validity of Stephen Crane's *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets*; reconstructed Gothic palaces that fronted on Boston, New York, and Chicago greens but applauded the still-enchanting filigreed swoop of Roebling's Brooklyn Bridge. For the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, Olmsted, Sullivan and Saint-Gaudens collaborated to transfigure 500 acres of Chicago swampland into a shoreline where on closing night, according to a contemporary account, an "ivory city . . . glowed in golden radiance . . . beautiful as a poet's dream, silent as a city of the dead."

Exuberance, too, marked the pace of everyday life. If the wealthy restlessly journeyed abroad, the ambitious and hardy with equal restlessness journeyed West. The American Victorian home became a hodgepodge of bibelots, overstuffed chairs, furniture-cluttered parlors. The indiscriminate acquisition of furnishings, of things,

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of land, of wealth, of technical know-how expressed a basic hunger for experience, an insatiable desire for novelty, and an unceasing quest for permanent values. Jones is also prompt to point out that if exuberance often marks the American panorama, it is just as often marred by wrath, instigated by the distrust of science and technology, the disenfranchisement of Negroes and Indians, the fear of anarchists, communists, and atheists.

The content of *The Age of Energy* is at once staggering in its range and fascinating in its objectivity. Professor Jones describes both the guilt and the innocence of the Gilded Age, the rough-riding individualism that belies the Genteel Tradition, the lavishness and glamour as well as the gravity and despair of the Gay Nineties. His technique, in effect, is to give the lie to, or inspect the underside of, every cliché ever used in descriptions of the period. Robber Barons pillaged—yes; at the same time, in the vast liberality of their philanthropy (Jones doesn't itemize it, but didn't Carnegie found 2,800 public libraries and donate 7,689 organs to churches?) did they not also resemble the merchant-prince patrons of the arts of the Renaissance?

As a history of ideas as well as a compendium of cultural flashbacks, *The Age of Energy* similarly clarifies contrary intellectual movements: the optimism of the Andover theologians' *Progressive Orthodoxy*, the pessimism of Brooks Adams's *Law of Civilization and Decay*; William Dean Howells's attacks on romanticism and sentimentality in American fiction and the naturalists' counterattack on Howells's doctrine of realism; a growing, almost mystical reverence for the Constitution and the Supreme Court, and a progressive assault on Congressional and judiciary corruption; the awe of American technology that the colossal Corliss Engine seemed to inspire and the threat to a reverence for human life that the microscope appeared to provoke.

Yet despite all this—the erudition, the humanistic approach, the vigor of language used to mirror the vigor of the age—reading the final chapters of *The Age of Energy* is a disappointing experience. In comparison with Mr. Jones's treatment of the period from 1865 to the turn of the century, his handling of the Roosevelt era is disquieting, and the materials on the period after Roosevelt's Presidency seem scanty. To see Theodore Roosevelt as the epitome of the contradictions of the age is reasonable. Thus, only a forceful intelligence could have pushed through the domestic achievements of his administration: the settling of the anthracite coal strike, the Newlands

(Continued on page 62)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Shaky Sophistry

I FOUND IT MOST INTERESTING, although not really unexpected, that John Kenneth Galbraith should, in his review of *Vantage Point* [*SR*, Nov. 6], employ his conspicuously elegant phraseology in criticizing LBJ for rewriting history, when Galbraith in point of fact slipped in a little rewrite or so of his own; *e.g.*, ". . . President Kennedy did not intend to continue Dean Rusk as Secretary." No footnote. No attribution. One must accept as undisputed, I suppose, this priestly declaration.

The reason for President Kennedy's intention to dismiss Secretary Rusk, Mr. Galbraith implies, is because Mr. Rusk, along with Walt Rostow and other "Cold War strategists" believed that ". . . any spread of Communism [was] inimical to the American interest . . . and that all disorder was caused by Communists."

This is rather shaky sophistry. Can he really convince an intelligent American public that John F. Kennedy did not regard the "spread of Communism [as] inimical to the American interest," that President Kennedy did not regard limited wars (and limited confrontation) as the optimum response, as the supreme policy alternative to a series of little surrenders leading to the ultimate choice of Red or Dead?

JOEL W. WESTBROOK,
Waco, Tex.

YOU'VE MADE YOURSELVES accessory to a premeditated, unprovoked and unwarranted assault on my alma mater—the Ontario Agricultural College. O.A.C. is Dr. Galbraith's foster mother too, but Judas isn't content to betray his spiritual and intellectual mentor; he sinks his hatchet repeatedly into her poor old head.

The most charitable comment I can make about your delinquency is this: You've given your readers the ghastly option of looking inside a clown to see what makes him tick. Observe the insufferable egotism of the man. Look how he begs comparison of his background with that of a former United States President. Did you know that years ago in a letter to O.A.C. alumni he bracketed his name with Churchill's as a man of letters? You'd be surprised at what might be told about this impossible dreamer.

BILL YOUNG,
Sylvania, O.

Fleecing Other Lambs

WHEN HE WENT into the Insecurities Market, your correspondent, Glenn B. Meagher [BOOK FORUM, Nov. 13], was not really looking for "maybe 6 per cent return and assurance [of] money back. . . ." If that was all he wanted, there were plenty of building and loan companies glad to accommodate him.

If he will just be candid with us and honest with himself, he was, like all the rest of us, looking for a mouth-watering profit like doubling his money in a year or so with 4 or 5 per cent interest while he was waiting.

As Mr. Meagher rightly perceives, the lambs buy high and sell low. If he can afford to wait until the next crop of lambs comes into the market, he can get out again at the next "high."

EMILE PAINTON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Expedient Vehicle

CLIFTON FADIMAN, who should know better (my memory may be bad, but didn't he translate Nietzsche himself many years ago?), attributes H. L. Mencken's admiration of superior men to an "innocent misreading" of Nietzsche [*SR*, Oct. 30]. Mencken's translation of the *Antichrist* around 1918 was merely an expedient vehicle to cart before the public his own unique and vigorous ideas in the form of the introduction to that work. In it he hosted a party for a general so that he might introduce his own regulations to the enlisted men. If some of those "regulations" were misconstrued to be "Nietzschean" then the design of Christianity itself is such that, a Jew, aghast at murder and adultery, is also a Christian.

GORDON STEVENS,
Brownstown, Pa.

Heightening an Uneven Gloss

FOR THOSE WHO WERE somewhat dismayed at Milton R. Konvitz's excited account of Peter F. Drucker's "The Unfashionable Kierkegaard," included in his book of essays, *Men, Ideas, & Politics* [*SR*, Oct. 30], I would recommend two excellent works to make up for the lacunae in Drucker's uneven gloss: Paul Sponheim's *Kierkegaard on Christ and Christian Coherence* (Harper & Row, 1968) and Josiah Thompson's *The Lonely Labyrinth: Kierkegaard's Pseudonymous Works* (Southern Illinois University Press, 1967).

KENNETH HACKING,
Providence, R.I.

Novelist as Murderer

GRAHAM GREENE IS RENDERED explicable to me for the first time by A. Alvarez's review of his autobiography [*SR*, Sept. 25]. It is Greene as a murderer which I find disturbing. Is a man any less guilty because the people he kills are his own creations? Here is a writer who regularly kills off his best characters, and he has created fine ones. Even in *Travels with My Aunt*, Greene's chronicle of graphic nonentities, the only genuine, though the most comic, character in the story is in the end (and, I have no doubt, compulsively) killed.

A great gift for writing is not necessarily inconsistent with necrophilia.

HERBERT HARVEY,
Morrisville, Pa.

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BLUE COLLARS AND HARD-HATS: The Working Class and the Future of American Politics

by Patricia Cayo Sexton and Brendan Sexton

Random House, 327 pp., $8.95

THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC

by Albert J. Reiss, Jr.

Yale University Press, 228 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Ralph Whitehead, Jr.

■ The image of the American workingman has turned a few corners these past three years. It swaggered menacingly into the 1968 elections when a large share of blue-collar workers threatened to vote for George Wallace. As it happened, many of them didn't, particularly the union members, so the image softened. Later, it turned again. Thousands of New York City's construction workers staged angry, violent marches. At the same time, sadly, the movie houses were exhibiting *Joe,* a cruel, phony portrait of a blue-collar thug. Consequently, what happened on the streets—a few cowardly beatings, no more—was psychologically magnified by what happened on the film. The image of the worker became malignant. Now, though, another White House year is coming up. So suddenly the workingman's vote is prized, and his image is acquiring some lines of sympathy.

This latest turn seems to be the occasion for *Blue Collars and Hard-Hats,* which details the worries and fears and preferences of roughly 65 per cent of white Americans (those within the family income range of $5,000 to $15,000 a year)—a nice bloc of votes for any candidate. A cleanly written and quotable book, *Blue Collars* contains the obligatory snide asides about academic liberals (the cocktail party soon will replace the bowling league as the target of knee-jerk political contempt). Because the work is richly documented as well, it's sure to become a speechwriter's staple.

Still, the profile is compelling: The breadwinners of this slice of America—those lucky enough to escape the layoffs—are chained to the time clock and assembly line. They're trapped inside dirty and hazardous plants, where the work is difficult, boring, and dead-end. Jockeying for overtime pay sets blacks against whites. At home, they're saddled by unfair taxes, exorbitant insurance rates, overpriced medical care, and stiff mortgages. Their wives are locked into dreary jobs of their own in order to meet the time payments. Their kids will be shoved into the treadmill of the plant, at best, or, at worst, the Vietnam War.

Yet these frustrations don't necessarily find the proper target. ". . . the average man's grievances are too often directed at people lower down instead of those higher up on the social ladder —those who really control his fate," the authors write. "Lacking the means to defend himself or his image, he turns to the Wallaces and the Agnews who make vituperative speeches in his behalf but clobber him economically." "The question that is still unasked by mid-America is: Why can't the sharing start at the top, where the great wealth is piled, and move down so we can all have more?"

This is a finely seasoned unionist's analysis. (Patricia Sexton did factory work before she became a professor of sociology, and her husband, Brendan, is an erstwhile director of education for the United Auto Workers.) And the authors make policy suggestions accordingly: full employment, tax reform, subsidized health care, public works. No doubt a lot of Democrats, and some Republicans as well, could run comfortably on their platform. Still, the Sextons don't offer much help on a number of the hard, cutting issues among big-city workers.

Crime, for example. The fifteen pages —a full chapter—that they devote to it consist entirely of a summary of white collar abuses: price fixing, tax dodging, contract rigging. Working people are likely to be victimized by corporate criminals—this is the Sextons' point, a legitimate one. Still, it isn't a hell of a lot of comfort for working neighborhoods where street crime (to which the authors give only nine sentences) is a serious, fear-charged issue. If a middle-aged woman is clutching her purse and glancing anxiously into the shadows as she hurries along the street after dark, it's *not* because she's afraid she'll be accosted by the president of General Electric.

As bumper-sticker propagandists will be delighted to learn, Americans indeed support their local police. They don't do so conspicuously or dramatically. They do it by telephoning or hailing the police to come into troubled situations. Often a crime isn't involved: maybe a sick relative needs a ride to the hospital. (Or, if a crime is involved, likely there will be no arrest.) They do it by answering the officers' questions, signing complaints, agreeing to testify if the case comes to court. They also do it by bribing officers or giving them Christmas gifts. Thus, citizen support is an everyday, practical occurrence.

This is only one of the findings turned up by Albert Reiss, Jr.'s *The Police and the Public.* An excellent yet disappointing book, it's based on eight years of competent, reliable study of big city police work—particularly in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, and Washington, D.C. A lot of the research was done by a staff of thirty-six police observers, assembled for the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice. Pieces of the Reiss findings have surfaced in the commission's 1967 report, its task force papers, and several anthologies and scholarly journals. Although this book, originally delivered as the Terry Lectures at Yale (where Reiss teaches sociology), would blend, distill, and enlarge upon these published findings, unfortunately, it is too elliptical. The author fails to elaborate several striking points and consequently fails to make the research easily accessible.

Ralph Whitehead, Jr., a Chicago newspaper reporter, is working on a book about the politics of law and order.

—Charles Gatewood

Angry, violent marches psychologically magnified by what happened in "Joe."

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REVENGE OF THE LAWN: Stories 1962-1970

by Richard Brautigan

Simon & Schuster, 174 pp., $5.95; paperback, $1.95

Reviewed by Larry Duberstein

■ For several years now, Richard Brautigan has been offering us his own peculiar tour of America: an economy package that hits all the low spots and never stays for more than two or three pages in one place. As those who have taken previous Brautigan Tours will already know, his America consists exclusively of the Pacific Northwest, where it is always raining, and California, where it is generally sunny. (Occasionally someone will slip off to an outlying province called Mexico for new sandals, dope, or an abortion.) While *Revenge of the Lawn*, a bustling collection of sixty-two short fictions, takes us back over this same terrain, Brautigan succeeds in making the scenery look new and stranger than ever.

In each of his modes—as poet, novelist, or short story writer—Brautigan is essentially an anecdotist, delivering bundles of bizarre incidents that strike him as funny, or touching, or stark and unsettling. The people involved in these incidents tend to be equally bizarre. In fact Brautigan pushes their eccentricities to the brink of caricature. If, as in the title piece, "Revenge of the Lawn," the author introduces us to his grandmother, then we should not be surprised if she turns out to be a six-foot, 190-pound bootlegger—the gay widow of a "minor Washington mystic" who died insane. If the protagonist is a birthright millionaire, we can similarly take it for granted that he will wind up living in a room at the San Francisco YMCA. All of Brautigan's people are either disoriented from or exist in some pathetic relation to the American norms of Main Street. In Brautigan country, no one is straight.

Revenge of the Lawn exhibits considerable range and variety. "The Wild Birds of Heaven," in which poor Henly's credit is good because he is already $25,000 in debt, brings the surreal satire of *Catch 22* to the suburbs. "Elmira," a haunting prose-poem of dream-travel, extracts the pure lyrical essence from a season torn from the author's personal calendar. "The Post Offices of Eastern Oregon" shifts smoothly from a celebration of old-time, small-town atmosphere and its broad frontier humor to a deft and sensitive afterthought. Some stories

(Continued on page 49)

WE NEVER HAVE TO GO TOO FAR to get our Christmas tree. The woods around Jack Daniel's Hollow are filled with them. We hope that you won't have to go to too much trouble getting ready for the holidays either. So you can sit back and truly enjoy this happiest of all seasons.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 361), TENN.

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Vessels of Information

by DAVID M. GLIXON

There is no frigate like a book
To bear us lands away . . .

Emily Dickinson was probably alluding to fiction and poetry, but she won't mind if we apply her nautical simile to factual works—and not just to the atlases sailing into view toward the end of this survey. After all, people are even known to have been carried away by a dictionary—cruising for hours as one word leads to another. That's the insidious curse of a good reference book.

The big one of the current season happens to be one of the great reference works of the century: **The Oxford English Dictionary.** In 1928, after more than fifty years' labor, Oxford University Press completed *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles*—15,500 pages in 12 volumes—and five years later it published a 900-page supplement, at which time the set received its shorter present name. Universally referred to as the OED, it sells for $300. Now, however, all 414,825 entries—and the 50 million words used to define and illustrate them in each of their current and past senses—can be consulted in the two volumes of **The Compact Edition** (4,134 pp., $75). All you need is strong muscles—a single volume weighs eight pounds, twelve ounces—and good eyesight, for the miracle was accomplished by reducing the original pages to quarter-size and printing four of them in the space of one. Oxford doesn't provide a derrick, just an adequate magnifier that restores the type size to normal—an awkward arrangement but one that will enable many more people to own and give shelf space to the most comprehensive dictionary ever produced for the English-speaking world. Just don't count on the OED for words and meanings that have come into the language since 1933.

Oxford bit into one side of Alice's toadstool, Merriam into the other. It's hardly necessary to repeat that **Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictonary,** first issued in 1963 and kept up to date with each printing, ranks very high among desk-size lexicons. But it does have one fault: the type size is too small for comfort. Merriam has now wisely done the obvious and blown up the format. In the resulting **Larger Print Edition** (1,245 pp., $8.50) the slightly bigger pages are at least as readable as those of the most legible of the five other comparable dictionaries. On the other hand, though containing fewer entries than these competitors, the present version is the highest priced dictionary in its class, so it would seem that the greatest value is still the second edition of *Webster's New World Dictionary* (see *SR*, May 16, 1970).

Parents should take note that for youngters in grades five through eight the newest word-help is the **Thorndike Barnhart Intermediate Dictionary,** edited by Clarence L. Barnhart (Doubleday, 1,024 pp., $6.95). Clearly printed, it is generously illustrated with thumbnail drawings. The relatively large vocabulary of over 56,700 entries is arranged in a single alphabetic sequence to include phrases and proper nouns. The 67,700 definitions, half of them complemented by examples of how the entries may be used, are exceptionally lucid, and the pronunciation system is simple and accurate.

Another reincarnation of an earlier work in the field is **Modern English Syntax** (St. Martin's, 165 pp., $5.95), a revision by B. D. H. Miller of the basic 1904 manual of C. T. Onions, who at the time of his death in 1965 was the last surviving editor of the OED. At a time of dwindling enthusiasm for structural linguistics, teachers, writers, and others interested in the understanding of our idiom may well grasp at this succinct and sensible treatment. The authors appreciate the difference between "insular English" and "American English," and take cognizance of the tides of change without trying too desperately to stem them. The various parts of speech—in all their forms, uses, and combinations—are discussed here in logical order.

It may be that an acceptable compromise is now taking place between the strict principles drummed into earlier generations of students and the face-saving "open-mindedness" of the attitude represented by the latest edition of the unabridged Merriam-Webster dictionary. If the new version of Onions's handbook is one example, another is Theodore M. Bernstein's current offering, **Miss Thistlebottom's Hobgoblins** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 270 pp., $6.95), a guide to "the taboos, bugbears, and outmoded rules of English usage." Bernstein's fight against hidebound attitudes and "misguided pedantry" is waged in short articles on such items as "had better" (O.K.), "–ics words" (not always singular), "it's me" (no verdict), and "monologophobia" ("often accompanied by violent synonymomania"). The distinguished style-arbiter of *The New York Times* effectively demolishes many foolish fears, without weakening the concept of good usage.

The pocket-sized **Webster's Travelers Phrase Books** (Merriam, unpaged, paperback, $1.95 each) are mercifully alphabetical. Instead of fumbling for the usual categories of transportation, lodging, etc., the user turns quickly to the key-word either of the phrase he needs to translate: *on, off, manager, fare*—or of the general idea: *shopping, beauty parlor, dentist.* Under each word are examples (with a pronun-

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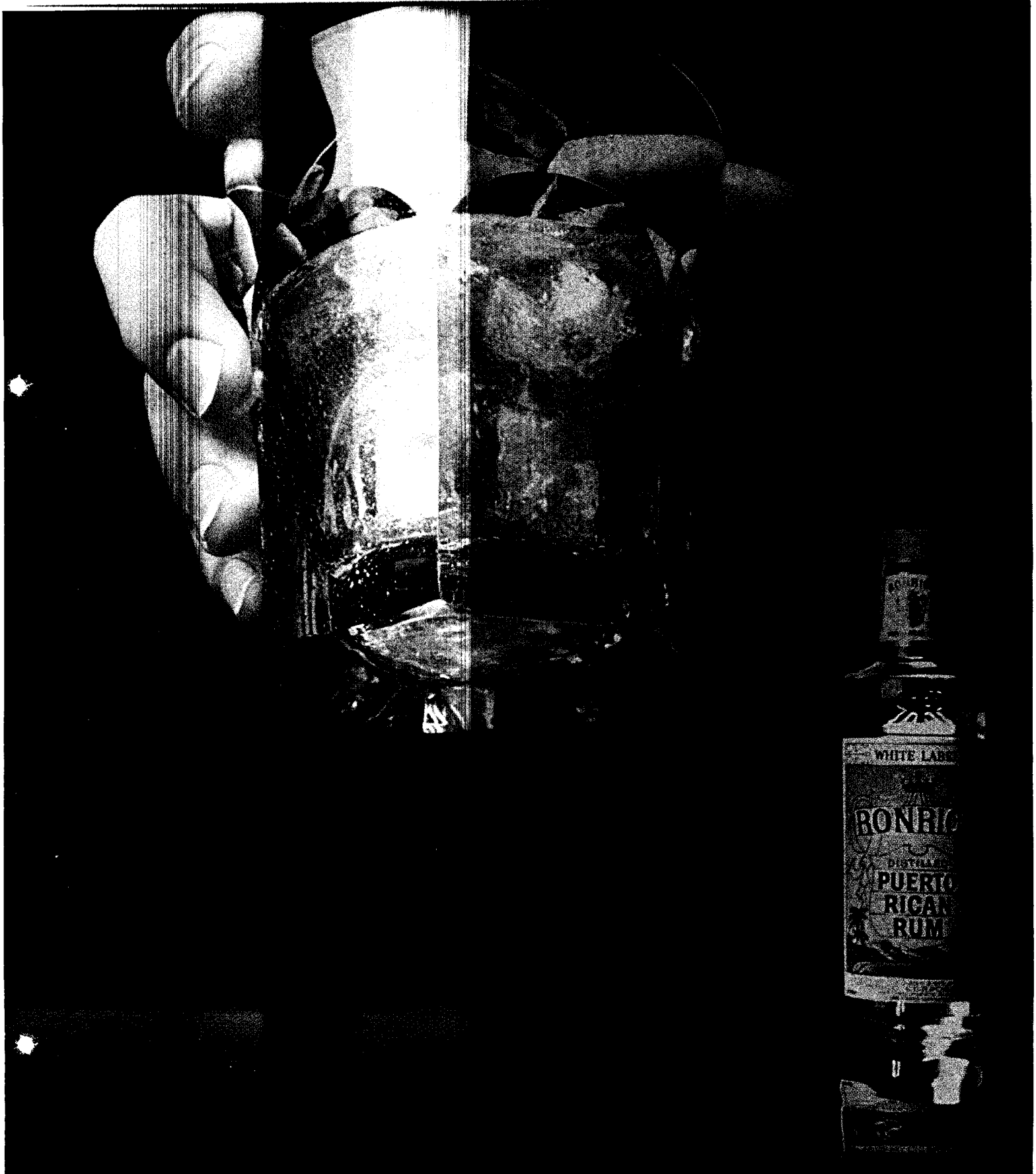

Above and beyond Bacardi is a rum called Ronrico.
A lot of people think it's a bright taste worth reaching for.

© 1971 General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC, 80 proof.

Ronrico. The rum with the bright taste.

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ciation guide) of complete sentences that would occur in typical situations. A pronouncing glossary of 3,000 words multiplies the usefulness of these handly little books, which are available for French, Spanish, Italian, and German.

The lives of nearly 2,000 men and women who have made their mark by writing words on paper are recorded in **The Penguin Companion to English Literature** (McGraw-Hill, 580 pp., $10.95), edited by David Daiches. Whether the subject is an obscure poet like Ambrose Philips (the original Namby-Pamby), who rates a paragraph, or an important novelist like Virginia Woolf, who gets a page and a half, the treatment is as descriptive and critical as it is biographically informative, and each little essay can be read for pure pleasure. Much the same can be said of the 1,500-entry **Penguin Companion to American Literature** (McGraw-Hill, 380 pp., $9.95). The hundred pages allotted to Latin America are edited by Jean Franco; the main text was the responsibility of Malcolm Bradbury and Eric Mottram. Increase Mather and Norman Mailer, the Transcendentalists and the Beat Generation Writers, Maya Literature and Gabriela Mistral—there's a well-filled niche for one and all. A third *Companion* covers European writers and a fourth Classical, Oriental, and African (see *SR*, Dec. 6, 1969).

For **Crowell's Handbook of Contemporary Drama** (Crowell, 506 pp. $10) Michael Anderson and other specialists cut across political boundaries to present an international panorama of plays and playwrights of Europe and the Americas since the Second World War. Here, too, the arrangement is alphabetical, from the theater of the Absurd to Harald Zusanek, Austrian dramatist. This is far from being a superficial survey. To a great extent the analyses of writers, trends, and works are exploratory, penetrating, critical, and frequently pungent. But if you're interested in reading up on a particular play, you'd better know who wrote it, since only a handful have their own entries and there is no index.

The 5,000 entries and cross references in David Ewen's **New Encyclopedia of the Opera** (Hill & Wang, 765 pp., $15) make it easy to find virtually anything relevant to the subject: phrases (*"Siegmund! sieh' auf mich!"*), arias (*"Casta diva"*), characters (Filipievna: "a nurse, mezzo-soprano, in Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*"), librettists, composers, singers, musical trends (electronic), terms (leitmotif), opera houses and organizations, and of course the operas themselves. For these Ewen outlines the plot, and deftly characterizes the atmosphere and music.

A pity Kenneth MacMillan's first full-length work, the extended version of *Anastasia*, was presented at Covent Garden just too late to be included by Peter Brinson and Clement Crisp in their **International Book of Ballet** (Stein & Day, 320 pp., $8.95). They group the synopses of 115 ballets by periods and companies—Pre-Romantic, Romantic, the Imperial Russian Ballet, Diaghilev's Ballets Russes—and, for more recent productions, by country and choreographer, the English school taking up a third of the entire text. The authors' comments on the individual ballets and on the music lift their book far above the usual collection of descriptive outlines. The excellent photographs, however, are dulled by poor reproduction.

The art reference book of the year—one that will serve for many years to come—is the **Praeger Encyclopedia of Art** (Praeger, 2,150 pp., 5 vols., $150), an outstanding set for those individuals and libraries that longed in vain to own the incomparable $600, 15-volume, 14,000-page *Encyclopedia of World Art* (*SR*, May 17, 1969). An advantage of the Praeger is that, although it has no full-page plates, all of its copious illustrations (5,200, of which 1,700 are in color) appear right alongside the relevant articles. These number 4,000, three-quarters of them on individual artists. Other entries deal specifically with art periods (*trecento* though not medieval), with arts of various countries and of older civilizations, with styles and movements (baroque, neo-classicism, action painting, and "post-painterly abstraction," but not post-impressionism or miniature art). Ample attention is given the three main branches: painting, sculpture, and architecture. The articles are written in a pleasant style, sans condescension, and only rarely make value judgments as positive and questionable as the statement that Toulouse-Lautrec was "the most gifted artist of his time." A serious fault is the lack of material on the graphic arts: there is nothing on wood-engraving, etching, lithography, or even drawing. On the whole, however, this remarkable set deserves high commendation.

"Post-painterly abstractionism," by the way, is nicely defined in the new expanded edition of **The Pocket Dictionary of Art Terms**, edited by Julia M. Ehresmann (N.Y. Graphic Society, unpaged, paperback, $1.25). "Cool art" is here, too, as well as "impossible art" (such as self-destructive works, art impossible to collect or subject to traditional criticism). Mostly, of course, the 700 concise entries deal with less controversial concepts—elements of ecclesiastic and secular architecture, the materials and methods of painters and sculptors, terms from the graphic arts, and art periods and styles.

In **Atlantic Brief Lives**, edited by Louis Kronenberger (AMP-Little, Brown, 920 pp., $15), Toulouse-Lautrec is extolled almost as much as in the Praeger work: "wittiest and most honest of painters . . . extraordinarily gifted." Subtitled "A Biographical Companion to the Arts," it is in its entirety the production of enthusiasts—some 200 of them—who, within certain limits (no living figures, for example), could choose their own subjects. Besides the critical essays, written by such men-of-letters as John Updike, Jacques Barzun, Robert Penn Warren, Walter Kerr, Lewis Mumford, and Stephen Spender, there are nearly 1,100 succinct reference-biographies touching on all branches of Western culture. The only difficulty about the book—apart from some inevitable omissions—is deciding whether to put it at the bedside, on the reference shelf, or by the easy chair in the parlor.

Who's Who in the Ancient World, by Betty Radice (Stein & Day, 230 pp., $12.50), is both more and less than it seems to be. The information provided in the articles is far from complete—for example, they list only a few of the plays of Aristophanes

"Just between us, don't you think I haven't had the sinking fear sometimes that all three ships might fall off the edge?"

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and of the dialogues of Plato. On the other hand, (a) they embrace whats as well as whos, such as the Elgin Marbles, "Scipio's Dream," and the *Rape of the Sabines*, and (b) they let thoughts ripple out from facts, indicating influences on later ages, subjects of recent works of art and literature, and new interpretations of classical mythology. A companion volume is **Who's Who in the Middle Ages,** by John Fines: biographical essays on men and women who lived between the fall of the Roman Empire and the Renaissance. Good indexes complete both volumes.

In its Dodgson article, *Atlantic Brief Lives* says not a word about *An Elementary Treatise on Determinants* or *A Syllabus of Plane Algebraic Geometry*, two works by the author of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. They are not neglected in the 13-volume **Dictionary of Scientific Biography**, edited by Charles C. Gillispie, of which Volume IV (D-F) has just been issued (Scribners, 636 pp., $35; see *SR*, May 16, 1970). This vast and erudite encyclopedia, published under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies, will not be completed for several years. Meanwhile, science buffs can learn a great deal about careers, accomplishments, and discoveries in biology (excluding medicine) and the physical sciences. Long articles plumb the depths of Democritus, Descartes, Diderot, Einstein, Euclid, and hundreds of other deceased geniuses whose lives have affected us all.

Andrew Bauer's overpriced **Hawthorn Dictionary of Pseudonyms** (Hawthorn, 315 pp., $12.95) works two ways: You can look up George Orwell to learn his real name of Eric Arthur Blair or, contrariwise, check the Baroness Blixen entry to discover that for pen names she resorted to both Isak Dinesen and Pierre Andrézel. There's considerable deadwood, too—bound to be with 10,000 entries. How many people would need to know that an eighteenth-century Raeto-Romansch poet named Gian Battista Frizzoni was also called Fritschun?

But let's get back to more solid ground and look at the new version of the **Hammond Medallion World Atlas** (Hammond, 672 pp., $24.95), its page size reduced somewhat from the last edition to 9¼ x 12¼" but nearly a third fatter because of added features. Of these, the three supplementary sections of maps devoted respectively to the Bible, World History, and U.S. History account for 144 pages. A unique innovation, carried out in most of Hammond's 1971 atlases, is the inclusion of the zip code for every city and town listed for the U.S., both in the master index of over 100,000 place names and in the indexes to individual state maps. Census figures have been updated, and so have the clear political maps. All the latter are accompanied by smaller relief and resource maps and other useful data, making this New Census Edition, in its luxurious cushioned covers, one of the most comprehensive atlases available in the medium-price range.

Want your maps on a larger scale, occupying nearly four times the space—and costing more than twice as much? Take a look at the revised Comprehensive Edition of **The Times Atlas of the World** (Houghton Mifflin, 562 pp., $55; after January 1, $65). Spreading across two pages, the 122 maps each measure 23½ x 17¾", affording an incredible amount of detail both topographically and in the number of places shown—in the index these total a record-setting 200,000, all listed with latitude and longitude as well as map references. However, while Hammond supplies population data for every town, this atlas (produced by *The Times* of London) limits them to states, countries, and the largest metropolitan areas; also, it was printed too soon to take advantage of the 1970 census. Except for most sections of the U.S., the map scales in the superb *Times* atlas are far greater than in the Hammond. Like Atlas of old, it's a giant.

The Penguin Encyclopedia of Places, by W. G. Moore (Penguin, 835 pp., paperback, $4.50), is an ideal little companion to any atlas. Shall we visit Dubrovnik? With *Hammond*'s index you will learn its geographical location on the Yugoslav coast and its population. But, the PEP's paragraph also describes the city's appearance, mentions the Titian in the seventeenth-century cathedral and the nearby island where Richard I was reputedly shipwrecked, sketches its history, and even reveals that *argosy* is derived from the town's Italian name of Ragusa (not from the Argonauts). In a dozen lines on the Catskill Mountains you are briefed on their geology, topography, attractions, and connection with Rip Van Winkle. China

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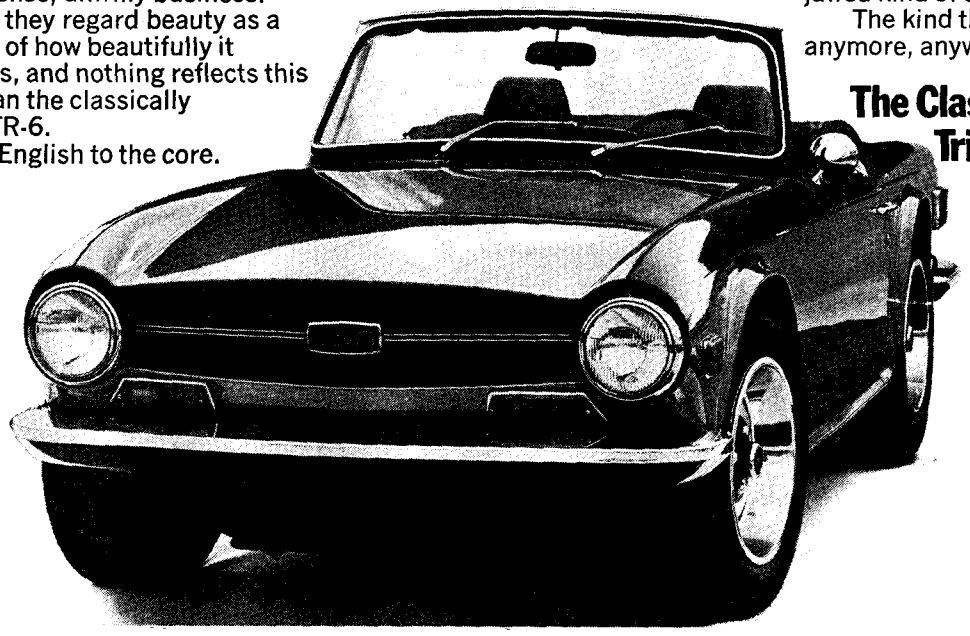

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gets five columns of small type, the U.S. nine. Practically every notable natural and man-made feature of the earth's surface seems to have proportional representation among the many thousand entries in this invaluable compendium.

Old devotees of H. G. Wells's **Outline of History** know that men like Beethoven and Lucretius are as likely to turn up as Marathon, Gettysburg, Louis XIV, and the Boxer Rebellion. You may now discard your worn-out copy and replace it with the revised edition, brought up to the present and expanded in coverage by Raymond Postgate and G. P. Wells (Doubleday, 1,125 pp., $9.95). (Readers may wonder though why a full-page key to pronunciation continues to precede an index that no longer indicates pronunciations.)

Orientation for the armchair astronaut's jump into space can readily be accomplished with the help of Zdeněk Kopal's **New Photographic Atlas of the Moon** (Taplinger, 315 pp., $20) and its 200 brilliantly detailed photographs of both hemispheres, all fully annotated. The index makes it a simple matter to follow reports of lunar explorations by means of actual photos of the areas being scrutinized.

No such close-ups for more distant realms. But for identifying what you can see out there either with the unaided eye or with a telescope, **What Star Is That?** (Viking, 220 pp., $12.95) has all the answers. Employing photos, charts, and tables, Peter L. Brown demonstrates the location of stars, planets, and other heavenly objects, and his expository text is written in clear, beguiling language. A surprise is the inclusion, in a back pocket, of 15 color transparencies of constellations and galaxies.

The star-nosed mole never sees the stars —or anything else, for that matter. And don't confuse him with the vole, a Western meadow-mouse that lives chiefly to provide food for carnivora of other species; nor with the leaf-nosed bats, many of which feed on nectar and pollen, like something out of a nursery rhyme. In **Mammals of North America,** Robert T. Orr, profiting by recent technological advances in investigation methods, delves into the habits of our dwindling wildlife, covering the thirteen orders of mammals that still exist on this continent. Other attractive volumes in the same series (all Doubleday, 250 pp., $9.95)—each illustrated with scores of photos, many of them in handsome color—are **Insects of North America,** by Alexander and Elsie Klots, and **Birds of North America,** by Austin L. Rand.

A simple guide to avian classification is provided by Oliver L. Austin, Jr., in his pocket-size **Families of Birds** (Golden, 200 pp., paperback, $1.95). Here, the birds of the world have been ranged into 35 orders, comprising 200 families, and descriptions of these—involving over 2,000 species—are given in outline form. Every page is illustrated with a realistic painting, in full color, of one or more typical species. Introductory text and a chart explain with admirable clarity the classification system employed in all branches of zoology.

Anything else you'd like to look up?

"Revenge of the Lawn"

Continued from page 43

are merely tableaus; others are elaborate, extended metaphors. The "typical" Brautigan tale would have to be a mongrelization of all these modes.

The style is far less flexible. Even when he indulges in playful surrealism, Brautigan lays out a characteristically spare, almost hollow line, jarred from regularity by the odd, clinking similes with which he frequently punctuates a thought. (The image of a girl returns to him "like a pale marble movie.") Occasionally Brautigan's writing breaks down: stylistic ease borders on laziness, disarming wit slips into grating gimmickry, and the childlike tone simply sounds silly. In general, however, a strong instinctive craft secures the apparent effortlessness of his prose and a comic's keen sense of timing modulates the manneristic flights of imagination to an irresistible validity.

The stories set in the Pacific Northwest are the most substantial. Tacoma has a deep, somewhat mythic appeal for Brautigan, and he recovers the natural beauty of his childhood locale with considerable nostalgia—a nostalgia kept in check by his recalling the

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Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Kelly
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Bryar, 9/5, 1st Place, K. Slagle
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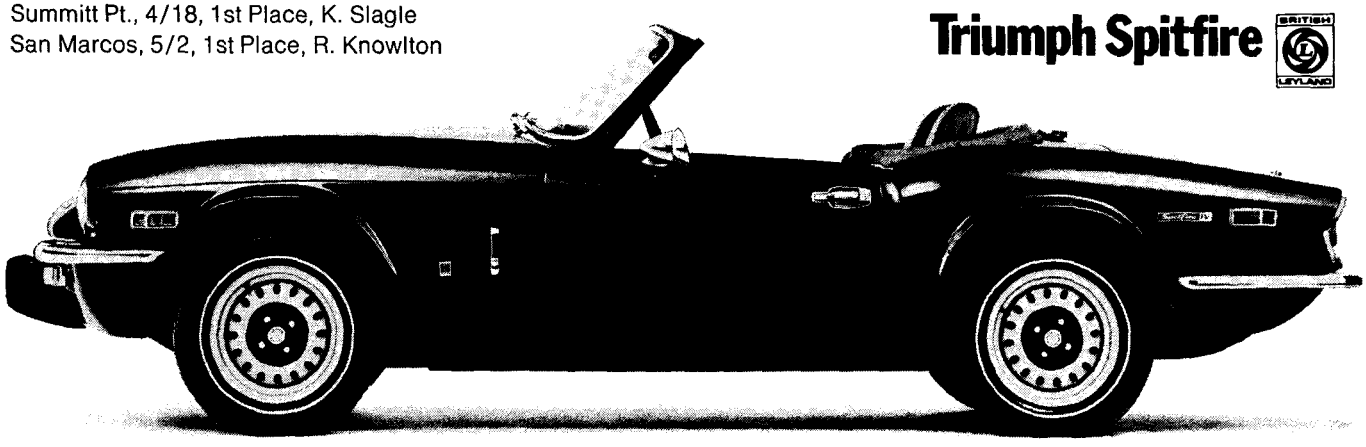

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scene from much the same kind of sardonic remove as separated Mark Twain from Hannibal, Missouri. While Brautigan writes no *Huckleberry Finn*, he evokes a time and place surehandedly. A Deanna Durbin movie is playing just down the street from each drizzly Tacoma memory.

Tracking the ghost of his childhood through that Pacific mist, Brautigan tends to sound more like the Hemingway of the Nick Adams stories than like Mark Twain. ("Elmira is very beautiful but it is not a lucky place for me to hunt.") Yet as he fishes the Long Tom River for trout and plods the wet woods for deer it is the awareness of nature and not the challenge of the hunt that inspires him. He never seems actually to shoot at anything. And where Nick Adams's natural paradise is spoiled by intimations of mortality in "Big Two-Hearted River," Brautigan's is spoiled by the sudden appearance of a house "right there in the middle of my private nowhere," breaking a spell he has woven over himself. Thus he returns to the theme of *Trout Fishing in America*, where distant waterfalls turn out to be white staircases and where ten-room trailers from New York fill the Challis National Park. The beautiful and still entrancing illusion of America provides the occasion for satiric thrusts against the misuse of a continent.

The stories set in California are often shorter, lighter exercises. Here the Brautigan *persona* is an existential Lothario who is implicitly too busy living to spend a great deal of time writing about it. Nonetheless, a few of these pieces are extraordinary in their own right. "April in God-damn" treats a complex malaise with great concision and force, and "Coffee" goes straight to the heart of sexual loneliness between affairs. In fact, *Revenge of the Lawn* demonstrates that Brautigan is quite good at handling psychological materials not generally connected with his cult as a hipster wit. It is when he indulges that cult, rather than when he deals with the emotions, that he becomes saccharine and slick.

Revenge of the Lawn covers the period from 1962 to the present, and much of the most interesting work is not the most recent. Brautigan's extraordinary novel, *Trout Fishing in America*, was written ten years ago—a fact which its offbeat publishing history has obscured. What that bodes for the author's future as a writer is unclear, but this collection makes a nice summary of his past. It is one of Brautigan's best books, and at his best he is a writer of surprising talent and vision.

Larry Duberstein is a novelist and critic of contemporary fiction.

LIVINGSTONE'S COMPANIONS

by Nadine Gordimer

Viking, 248 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Thomas A. Gullason

■ One of the most stirring voices out of South Africa is the distinguished novelist, short-story writer, and essayist Nadine Gordimer. Along with Alan Paton, Dan Jacobson, and others, she has helped to expose the tragic oppression in her native land.

Livingstone's Companions is Miss Gordimer's fifth short-story collection. It continues her history of commitment to the human condition, which began in 1949 with her first volume, *Face to Face* (published here in 1952, with additional stories, as *The Soft Voice of the Serpent*).

A goodly number of the pieces in *Livingstone's Companions*, including the title story, "Africa Emergent," "Open House," "Inkalamu's Place," "The Credibility Gap," "Abroad," and "The Bride of Christ," make direct and indirect reference to the word that echoes throughout most of Miss Gordimer's writings—*apartheid*. And the tragedy of apartheid, as she demonstrates, affects both blacks and whites.

Often for ironic effect the author juxtaposes "progress" with "backwardness," mendacity with honesty, a sense of community with alienation and separation, domestic apathy with liberal activism, conscious realities with suddenly released unconscious realities. The well-meaning white narrator in "Inkalamu's Place" notes the "independence celebrations" and the modern "all-weather" road on which she is traveling. She visits the place of her youth to admire the grandeur of Inkalamu's estate, where she confronts Nonny, one of the native daughters of the deceased white Inkalamu. The narrator presumes too much: that Nonny is free, liberated from the past. But Nonny's only legacy—her father's estate—has deteriorated badly; and she is left behind in the march of civilization.

The white Manie Swemmer, in "Abroad," has viewed many changes in the Africa he has helped to build. He sees blacks in white places, and shows that he is open-minded. But an Indian bolts the door to the hotel room he is to share with Manie. And when Manie himself is given a room with four beds, he bolts his door to make certain he will not have to share it with Africans.

In "Africa Emergent" a black messenger boy, Elias Nkomo, shows great talent as a sculptor. Offered a scholarship to study in America, he is provided with an exit permit, which means he can never go back to his homeland; a

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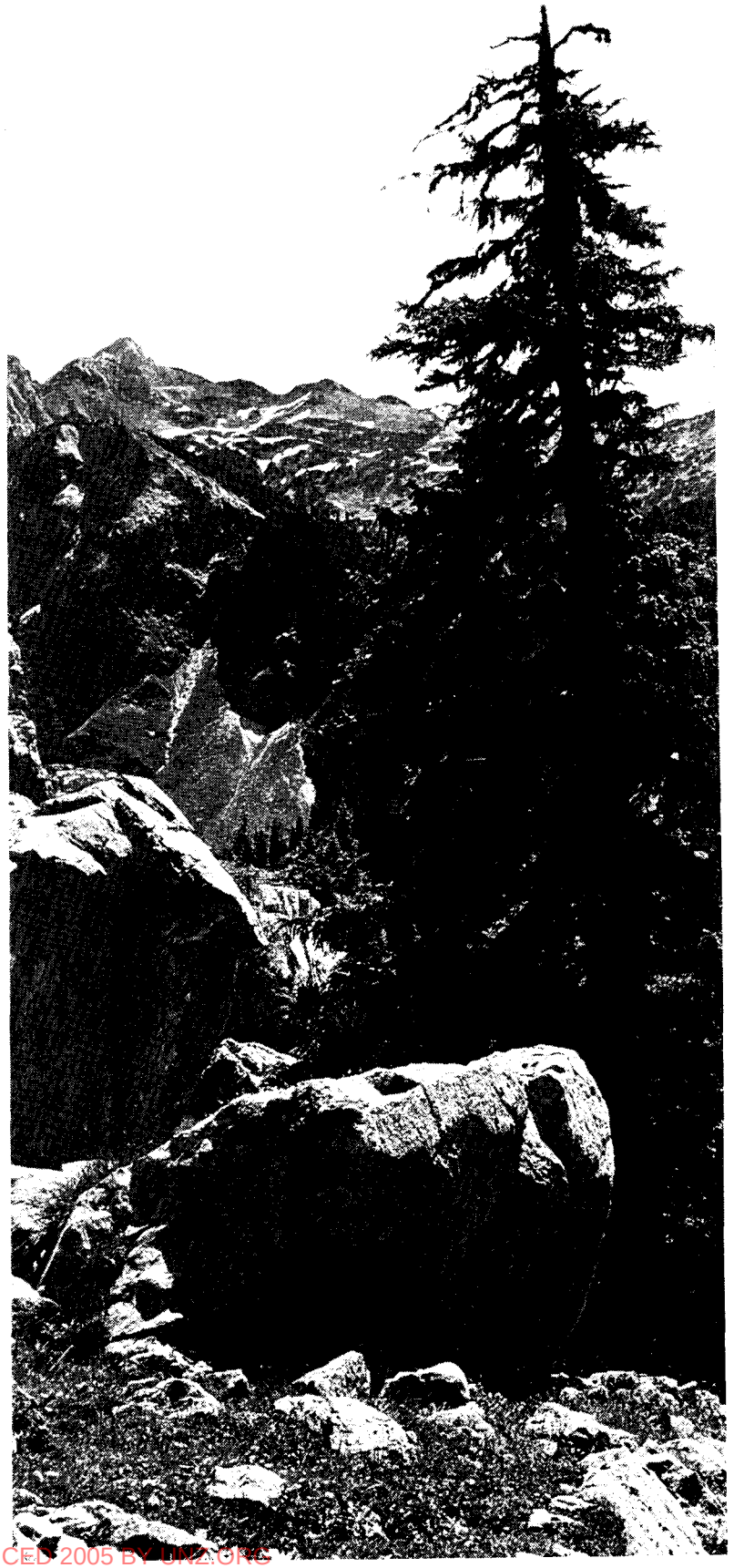

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black friend, however, is given a passport, and can return home once he completes his drama training. Elias, who achieves in America a small vogue as a "real live African Negro," forsakes his creative work and finally commits suicide. His friend, the drama student, returns home Americanized; he wears a Liberace jacket and plastic boots. Only when the young man is arrested and imprisoned do his white friends (who are satirized) feel satisfied that he is not a spy.

Not all of the stories in *Livingstone's Companions* study the problems arising from apartheid. One of the best efforts, "A Third Presence," is a taut drama of two sisters. Characteristically, Miss Gordimer opens her story right in the middle of things:

> When Rose and Naomi, daughters of poor Rasovsky the tailor, left school in the same year there was no discussion about what they should do, because there was no question about the necessity to do it. The old Rasovskys had got the naming of the daughters all wrong. Naomi was everything "Rose" suggested, Naomi was pretty and must marry the scrap metal dealer who would give a home to the old Rasovskys and the girls' brother; Rose, who cruelly bore her name along with the sad Jewish ugliness of her face, was clever and must get a job to help support the family.

And with her typical rush of impeccable details, Miss Gordimer surrounds the sisters with ironic and poignant situations. In the end, it is Rose's life which is fulfilling, Naomi's which is sterile. Not only has Rose inner beauty and strength, she even begins to acquire physical attributes which were Naomi's sole consolation.

"A Meeting in Space" studies, in part, the bankruptcy of American society. The American boy Matt is laden with the consumer riches of his country—cameras, tape recorder, a transistor radio—but he is without the love and attention of his busy parents. Clive, the boy from Africa, envies Matt's life style, but his parents raise the inevitable point: "What's there left for [children like Matt] to want when they grow up?" Set in an air terminal, "No Place Like" unmasks the frightening isolation of the modern age. The omnipresent plastic card is a passport to nowhere in this remarkable and frenetically paced impressionistic sketch. Other stories—"Rain-Queen," "The Life of the Imagination," and "An Intruder"—dramatize the themes of sex and love.

The narrator of "Inkalamu's Place" says: "How secretly Africa is populated...." Argus-eyed Nadine Gordimer exposes many secrets not only of contemporary Africa but of contemporary life at large.

Thomas A. Gullason's "Stephen Crane's Career" was released last month.

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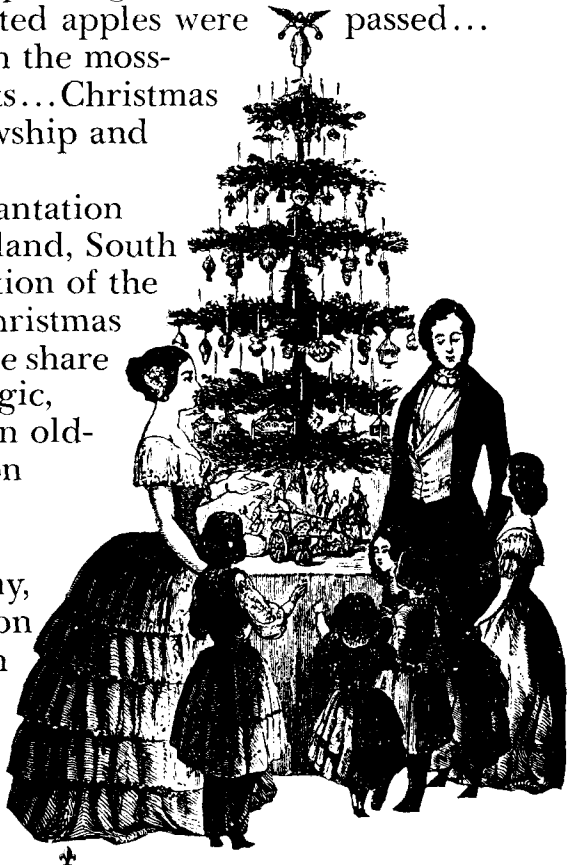

SEA PINES PLANTATION
An Old Carolina Plantation Christmas

THE LUNATIC EXPRESS:
An Entertainment in Imperialism

by Charles Miller

Macmillan, 559 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Kenneth W. Grundy

■ Nairobi—a city whose present population is nearly half a million—began as an offshoot of the Uganda Railway. Established in 1899 as a supply depot and forward base for the construction of the route to the summit of the Kikuyu escarpment, Nairobi in its early days had the spirit and character of a cosmopolitan frontier town. Take, for example, the East Africa Turf Club, founded just a year after Nairobi itself. During race week (the first such event included a mule sweepstakes) spectators rode to the track in a variety of contraptions, from ponies and camels to rickshaws and bullock-drawn tongas. Government administrators and army officers came in full dress regalia, replete with medals, ceremonial swords, red sashes,

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and plumed helmets. Settlers donned regimental or old school ties and oversized sun helmets for the occasion and wore their patched clothes with pride. Asians came in saris, turbans, and high-collared white linen chogas. Most Africans who attended wore their best blankets, while others sported little more than ear pendants, brass anklets, shields, and spears. Race week was the major event of the Nairobi social calendar. And if a rhinoceros interrupted a race by wandering onto the course this only added to the excitement. And yet, while such romantic capers may have made their life tolerable, there is no denying that these colonists were anachronisms. As Elspeth Huxley has perceptively observed, they "were pioneering about a half century too late. They were trying to follow the tradition of the covered wagon in the era of the Ford." This was, after all, the twentieth century. "Plantation paternalism" could not last. But what did survive was the railway, a project designed to attract settlers and to stimulate economic activity.

Provoked by the vexations of international politics and encouraged by the optimistic visions of rational and irrational men in East Africa and London, the British government was finally persuaded in 1896 to authorize funds for the construction of the Uganda Railway over some 657 hurriedly surveyed miles from the coastal city of Mombasa inland to Lake Victoria. For the next six years, despite flood, tribal hostility, warfare, drought, labor and supply shortages, man-eating lions, and disease, the line was pushed inland. As it progressed, it in turn opened the way for Kenya-bound settlers, for the agricultural development of Uganda, and for expanded British involvement in all of East Africa. In 1902 the boundary between the Uganda Protectorate and the British East Africa Protectorate (Kenya) was relocated westward, leaving the Uganda Railway misnamed since it no longer touched upon Ugandan territory. Yet the railway remained the spine and sinew of British East Africa.

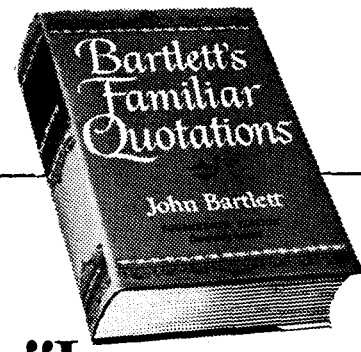
Charles Miller's *The Lunatic Express* is about this railway—and more. Thus, while some 200 pages of his 559-page book are given over to the story of the Uganda Railway's inception and construction, the rest of the narrative serves to place the colonial venture in its proper historical context. In constructing his frame, the author begins with the first Persian and Arabian contacts with the Indian Ocean's African coast and concludes with a final section on the decade subsequent to the railway's completion. Mr. Miller is adept at pulling together the complex strands that make up his narrative, and the result is an engagingly "informal history"—to use Miller's own term—of eastern Africa before World War I.

As the author himself makes clear in his bibliographical "Chapter Notes" at the end of the book, there is no dearth of documentation and secondary analysis pertaining to the region in which this story is set. Why, then, another volume on the European role in East Africa? No new materials have been unearthed, except for two manuscripts relating to the island of Lamu—nor has Mr. Miller brought to this work the sort of incisive, comprehensive, and systematic analysis and insight which would have thrown new light on known events. What he *has* provided is uncommon vigor and good humor.

A skillful organizer if not a profound analyst of a potentially bewildering array of information, Mr. Miller is also an adroit storyteller who manages to make *The Lunatic Express*—crammed as it is with strong characters and irresistible anecdotes—fully live up to its playful subtitle: *An Entertainment in Imperialism*. On occasion, however, the author's good humor gets out of hand: his speech becomes patter, and his patter becomes excessively "picturesque." For example: "A perpetual chip seemed suited to the Masai shoulder." "But for the moment there could be no crying over spilt blood." "Clothes, to be sure, do not make the moran [the Masai warrior], but when he is dressed to kill he could usually be counted on to do so." When human lives or the culture of a people are at stake, as was the case when the British moved into Uganda, it becomes rather difficult at times to see history as an amusing human comedy. On the other hand, at least on this periphery of the British Empire, events frequently *were* more in keeping with comic rather than grand opera.

Mr. Miller makes no attempt to hide that his sympathies lie with the explorers, the colonial and chartered company administrators, and the settlers (which makes for problems since their interests occasionally clashed). In his opening note he warns us: "For the record, I think that the British Empire, with all its horrendous failings, was on balance a good thing. I mourned its passing." This, then, is a slice of African history as seen from an avowedly European perspective—a tale told with a touch of sarcasm, a pinch of regret, a heady measure of humor, and a good deal of high drama.

Kenneth W. Grundy, associate professor of political science at Case Western Reserve University, is the author of "Guerrilla Struggle in Africa," to be published later this month.



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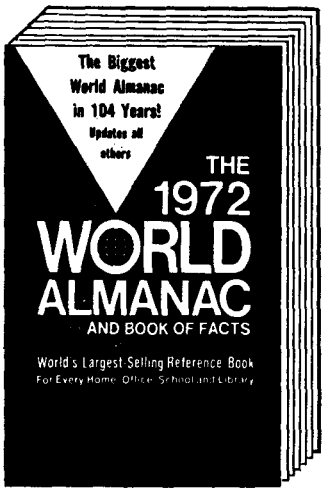
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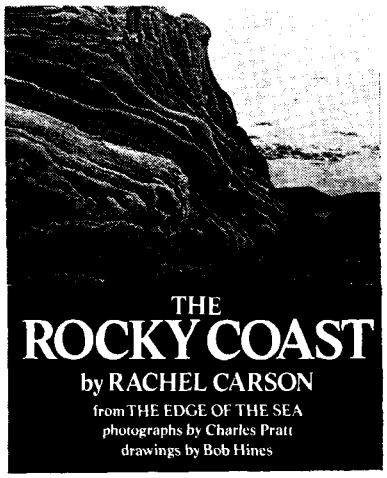

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SOLZHENITSYN:
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ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN:
The Major Novels

by Abraham Rothberg

Cornell University Press, 238 pp., $7.50

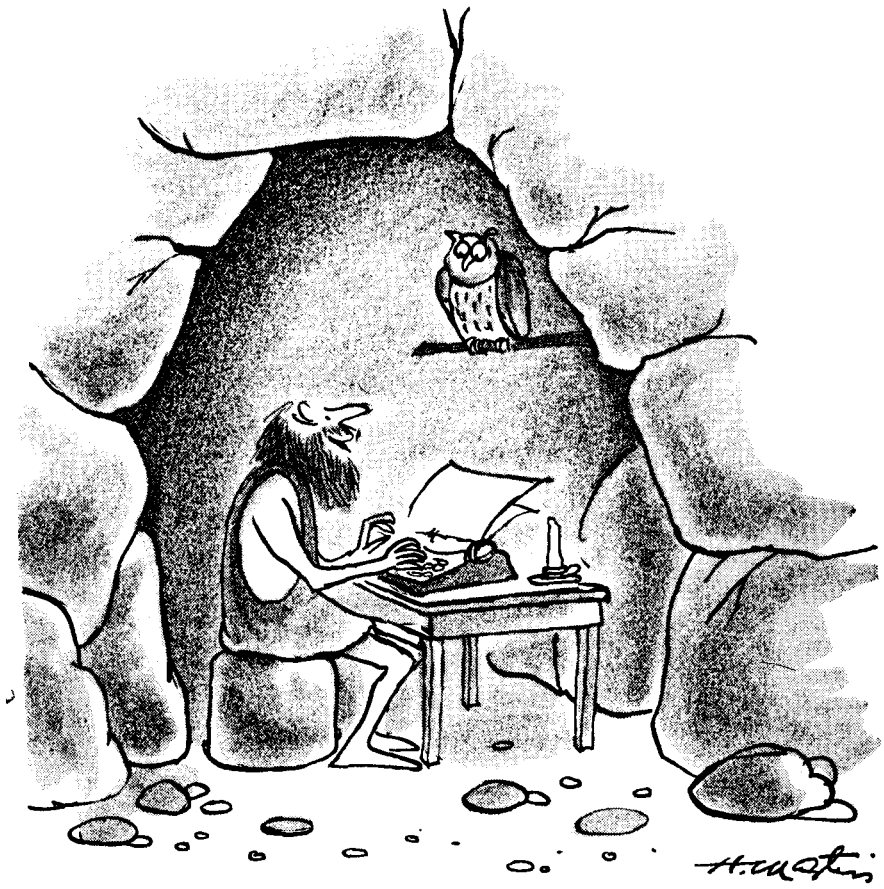
SOLZHENITSYN:

by Georg Lukács
translated from the German
by William David Graf

MIT Press, 88 pp., $5.95; paperback, $1.45

Reviewed by Maurice Friedberg

■ If proof of the malignant persistence of Stalinism in Soviet life were ever needed, the trials and tribulations of Russia's foremost living novelist, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, would provide more than ample evidence of it. While Mikhail Sholokhov—the Soviet Union's other Nobel Prize-winning writer—basks in official glory in his Cossack village as his old books are reissued in millions of copies, Solzhenitsyn's fate continues to bear a strong resemblance to that of the late Boris Pasternak who, shortly before his death, likened himself to a hounded beast. Incessantly maligned by the press and vilified by official critics, Solzhenitsyn, though technically a free man, leads a precarious existence, liable as he is to being arrested at any time on some spurious charge—as, indeed, he would probably have been long ago were it not for the restraining influence of his fame abroad. Since his expulsion from the Union of Soviet Writers in the fall of 1969, his "crimes" now include, in effect, practicing literature without a license. When, a year after his license was revoked, this "unwriter" was awarded the Nobel Prize, the fury of his tormentors intensified. Some Stalinists had hoped that Solzhenitsyn would go to Sweden to accept the prize, and—preferably on his own free will—not return. This could then have been cited to support the charge that Solzhenitsyn was not only a political dissenter, but also a traitor. Aware of the trap, the novelist decided to forgo the trip abroad, preferring to remain a pariah in his homeland. He thus chose for himself the melancholy distinction of being the world's only famous writer most of whose works are known to his countrymen solely from denunciations in the newspapers. Of Solzhenitsyn's writings Soviet readers know just the short novel *One Day*



"Today I begin my new book—'Beyond Liberation.'"

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Lower buildings for a view of the sky.

More parking spaces.
No more parking lots.

Respect for civic law.
Freedom to do exactly what I want.

Varied neighborhoods.
Neighbors who are just like me.

Better garbage collection.
Lower sanitation costs.

A place to walk my dog.
Dogs prohibited.

Living space to raise my family.
No noisy kids for neighbors.

A city that's easy to walk around.
A city that's easy to drive around.

Better school systems for everybody.
Lower school taxes.

Immediate end to air pollution.
More power stations.

More jobs for city dwellers.
No commercial zoning near dwellings.

A place I want to come home to.
A place that's easy to get out of.

Lower rents.
A fair break for landlords.

Visually varied street planning.
Practical grid systems for streets.

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Because the city is the future.
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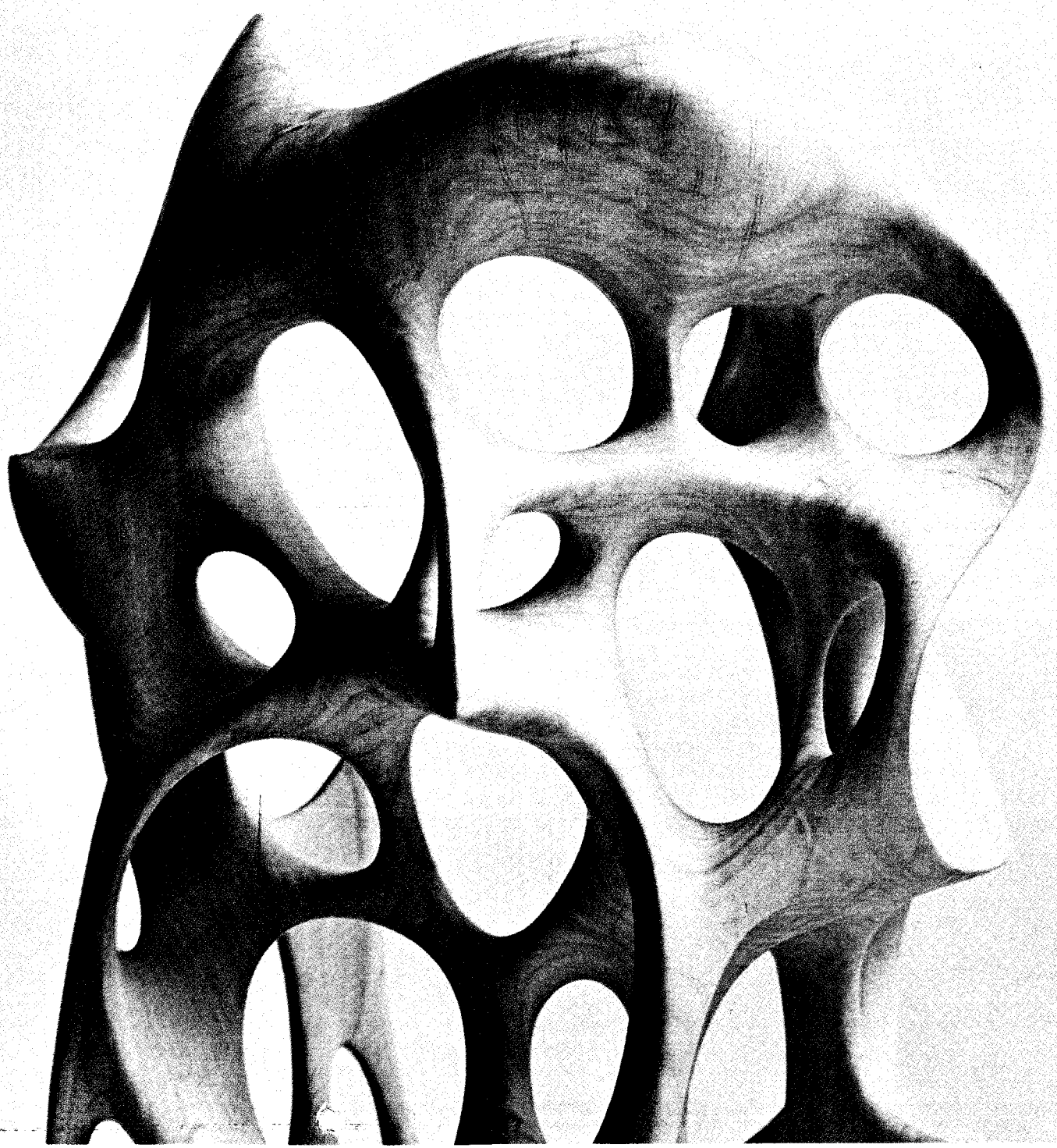

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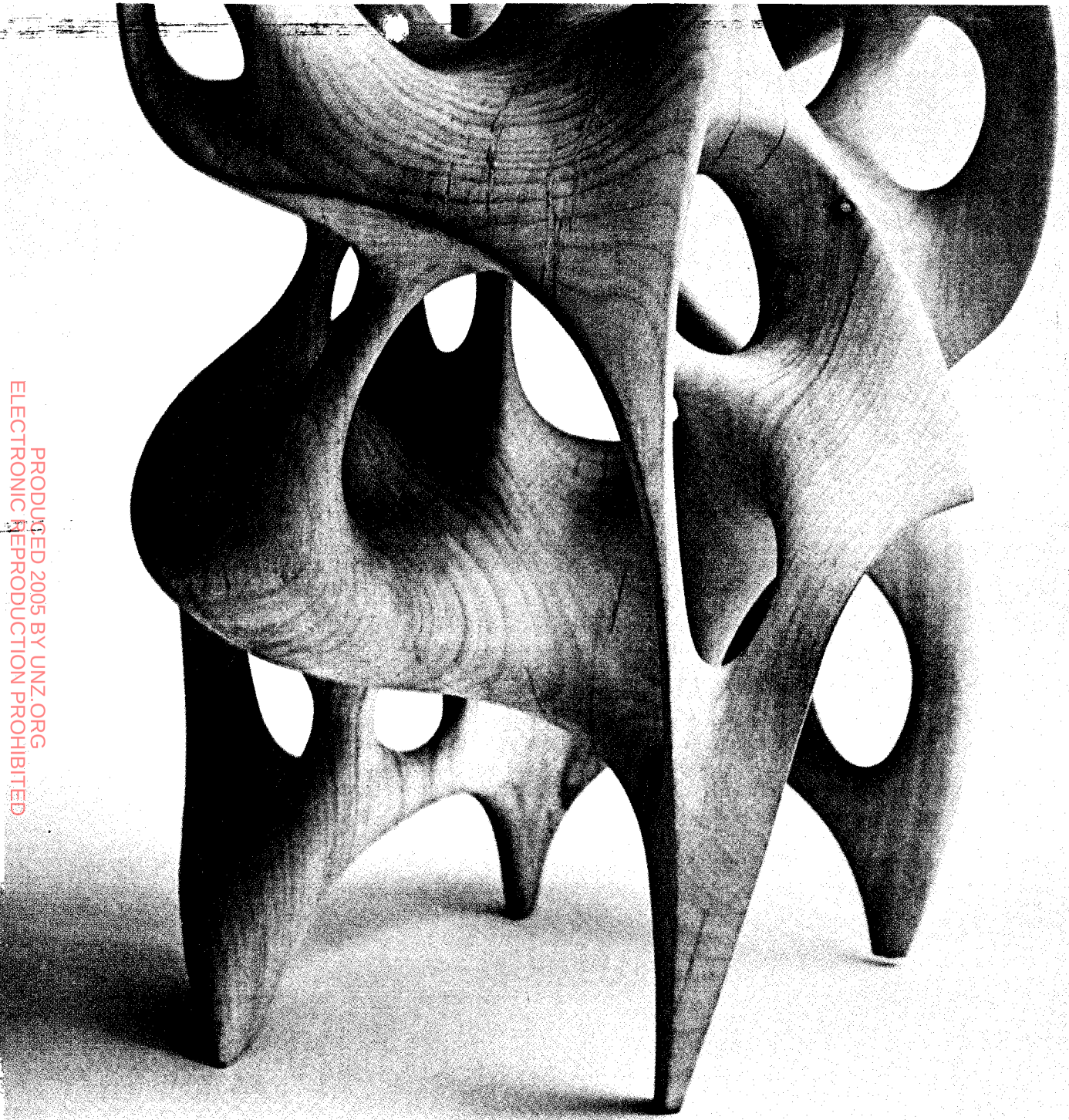

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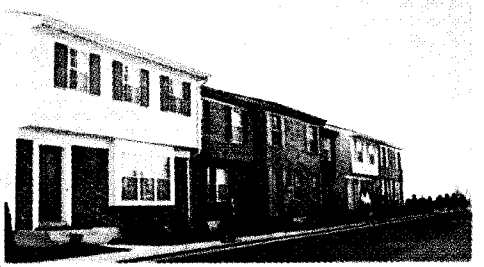

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in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, brought out in a Moscow literary journal in 1962, and a few short stories. They have no access to his two major novels, *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward*, which are available in the West. And only Russians abroad and a handful of Russian-reading foreigners can read *August 1914*, which was brought out last summer and has, so far, not been issued in translation.

Leopold Labedz, editor of *Survey*, the London-based quarterly of Soviet and Communist affairs, has assembled a first-rate compilation of speeches, letters, telegrams, and newspaper articles spanning a period of fifteen years: from a 1956 decree of a Soviet court clearing Solzhenitsyn of charges that had caused his arrest shortly after the war, to the furor unleashed by the award to him of the Nobel Prize in 1970. Although originally Solzhenitsyn's gifts were recognized by all, this consensus gradually divided (within the USSR, at least) along political lines. Defenders of the novelist came to include those who viewed Stalinism as an aberration, a nightmare which would, they hoped, never recur, while his detractors rallied around men known for their nostalgic yearning for the good old days when the country was firmly ruled by a mailed fist and when, incidentally, dissenters like Solzhenitsyn were summarily shot. The successive "thaws" and "freezes" in Soviet life produced some surprises, and these are recorded in Mr. Labedz's volume. Thus, it appears that Konstantin Fedin, an aging novelist and until recently the head of the Union of Soviet Writers, was the man chiefly responsible for the refusal to publish Solzhenitsyn; prior to that, Fedin had been thought of as something of a "liberal." His disgraceful behavior in this and similar events is revealed in a letter to Fedin by the usually restrained writer Veniamin Kaverin:

> We have known each other for forty-eight years, Konstantin. We were friends in our youth and we have the right to judge each other; this is more than a right, it is a duty. . . . Your role in [the Pasternak] affair was such that you were compelled to give the impression that you did not know about the death of a poet who had been your friend, and who had lived next door to you for twenty-three years. Perhaps you could not see from your window the crowd of a thousand people who accompanied him when [Boris Pasternak] was being carried past your house! . . . It was not for nothing that your name was received in complete silence on the occasion of [the liberal novelist] Paustovsky's seventy-fifth birthday. I would not be surprised if now, when at your insistence Solzhenitsyn's novel *Cancer Ward*, already set up in print in *Novy Mir*, has been prohibited, your first appearance before an audience of writers were met by cat-calls and stamping.

Mr. Labedz's volume contains a wealth of information on Solzhenitsyn as well as on Soviet politics and literature in general. One can only hope that it will reach a wide audience. Its materials, whose authenticity is undisputable, should lay to rest many sterile polemics, or at least substitute conjecture with facts.

Abraham Rothberg's *Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn* is, to the best of my knowledge, the first book-length study of the novelist to appear in any language. The bulk of the volume is taken up by an analysis of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, *The First Circle*, and *Cancer Ward*. Solzhenitsyn's shorter works are considered only in passing, and Mr. Rothberg's manuscript was obviously completed before the appearance of *August 1914*. Still, there is no denying the permanent value of the Rothberg monograph. Not merely a pioneering work, this book provides many shrewd insights. Furthermore, Mr. Rothberg argues his case skillfully and is no mean stylist himself. The more pity, then, that his book contains a number of inaccuracies and lacks that perspective and depth which one hopes to find in a work by a scholar-critic. Mr. Rothberg's acquaintance with the history of Soviet literature is obviously quite limited and—more seriously—so, too, to all appearances is his knowledge of Russian. Indeed, one should admire Mr. Rothberg for producing so good a work in spite of such formidable handicaps. Yet what is one to make of a statement such as this:

> For the first time in the history of the Soviet state a novelist was writing without the usual hypocrisy, delusions and self-censorship most Soviet writers had consciously or otherwise saddled themselves with in depicting Russian life.

The allegation is simply wrong. Among Soviet authors whose integrity and whose lack of illusions and delusions are in every sense comparable to Solzhenitsyn's one finds not a few famous names—among others, Isaac Babel, Yevgeni Zamiatin, Boris Pilnyak, Mikhail Bulgakov, Boris Pasternak, and Osip Mandelshtam. Besides, a case could be made for the thesis

"I don't care what the song says—get off his chest!"

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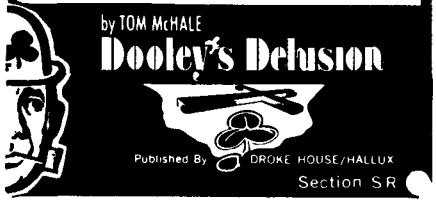
Dooley's Delusion



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Section SR

that even Solzhenitsyn betrays, on occasion, *some* illusions, and makes *some* efforts at self-censorship—which is not to say that these detract seriously from the merit of his work. Similarly, Mr. Rothberg's guess that the opportunistic writer Galakhov in *The First Circle* is a composite of real-life novelists Gribachov and Kochetov is unconvincing if only because both are unreconstructed Stalinists and proud of it; neither bothers to pretend that he is a "liberal," insofar as this is possible in present Soviet conditions. (In my review of the novel in *SR* Sept. 14, 1968, I suggested that Galakhov may have been modeled after Konstantin Simonov, who occasionally affects a "liberal" pose, but who is also the man most directly responsible for the banning of *Doctor Zhivago*. My hypothesis was supported by the late Arkadi Belinkov, a Soviet critic and a friend of Solzhenitsyn, who recently died in the United States; still, this, too, is only conjecture.)

A more regrettable and fundamental weakness of Mr. Rothberg's book is that it is based on English translations of Solzhenitsyn's three novels. Not only does this invalidate many of Mr. Rothberg's observations on Solzhenitsyn's language and style, but it also results in some unscholarly oversights, such as his failure to explain that the assertion by one of the characters in *The First Circle* that the word "happiness" is a cognate of "fate" or "lot," which is not at all apparent in English, is perfectly true for Russian ("schastye" and "uchast' "). Conversely, Mr. Rothberg's claim that Solzhenitsyn's "symbolic" names, whose significance the Russian author allegedly "lets the reader note without his help," include "Innokenty (innocent), Spiridon (spirit), Sologdin (loner-individualist)" is, to put it mildly, quite extraordinary. Obviously, it presupposes that Solzhenitsyn wrote his Russian novel with English readers in mind. No other explanation is possible, since none of these names carry such associations for a speaker of Russian. The almost total absence of Russian sources in the bibliography and the preposterously garbled form of the three or four items that do appear there are further indication of Mr. Rothberg's limitations as a critic of Russian literature. They make one wonder about the scholarly standards of Cornell University Press.

At the time of his death last summer Georg Lukács was generally acknowledged as the foremost Marxist literary critic. Within a span of nearly a half century, Lukács was in and out of favor with Communist authorities both in his native Hungary and in the USSR (where he lived for a number of years), and his works, hailed at some periods, were denounced at others. His legacy includes studies of European realism, of the historical novel, of Goethe and of Thomas Mann, as

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

SIMPLY GHASTLY!

Column 2 lists the supernatural beings omitted from the familiar verses below. Linda Jane and Manuel Zenick, writing from Kabul, Afghanistan, ask you to reconstruct the verses and name the respective poets. The spell is lifted on page 64.

1. It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
   In the ( )-haunted woodland of Weir. ( )
2. With mop and mow, we saw them go,
   Slim ( ) hand in hand. ( )
3. Teach us, ( ) or bird,
   What sweets thoughts are thine. ( )
4. You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the ( ) in books. ( )
5. But thou shrieking harbinger,
   Foul precurrer of the ( ). ( )
6. My anguished ( ), like a bird,
   Beating against my lips I heard. ( )
7. A troupe of skull-faced ( )-men came/Through the agate doorway in suits of flame. ( )
8. And of these ( ) that are found
   In fire, air, flood, or underground. ( )
9. I thought that I had died in sleep,
   And was a blessèd ( ). ( )
10. A ( ) ship, with each mast and spar
    Across the moon like a prison-bar. ( )

A. daemons
B. fiend
C. ghost
D. ghoul
E. phantom
F. shadows
G. specters
H. spirit
I. sprite
J. witch

a. Coleridge
b. Vachel Lindsay
c. Longfellow
d. Millay
e. Milton
f. Poe
g. Shakespeare
h. Shelley
i. Whitman
j. Wilde

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well as a major nonliterary investigation, *History and Class Consciousness.*

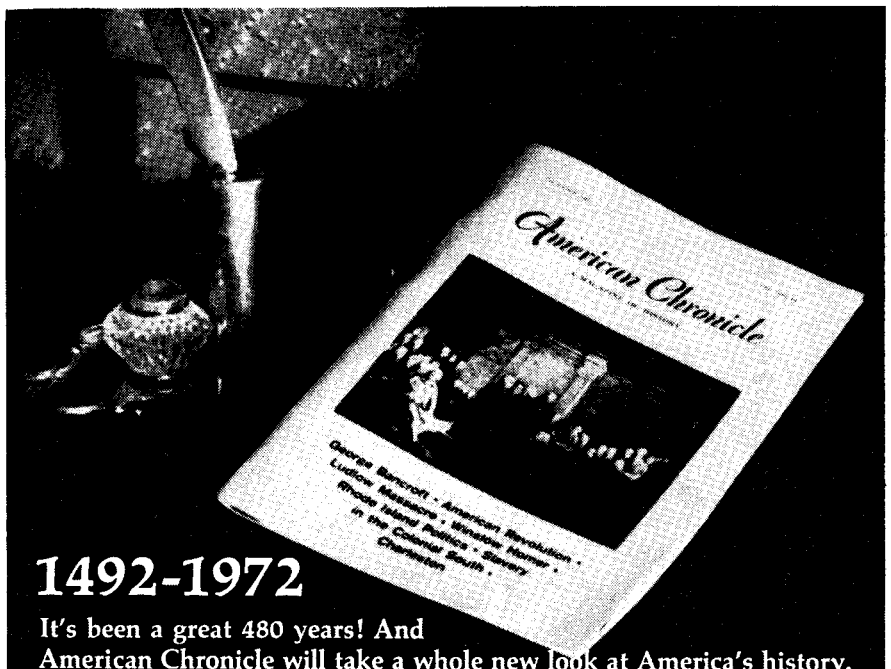
Published by MIT Press, *Solzhenitsyn* is a slim, somewhat contrived book consisting of two of his essays. *Ivan Denisovich,* originally appeared in 1964; the second, dealing with *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward,* came out in 1969. Both appear to have been hastily written, and their publication adds little to Lukács's reputation.

While Lukács's *Solzhenitsyn* contributes little to our understanding of the Russian novelist it reveals a good deal about the thought of the Hungarian critic near the close of his long career. Briefly, Lukács tried, until the very end, to reconcile within himself the disciplined Marxist and the objective literary theoretician, to steer a middle course between the standards of serious scholarship and criticism and the simplistic didacticism of Soviet practitioners of Socialist Realism, without overly antagonizing the latter. That he was less than successful is amply demonstrated by the tortured reasoning displayed in these two essays. The ponderous prose style —all too faithfully reproduced in William David Graf's translation from the German—is an additional aggravation. Many readers will also be irritated by Lukács's dogmatic, intolerant tone, at times distressingly similar to that of the Stalinist rhetoric he claims to detest. Thus, we are solemnly warned that ". . . disillusionment with Socialism, combined with the stylistic forms of Western alienated skepticism, can only produce a second-rate imitative work." Even more categorical is his opinion of those who dare suggest that Solzhenitsyn's overtly political works have any political significance:

> Thus, when Solzhenitsyn denies having written with political goals in mind, and when on the other hand writers hostile to him compare his novels with the biased and ignorant, directly politically intended babble of Stalin's daughter, their criticism can readily be rejected as slander.

While Lukács's eagerness to dissociate himself from the official Soviet canon—dictated, no doubt, by the serious critic within him—prevents him from praising some of Stalin's more notorious court poets, he is, at the same time, reluctant to endorse Soviet writers who rebelled against the Stalinist literary bureaucracy. The results of this interior conflict of interests are sometimes ludicrous: As an example of "good" Socialist Realist writing Lukács recommends Anton Makarenko, the author of *The Collective Family: A Handbook for Russian Parents* and *The Road to Life.* In the USSR, as well as abroad, Makarenko is generally recognized as a gifted educator but an average writer. In Lukács's estimation, however, *The Road to Life* is not only an "intellectually very eminent work," but Makarenko himself is called "a great [!] storyteller of the age of the heroic rise of socialism."

In 1964, after the appearance of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* Lukács wondered ". . . whether [Solzhenitsyn] himself would bring about the rebirth of [Soviet] Socialist Realism and its new growth into a significant world literature." Five years later he faced a difficult dilemma. Solzhenitsyn's promise as a writer had been more than borne out by his two new novels, *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward.* Yet these two novels were refused publication in the USSR, and their author was anathematized by the Soviet Establishment, as were by then his earlier works, including the originally "legally" published *One Day.* Clearly, one could no longer speak of Solzhenitsyn and Soviet literature in the same breath. Lukács's solution was to promote Solzhenitsyn to an even higher frame of reference: ". . . I was far too cautious: Solzhenitsyn's two new novels represent a new high



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point in contemporary world literature." Discussing Solzhenitsyn's early works, Lukács writes: "If Socialist Realism . . . desires to regain the level it had reached in the 1920s, then it must rediscover the way to depict contemporary man as he actually is." There is no quarreling with Lukács's thesis as such; it does, however, call for some comment.

An essential premise of Socialist Realism—namely, the postulate of *Tipichnost'*, or "the typical"—requires that man and his environment must be portrayed in literature not as they actually are, but as the Communist state wishes them to be or, in the frequent circumlocution, "as they *will* be tomorrow." Without this emphasis on "the new and the growing," without this, as it is often called, "dynamic perception of reality," there can, indeed, be no Socialist Realism. The sophistication and honesty of Russian literature of the 1920s were made possible by the atmosphere of relative artistic freedom in the USSR prior to the advent of Socialist Realism—an artistic doctrine that was canonized at the First Congress of the Union of Soviet Writers in 1934. Among the first acts of the high priests of this new faith was the excommunication of the pernicious idea that man can possibly be depicted in art merely as he is. (The grotesque results of the superimposing of this postulate on ostensibly realistic literature were described with devastating sarcasm by Andrei Tertz-Sinyavsky in his memorable essay "What Is Socialist Realism?") At different periods of Soviet history the inquisitors of Socialist Realism have been enforcing the postulate of "the typical" with varying degrees of zeal; punishments meted out to transgressors have ranged from a mere reprimand to jail sentences and worse. At no time, however, was there any question of discarding the doctrine itself.

It is extremely unlikely that Lukács did not remember the date of the establishment of Socialist Realism, or that he was oblivious of the irreconcilability of its tenets with realism *tout court*. We must therefore assume that the parting words of the greatest Marxist critic to date were that Socialist Realism—a doctrine of subservience of art to the interests of the State—is incompatible with literature.

Maurice Friedberg, professor of Slavic languages and literatures at Indiana University, has written a number of works on recent Russian prose.

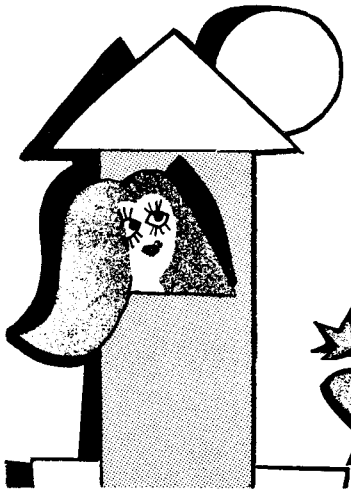
"The Age of Energy"

Continued from page 41

Act of 1902, the creation of the Department of Commerce and Labor, the regulation of interstate commerce, the Pure Food and Drug Act. Equally brilliant was T.R.'s mediation in the settlement of the Sino-Soviet War, a feat for which he received the Nobel Peace Prize. On the other hand, Roosevelt freely made concessions, when necessary, to political bosses and to business magnates; approved United States intervention in Cuba and the Philippines; annexed Puerto Rico and Guam, and exceeded the authority of the executive by "taking" the Panama Canal zone. It is when Mr. Jones deals with Roosevelt's pragmatism—"the practical compromise between exploitation and the state, between force and political control, between activity and expertise"—and when he dismisses the issue of T.R.'s "imperialism" and scores the muckrakers for having had too much faith in the undefined "people," that the reader begins to feel that Howard Mumford Jones's private supply of dispassionate energy has run out.

> It would be superfluous [he sadly states] to labor the point that the American middle class believed (then and now) both in ideals and in practicality; in the truth that life is conflict and the truth that you ought to think of the other fellow; in self-interest and in charity; in being strong but not too strong; in brotherhood but within limits; in self-development, provided that culture is the occupation of one's leisure and training for usefulness the principal object of education. Anarchism, populism, socialism, communism could not prevail against the Age of Energy. There was never a threat of revolution. It remained for our time to produce groups that really desire to overthrow the state. Despite millionaires at one extreme and the urban proletariat at the other, the Age of Energy ended by strengthening and enriching the bourgeoisie. Roosevelt was its climax. He fused the activity of Renaissance man with the values of the middle class. The result was that he became *par excellence* the supreme representative of the pragmatic sanction.

Caught up in the rhetoric and violence of 1971, the reader may question whether these issues are indeed superfluous, whether the bourgeoisie has viable values, whether "getting things done" sanctions modern pragmatic policies. Perhaps, in the interest of fairness, one should not fault Mr. Jones for avoiding the moral questions raised here. For, to his thinking, history is, by its very nature, impartial and at a moral remove from great causes and great effects.



In this sampler of escapades from his private history, Durrell the naturalist vies with Durrell the humorist. Sophisticated yet warmly personal, the stories are a valentine for all Durrell devotees. "Mr. Durrell's confidence in the amusement value of his disorganized relatives and his non-human friends is, as usual, infinite, and perfectly justified."—*The Atlantic*

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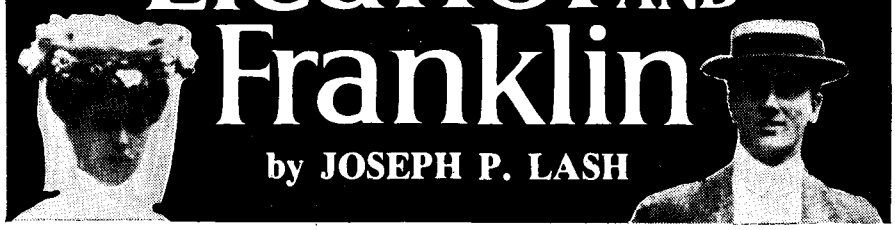

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FLAUBERT THE MASTER: A Critical and Biographical Study (1856-1880)

by Enid Starkie

Atheneum, 390 pp., $10

Reviewed by Tom Bishop

■ When compared to the lives led by other great French literary figures of the last century—Hugo, Balzac, Rimbaud, Stendhal, or Baudelaire, for example—Gustave Flaubert's life was relatively uneventful. But, even though he is not a particularly colorful figure, not one of those larger-than-life *hommes de lettres* typical of the nineteenth century, Flaubert continues to attract ever more biographers and critics. Some are drawn to him because, to them, he is perhaps the most representative novelist of his age, having been influenced by, and having to a degree succeeded in synthesizing, its major, opposing esthetic movements: romanticism, realism, and naturalism. For many contemporary French novelists—and therefore for critics as well—Flaubert is the brilliant precursor who moved the novel toward greater abstraction and helped to liberate it from mere storytelling.

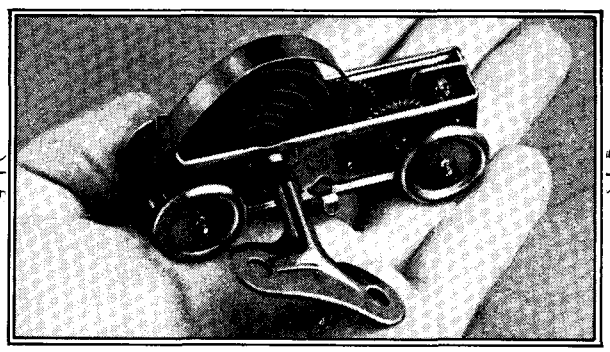
For still others, Flaubert's life retains a particular fascination partly *because* of its lack of flamboyance. This is most notably the case with Jean-Paul Sartre, the first two volumes of whose long-awaited study of Flaubert were published in France earlier this year. Entitled *The Family Idiot* (because Gustave was slow to learn to read), this 2,136-page first installment of a projected complete life study is devoted to the initial thirty-six years of Flaubert's life, *i.e.*, up to the publication of *Madame Bovary* in 1857. In this, the most prodigious (if by no means least contestable) of his many scintillating exercises in "existential biography," Sartre searches for Flaubert's reality within the context of "the dialectics of his existence." Revealing fully as much about Sartre as it tells us about Flaubert, whose life often serves simply as a point of departure for Sartre's own philosophical pursuits, *The Family Idiot* is, in effect, a treatise-*cum*-critical biography.

Enid Starkie's *Flaubert the Master* is addressed directly to both the man and his works. Subtitled *A Critical and Biographical Study (1856-1880)*, it concludes the task begun in *Flaubert: The Making of the Master*, which was published four years ago. Sadly, it also concludes the career of one of the most gifted students of French literature. An often controversial figure at Oxford, where she lectured in French literature, and renowned for her penetrating studies of—among other French authors—Rimbaud, Baudelaire, and Gide, Dr. Starkie died in 1970. She had just completed the manuscript of the book here under review.

While the *succès d'estime* of *Madame Bovary* gave Flaubert marked standing among the Paris intelligentsia and helped to draw him out of his relative isolation in Normandy, it was not until his *Salammbô* appeared in 1862 that he enjoyed real fame. It radically altered his life. Quickly lionized by various upper-class Parisian literary and social circles, Flaubert also formed friendships with many leading writers. Baudelaire, Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, the Goncourt brothers, Turgenev, Zola, Maupassant, and especially his dear, motherlike friend, George Sand, were the most illustrious intellectual companions of his maturity. As for Flaubert, these were also the best years of the Second Empire—a relaxed epoch that would end abruptly with the debacle of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 and the bloody suppression of the Paris Commune the following year. Dr. Starkie attempts to show that "The Master" was concerned by the political and social movements of his time, but the evidence she adduces fails to prove that Flaubert was anything more than an aloof observer.

The most gripping part of Enid Starkie's portrayal pertains to the novelist's last years. At the height of his fame, still in his early fifties yet aging rapidly, Flaubert suddenly found himself reduced to poverty. He had used up his entire wealth to rescue his niece Caroline and her irresponsible husband from financial ruin. His sacrifice to them was as complete as was their financial unreliability and lack of gratitude. After a lifetime free of financial cares, the penniless Flaubert was obliged to seek work and to accept a pension. He was ill-equipped to deal with the degradation his situation represented for him; thus his already considerable pessimism regarding life in general deepened. One can but marvel that he was doting enough to put up not only with Caroline's ever greater demands and her manipulations, which caused him to break off his intimate friendship with Edmond Laporte, but also with her husband's deceitful dealings involving Flaubert's money. In Dr. Starkie's depiction of these years, Gustave Flaubert was made to pay the price of his own, Lear-like foolishness by being grossly abused by the young couple.

Although usually Enid Starkie combined the critic's creative understand-



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ing of texts, the scholar's respect for accuracy, and the true biographer's flair for liveliness, *Flaubert the Master* —written in illness and with death threatening to cut short its completion —is not quite up to her best: the criterion for the analyses is at times old-fashioned; there are awkward moments stylistically, and the text is too frequently repetitious. Such cavils aside, however, the book can only make the reader grateful that Dr. Starkie lived long enough to complete this second, enlightening volume on "the master's" life and works.

Tom Bishop is chairman of the Department of French and Italian at New York University.

EDITH WHARTON: A Woman in Her Time

by Louis Auchincloss

Viking, 191 pp., $10

Reviewed by Richard Freedman

■ When Edith Wharton was eleven years old she began a novel with one of the characters apologizing for the disheveled state of her drawing room. Showing the manuscript to her mother, the formidable Lucretia Jones, Edith elicited her first bit of literary criticism: "Drawing rooms are always tidy."

Small wonder that she was forty when her first novel, *The Valley of Decision*, appeared in 1902, and that she never forgot that novels, like drawing rooms, must always be tidy. By then, poor-little-rich-girl "Pussy" Jones was maturing into that *grande dame* of American letters, Edith Wharton, unhappily married to a proper but vacuous Bostonian, and, despite her almost crippling shyness, far more formidable than her mother had ever been.

She presided over tidy—if overstuffed—drawing rooms on Park Avenue, in Newport, Rhode Island, and Lenox, Massachusetts, and her first professionally published book was in fact a guide to interior decoration. Later she emigrated to France and came to know that other fastidious expatriate of genius, Henry James, but she never lost her nostalgia for the Little Old New York of her girlhood in the 1870s, and in such masterpieces as *The House of Mirth* and *The Age of Innocence* transcended mere tidiness to fix that vanished epoch forever on the literary horizon.

In our own rather more frantically nostalgic decade we would even settle for the world of the 1920s and Thirties into which Edith Wharton, now divorced, famous and lonely, survived, and which she so despised. But there is much more to Edith Wharton than material for a nostalgia binge. She saw her world with a satiric lucidity and an unrelenting moral intelligence which prevented her, in her best work, from descending into bathos. A major figure in the history of the American novel, she has long merited far more serious biographical and critical treatment than she has yet received.

The popular novelist Louis Auchincloss—heir to Mrs. Wharton's milieu of gilded New York, if not to her great talent—has provided instead a charming picture book about her which amounts to little more than a coffee-table valentine. The pictures are splendidly evocative. One shows Edith as she was in her teens—truly beautiful, despite that determined jaw which presaged the great career ahead. Another catches her sneaking a cigarette outside her Lenox home; a third, posing with a pet dog on either shoulder. If the woman within, whose determined energy caused James to refer to her as his "angel of devastation" and who called herself "the priestess of the life of reason," ultimately eludes Auchincloss, that is not to be wondered at in a book designed to be decorative rather than deep. Mrs. Wharton's own autobiography, *A Backward Glance*, is scarcely more revealing.

A more serious flaw than superficiality is that, especially in the critical passages, Auchincloss has liberally plagiarized from his own ten-year-old essay on Mrs. Wharton in *Pioneers and Caretakers*, sometimes quoting entire sentences verbatim from the earlier work. That is his privilege, I suppose, but it does suggest the sort of "sharp practice" which Mrs. Wharton, in her deep-bred puritanism, would have roundly condemned.

It is especially heinous in view of the fact that although her private papers, long immured in the Yale Library, have been available to scholars since 1968, Auchincloss has apparently not bothered to consult them. Eventually they will furnish material for the first really full scholarly-critical biography of this remarkable woman. Meanwhile, *Edith Wharton: A Woman in Her Time* provides a charming, if lightweight, keepsake to her memory.

Richard Freedman is an associate professor of English at Simmons College.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1Df *(Ulalume)*, 2Fj *(Ballad of Reading Gaol)*, 3Ih *(To a Skylark)*, 4Gi *(Song of Myself)*, 5Bg *(The Phoenix and the Turtle)*, 6Hd *(Renascence)*, 7Jb *(The Congo)*, 8Ae *(Il Penseroso)*, 9Ca *(Ancient Mariner)*, 10Ec *(Paul Revere's Ride)*.

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THE TROUBLE WITH FRANCIS: An Autobiography

by Robert Francis

University of Massachusetts Press, 246 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by A. Coyle Lunn

■ Thoreau declared, "My life has been the poem I would have writ,/But I could not both live and utter it." Robert Francis's life for the past seventy years has been a poem to which he now gives utterance in *The Trouble with Francis*. Few readers will go to this autobiography to trace the "growth of a poet's mind," for Francis is not that well known as a poet. He is, however, a unique American literary figure who deserves to be better known.

Thoreau comes to mind in reading Francis. The nineteenth-century transcendentalist spent only two years and two months at Walden Pond—where he went "to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life." Robert Francis, who for similar reasons moved to the woods in 1940, has stayed there ever since.

Thoreau's house at Walden Pond in Concord, Massachusetts, was, by and large, Thoreau-built. Measuring 10 x 15 feet, it was put up on land occupied by

WIT TWISTER #246

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Corrected — — — — — — pile up
at her right.
Her glasses pinch; her — — — —
— — presses tight;
Each — — — — — — — of her
rounded figure aches.
She's had enough of — — — —
— — and sheldrakes!
She'll put the page-proofs of this
bird book by,
And munch the best the — — —
— — — can supply;
And later, with her — — — —
— —, dance and dine
Where birds are roasted and
washed down with wine!

—A. S.

(Answer on page 76)

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squatter's rights at a cost of only $28.125. Francis's Fort Juniper, which lies outside Amherst, was more expensive (building costs came to $1,148.43) and slightly roomier (20 x 22 feet). It is legally occupied, for Mr. Francis would not have it any other way; he is not a man to presume in any area. Thoreau refused on principle to pay taxes; Francis carefully charts a battle not with the tax collector but with the rising cost of living. The tax bill for Fort Juniper in 1940 was $24.64; in 1970, $336.38. The author's careful accounting testifies to his mode of living within the world's rules, even as he fashions a higher law for himself.

Mr. Francis knows well the prick of the needles of the evergreen, after which he named his house, and the bitterness of its berries, yet he sees beauty in its amaranthine nature: "To overthrow a juniper a wind/Would have to blow the ground away beneath it." Francis admits that Fort Juniper is an "expression of my way of life, and so something of a symbol of myself." Tenuously linked with the outside world by a nearby country road, and surrounded by "woodlot or pasture returning to wood," Mr. Francis's fort has ten windows to let in the light, but only one door.

The Trouble with Francis is a celebration of a way of life that has helped one man to know himself. The title for this autobiography comes from a review of Francis's *The Orb Weaver* (1960). Writing in the *Chicago Review*, Norman Friedman (ungrammatically) summed up his reactions by asserting that "The trouble with Francis is not that he's too happy as that his happiness seems to lack weight."

The poet, who characterizes himself as "a happy pessimist," is the first to admit that he has his troubles. And—at least as described in his autobiography—his joys do not ring hollow. In a previously published essay Robert Francis once expressed his neo-Cartesian view of life by stating: "I suffer; therefore, I am." In the book under review, he defines evil as "all that is hostile to human life," then goes on to admit that without it the highest good could neither be known nor attained. Yet, even though he clearly perceives the spectacle of evil around him, he refuses to view life as a tragedy, "for in true tragedy there is a redeeming element, and there is no redeeming element in my ultimate view of life."

Unable, therefore, to share the optimism that buoyed up Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman—three authors with whom he feels a certain kinship in many other respects—Francis is preoccupied by the "serenely sullen" aspects of existence, by the sheer incongruities of the human condition. One incongruity he points up is that as he has grown healthier and happier in his woodland retreat he has also come to feel ever more keenly the pathos of life. Fort Juniper was the precondition for his fuller tasting of life's sorrows and joys.

Years ago Francis observed an apple and a pine tree growing too close in his hedgerow. Although they threatened each other's existence, he cut down neither, reasoning that a man need not take sides in such a struggle if he is willing to accept the result: tiny, useless apples. Francis does not refuse to see *agon*; he simply refuses "to see conflict and intransigence as virtue," insisting that principles of resolution and reconciliation are equally valid. For him intellectual virtue lies in recognizing many principles rather than in searching out opposing ones. The essential Francis "loafs and invites" his soul (and that of his reader) to simultaneously accept and abhor the human condition. He is a rare man who has put his philosophy to a prolonged test at Fort Juniper, where he has successfully reconciled his ethics and esthetics. This is what makes his life a poem. And while Mr. Francis is too retiring to be likely to prevail, he has at least survived to live deep and suck out some of the marrow of life that Thoreau may have missed.

A. Coyle Lunn is a professor of English literature at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

Apple Peeler

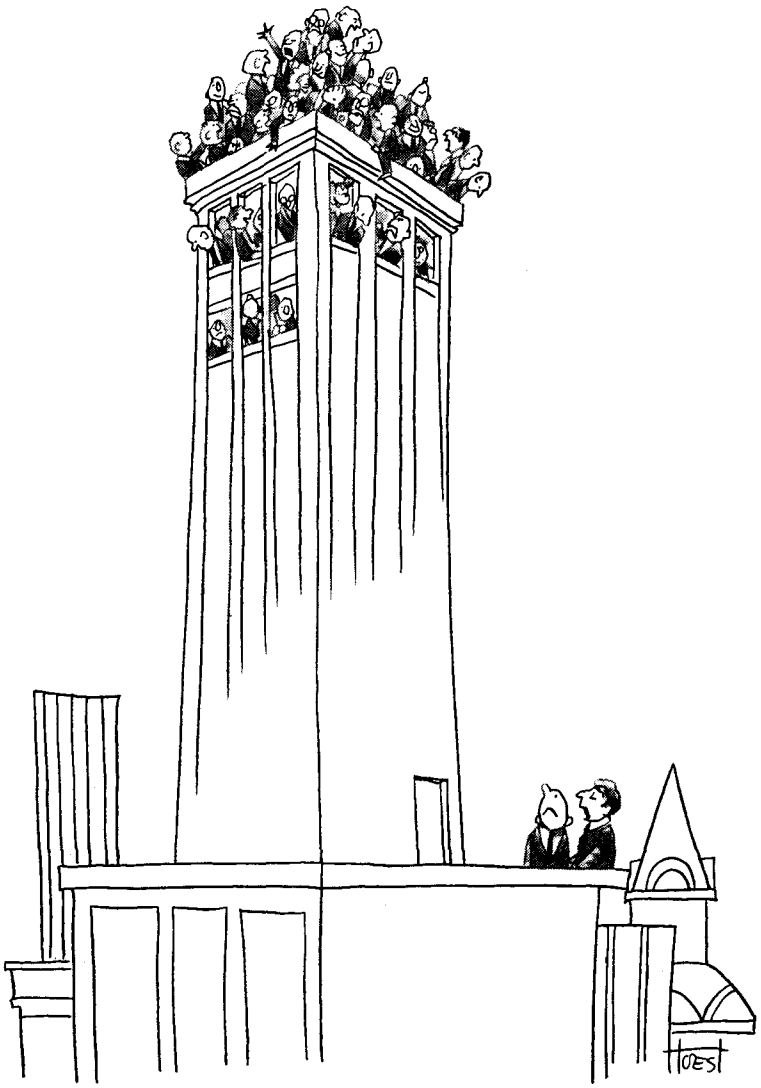
Why the unbroken spiral, Virtuoso,
Like a trick sonnet in one long
versatile sentence?

Is it a pastime merely, this perfection,
For an old man, sharp knife, long night,
long winter?

Or do your careful fingers move at the
stir
Of unadmitted immemorial magic?

Solitaire. The ticking clock. The apple
Turning, turning as the round earth
turns.

—*from "The Trouble with Francis"*



"As you can see, Harper, there's room for one more at the top."

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Wardrobe Note For the Rural Retiree

You'll be wearing fewer clothes
in retirement,
Your wardrobe with your spirit
will relax,
Life is flannel, life is tweed,
And you'll very seldom need
More than an easy sport coat over
slacks.

Your dinner coat's retired in re-
tirement
Where evenings out break up at
half past nine,
You'll be wearing rubber boots
More than nipped-in tailored suits
As you saunter in the twilight
down the line.

—Francis W. Hatch.

Old Horizons in Education

A prominent educator recently called for the use of astrology in schools as a means of improving classroom relationships. Well, why not? But, while we are about it, let's not overlook some other neglected but potentially valuable disciplines. I refer to those of hepatoscopy, rhabdomancy, and lycanthropy.

Hepatoscopy, or divination through the liver (usually of a sheep), captures the spirit of the Aquarian Age in a much more sophisticated way than, say, phrenology. The latter discipline is a holdover from the Ages of Aries and Pisces, when heads were thought to count for something. In identifying the liver as the seat of life and of the soul, hepatoscopy offers a more honest, more relevant method of facing the gut issues troubling us all.

The ancient Babylonian and Assyrian hepatoscopic texts divide the liver into three main parts called, respectively, "the right wing of the liver," "the left wing of the liver," and "the middle of the liver." To these mystical designations must be added "the river of the liver," which refers to the groove in the right wing; "the *lobus pyramidalis*," or little lobe on top of the three wings; and "the finger of the liver" and "the offshoot of the liver," both of which stick up from the *lobus pyramidalis*. The distinctive markings characterizing each liver are known as holes, paths, and clubs, and are important sources of portentous insight. But it is the finger of the liver that, by its size and shape, gives an oracular overview, telling us whether to march on Nineveh, add mulch to the hanging gardens, or go away to the latest rock festival.

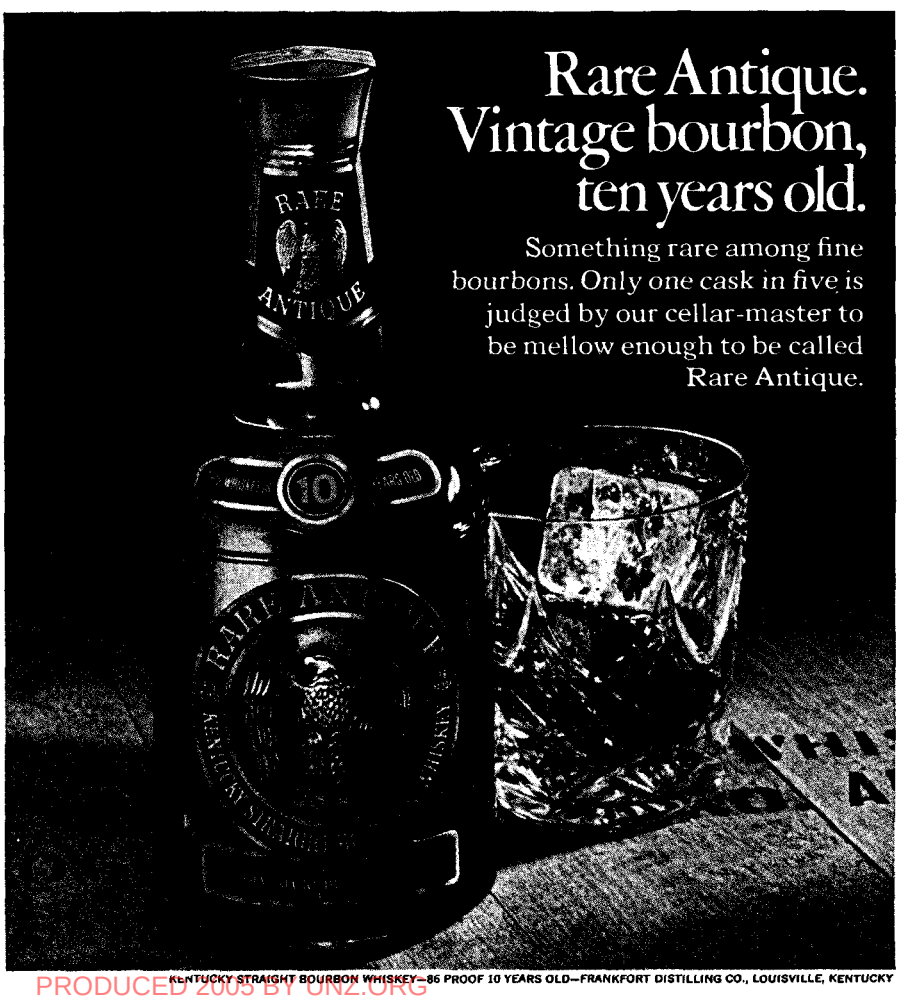
Uses of hepatoscopy may be limited by the number of sheep available for opening and by Cleveland Amory, but those of rhabdomancy, or the art of using the divining rod, are as limitless as our national supply of forked twigs. Hazel twigs make the most popular divining rods, although beech twigs, holly twigs, willow rods, and wire clothes hangers all have their supporters.

Whatever the material, the implement, held in balanced equilibrium, will move violently when subjected to hygrometric influence. Sir W. H. Preece, writing in *The Times* of London on January 16, 1905, explained this phenomenon as due to "mechanical vibration, set up by the friction of moving water, acting upon the sensitive ventral diaphragm of certain exceptionally delicately framed individuals." For the more robustly framed, postponing the day's first martini should have a similar effect.

Since underground springs may be our last remaining source of sudsless water, the rhabdomancer, or dowser, as he is sometimes known, can pretty much write his own ticket. Additionally, as the Age of Aquarius proceeds toward its apogee, he will be faced with the attractive prospect of ever-widening responsibilities. He will probably attain once more the glory that was his in seventeenth-century France, when the divining rod was used to flush out heretics.

For those with talents in the performing arts, the most innovative approach to personality development is that of lycanthropy. Although the term usually refers to a werewolf, adepts in lycanthropy have changed themselves into dogs in ancient Greece; tigers in India; bears in northern Europe; foxes in Japan; jaguars in South America; leopards, lions, and hyenas in Africa. The change can be either temporary or permanent, gradual or instantaneous. In our emerging participatory democracy, Aquarian Americans will doubtless be able to turn into whatever animals turn them on. They would be assured of recording contracts, appearances on educational television, and constant attention in the Arts and Leisure section of the Sunday *New York Times*. At the very least, they'd give their encounter group a new touch thrill.

—Lou D'Angelo.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Something rare among fine bourbons. Only one cask in five is judged by our cellar-master to be mellow enough to be called Rare Antique.
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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

The Great Scissors Debate

CONCERNED CITIZEN groups are watching the Federal Communications Commission to see if it will take any action in the free speech-censorship issue that was exposed recently when the Public Broadcasting Service ordered National Educational Television to delete from its regular program *The Great American Dream Machine* a controversial segment dealing with alleged FBI undercover operations on college campuses. The FCC, busy with major problems of commercial broadcasters, rarely turns its attention to the relatively unscrutinized events in public broadcasting. However, the PBS-NET affair and its subsequent developments have vital First Amendment implications. Some observers believe that the credibility and usefulness of public television are at stake.

The FCC has been alerted to the problem, and it should act. If it fails to do so, there is a strong possibility that the watchful citizen groups will petition the FCC and bring suit before the courts, seeking relief from the chilling effect of centralized control over public television's program content when controversial items are involved.

PBS officials denied "censorship" in the *Dream Machine* episode. They asserted that the 211 member stations of the PBS network had given them "go or no go" discretion over programs supplied by NET and other production centers, such discretion to be based on PBS's "editorial judgment." However, WNET-TV (Channel 13) in New York, one of the member stations, showed the prohibited FBI segment and opened the debate on the validity of PBS's authority to act as a gatekeeper for the network. The members of the PBS board met later in California and confirmed the power of the network officials in Washington to make the "go or no go" decisions for them. Subsequently, at a meeting in Miami of all the PBS stations, an overwhelming majority endorsed the PBS board's discretionary authority.

NET opposed such authority, arguing for the independence of production centers that supply programs to the PBS network for distribution to its member stations. The PBS board was instructed by its members to work out with the production centers contracts that would set forth standard rules governing their relationship but that would reserve the vital "go or no go" power to PBS.

NET, one of public television's foremost fighters for journalistic autonomy, cannot buck PBS alone. It has no power base. It does not have the support of even its own citizen board. NET is universally counseled not to "make waves" but to present a united front with PBS in order to ensure funds from Congress for the maintenance and further growth of public television.

PBS argues that it derives its mandate from its member stations and that its judgments will not be arbitrary but will be based on agreed-upon procedures. Nevertheless, its authority inevitably will cause public television journalists to be inhibited in their investigations. The situation presents a problem with implications for both the First Amendment and the Public Broadcasting Act of 1967, which set up the present system. The FCC should not allow a majority of PBS member stations to delegate to a non-licensed agency, such as PBS, their licensee authority to make public interest decisions.

It may be said that the FCC, in surrendering program control to the networks, has allowed commercial stations to delegate their proper authority for thirty-five years. But why repeat in public television the errors made in commercial broadcasting?

The Public Television Act authorizes the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB) "to assist in the establishment and development of one or more systems of interconnection . . . so that all non-commercial . . . stations that wish to may broadcast the programs at times chosen by the stations." This statement gives a clear mandate for supplementary service to PBS stations wishing to broadcast programs that other stations deem unacceptable.

The larger, urban PBS member stations, such as New York's Channel 13, although numerically outvoted by the smaller, more conservative stations, actually serve a greater share of public television's audience. Any system that interferes with a station's right to broadcast controversial programs is unfair. It is especially unfair in public television, where NET has only one customer (PBS), whereas, in commercial television, control over program suppliers is distributed among at least three customers—the major networks.

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London Letter

Continued from page 12

own hand and addressed "To the Editor of *The Times*," the editor diplomatically found a place for her complaint, but not as a letter, under the heading Court News.

With India conquered and made part of the Empire, it was suggested that Victoria be designated Empress of India. There were numerous objections. But when it was suggested that she be called Sovereign Lady instead, there were greater objections. It would be difficult to conceive a deed, thought, policy, or situation that has not given rise to indignant letters from dissidents: because the police are not permitted to chew gum; because Anthony Eden deferred to John Foster Dulles in the Suez crisis; because *The Times* believed the South would be victorious in the American Civil War; and then, following the Emancipation Proclamation, because *The Times* switched its editorial policy to favor the Union. There have been letters of protest about men who fail to dress for dinner, who smoke pipes while talking, who forsake sturdy cricket for effeminate tennis. Last year a wave of vigorous protest swept over *The Times* when Enoch Powell delivered his first speech against immigration.

It once behooved *The Times* to observe that a letter to the editor is no remedy for individual grievance but rather an outlet for the purging of personal emotion. A mere month ago, however, one Mrs. Louis Heren, a London housewife, proved the paper wrong. She wrote a letter lamenting the absence of proper manufacturer service for her ailing Bendix dishwasher. Hordes of other housewives, equally irate, took the cue. They protested in their letters about every kind of household appliance. The appliance industry was more stunned by this than by Ralph Nader's recent appearance and crusade. Then, last week, a second letter came from Mrs. Heren. As a result of what she had said in *The Times*, she wrote, a Bendix service manager had called promptly, with an engineer, and the washer was repaired. "It now works beautifully," concluded Mrs. Heren. The inference was obvious: If you have any kind of problem, write to *The Times*.

I have sampled issues of *The Times* going back 150 years. There are probably few topics, even in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, that have not been written about by readers of *The Times*, and many that the *Britannica* never thought of: the origin of "Sing a Song of Sixpence"; how far a gorilla can jump; the disgrace of seeing a soldier in uniform carrying an umbrella; the absurdity of calling a telephone box a kiosk; why apes commit suicide; why some cats like olives; the advantage of sand over blotting paper; the skill of Egyptian magicians; the abominable noise in the night caused by neighbors' chiming clocks; how to identify poison mushrooms; why counting sheep can keep you wide awake; the question of whether the eyes of Mary Queen of Scots were hazel, as described by James Barrie, or blue, as asserted by Swinburne; the educational value of crossword puzzles (from Eden Phillpotts); why men should be permitted to go bathing with their manly chests exposed (from A. P. Herbert); "if the manly chest [from Rose Macaulay], then why not the womanly chest, too?"; the observation (by A. A. Milne) of a cormorant flying over St. Paul's; why England (from practically everybody) should or should not join the Common Market (a week ago, 294 college teachers, in two letters to *The Times*, expressed themselves one way or the other).

Not at all the British newspaper with the largest circulation—far from it, though it is the most influential—*The Times* can still be, as of old, "The Thunderer," a nickname first bestowed on it in 1819 and frequently used by the Duke of Wellington, among a thousand other eminences who feared its wrath and dreaded its independence. One could always take issue with *The Times*, one could question its accuracy or its motives, but one had always best be absolutely sure of his ground and give the editor no chance for reprisal. Fair? Yes. Unfair? Yes. But *The Times*, it seems to me, is gentler, more kindly today then in decades past, though there are still those who can remember its tantrums. Anthony Trollope, in his Barsetshire novels, always referred to *The Times* as *The Jupiter*, and his characters warned against disputing anything it said. "Write to *The Jupiter*," suggests Bishop Proudie in *The Warden*. "Yes," replies Dr. Theophilus Grantly, the archdeacon, "yes, and be smothered with ridicule; tossed over and over again with scorn; shaken this way and that, as a rat in the mouth of a practised terrier. You will leave out some word or letter in your answer; you will make some small mistake, which will be a falsehood, or some admission, which will be self-condemnation; you will find yourself to have been vulgar, ill-tempered, irreverent, and illiterate. A man may have the best of causes, the best of talents, and the best of tempers; he may write as well as Addison, or as strongly as Junius; but even with all this he cannot successfully answer, when attacked by *The Jupiter*. What the Czar is in Russia, or the mob in America, that *The Jupiter* is in England." Personally, I never cottoned to that mob-in-America bit, but Trollope and his mother did have their biases.

The Times's early tradition of anonymity for its own correspondents and for reader-writers was discontinued many years ago. No more may letters be signed Optimist, Old Etonian, Pessimist, or Paterfamilias. Today all letters must be signed with true names and carry actual address and date. On a printed form, Mr. Woolley's office makes a notation of each letter received; each letter is given a number; the name of the writer is entered; the subject of each letter is described. All letters to the editor go first to Mr. Woolley, who has two assistants and several clerical helpers. All letters on a subject of current importance or controversy are sorted out and set aside, along with all other letters of apparent interest. At the end of the day, Mr. Woolley conveys the letters to the editor-in-chief, who alone determines which will be sent to press that night. It is traditional at *The Times* for letters to the editor to be read *by* the editor. "Also," says *The Times*, "it's the best way of getting a cross section of public opinion."

There's little doubt about it, the English have a propensity for getting things off their chests, and often on to the chest of the editor of *The Times*. They write when they are at home. They write when they are abroad. Sometimes, it is conceivable, they write in their sleep. Certainly most of them *dream* about writing. It is when the thought of non-publication intrudes that nightmares set in.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1481

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1481 will be found in the next issue.

J SHIJA'G IPAB PG QWCJACU

FDJA J IJA'G—GDC QDJAYCG

PF HXFCACU.

—H. DCUXHUB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1480

A man is like sitting in a bathtub: once you get used to him, he's not so hot.

—KATHRYN MAYE

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Exotic Festival

THE HIGHLY ENTERTAINING, colorful, and instructive Afro-Asian Festival, which the Brooklyn Academy of Music presented October 19-November 21 in the Opera House (certain units also toured), opened with the Classical Khmer Ballet of Cambodia [*SR*, Nov. 6] and continued with the Senegalese National Company [*SR*, Nov. 20]. The diminutive and very elegant Khmer artists were forced to open at less than full strength. Elaborate costumes were delayed in transit, and only a handful of dancers attempted to project their minimal actions from the huge stage. Later, the dazzling costumes arrived, and subsequent audiences saw the full ballet.

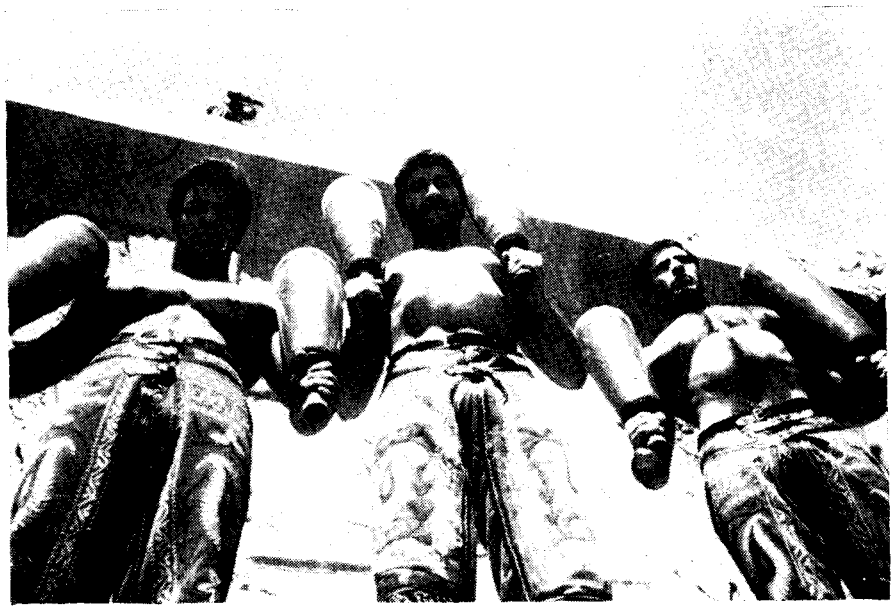
Following Cambodia and Senegal were Morocco and Iran. The National Dance Company of Morocco based its program not so much upon dancing as upon scenes and ceremonies from villages in the southern part of the kingdom. It was delightful, ranging from a nuptial rite centered upon a shy bride (we even hear a high-pitched musical tremolo symbolic of the instant the virgin becomes a woman) and the sophisticated songs and gestures of the "blue" women to the bounding, soaring boy-acrobats and the glittering wielders of flashing bayonets.

The Ritual Acrobats of Persia were not dancers either, nor were they actually acrobats. They were strong men seen in their very formal training schedule. They lifted and manipulated mighty warrior shields or enormous, weighted (100 pounds) juggler clubs. They even, en masse, did pushups, not just fifteen or twenty, but hundreds, while spread-eagled on the floor with their hands grasping the ends of wooden bars. Small wonder their pectoral muscles would not only shame a Steve Reeves but make a Raquel Welch appear flat-chested! Chants in Persian, narration in English, and musical rhythms (with reflecting panels of aluminum overhead) accompanied these bodybuilders, who have served emperors from Darius the Great, more than two thousand years ago, to the present Shah.

The final and the best troupe of the festival was the Sierra Leone National Dance Company. The program, beautifully costumed and staged, was rich in tribal dance variety. The music, played on diverse instruments, was the most rewarding of the series. And the virtuosity of the performers—dancing athletes and acrobats—was astonishing. How about a Broadway season for Sierra Leone's stunning showcase of African accomplishment?

I remember when Ann Halprin seemed like a nice Jewish girl whose most successful solo was a dervish-like reconstruction of an ancient Israelite dance of ecstasy. This was twenty years ago. William Bales, dancer-choreographer and now dean of dance at the new University of New York at Purchase, remembers more than thirty years back when he danced with her at the Bennington Dance Festival in a hornpipe-type affair (choreographed by Eleanor King) that he recollects as being a "cute" number.

Today, Miss Halprin, past fifty, divests herself of all her clothes and, heading her San Francisco Dancers' Workshop, churns about with a group of nude males. She did this recently in a ballroom, Downstairs at City Center. It was so very pitiful. The program was called *Initiations and Transformations*. The cast jumped (badly), ran about (badly), and howled and growled (badly). There was even a nude massage scene, and no one, including the recipient, got excited. How's that for boredom? The tragic, tragic thing was that Miss Halprin was not shocking—it was all terribly square—but inexcusably dull. A few years back, she had a number that involved nude dancers and rolls of brown wrapping paper, and this was engaging to look at. What she did this time at a feeble "encounter" session was appallingly bad. She would be better off going back to her hornpipe and the stovepipe hat she wore in the Israelite ceremony. Incidentally, the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council on the Arts helped pay for this. The taxpayers have every right to protest.



Ritual Acrobats of Persia—"bodybuilders who have served emperors from Darius the Great . . . to the present Shah."

Action of a considerably more adult and avant-garde nature was to be seen in the programs offered by the Joffrey II Company (the junior division of the City Center Joffrey Ballet) and Martha Hill's splendid Juilliard Dance Ensemble. The Joffrey youngsters (the average age is seventeen), directed by Jonathan Watts and Sally Brayley, danced at the City Center in two programs (one for young people and one for senior citizens) in grownup works and in ballets created especially for them. They are talented and personable, and if they do not yet have the polish of their seniors, they do possess eagerness, communicable vitality, and high promise. Of the new pieces, Lawrence Rhodes's *Four Essays* (Tadeusz Baird) was especially effective.

The Juilliard dancers at the Juilliard Theater offered Martha Graham's radiant *Diversion of Angels*, Anna Sokolow's new *Scenes from the Music of Charles Ives* (a good piece, but it will not erase images of George Balanchine's *Ivesiana* for the New York City Ballet), and two works of José Limón, *The Unsung*, a superb and deeply felt tribute to eight American Indian chieftains (danced without music to the dancers' own breathings and footbeats), and the minor *Revel* (Elizabeth Sawyer Woodwind Quintet). In all, an absorbing program by Juilliard's best.

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An Apache Indian child. A family of six in a tiny two-room house.
No water. No heat. No electricity. In the center of this desolation Erlinda Cosay. A child of five.
A child who hasn't seen her father since she was three.
A child who must travel four miles a day to school.
A child whose last dress was a castoff.
Erlinda needs your help so she can help herself.
And through Save the Children Federation you can give her that help.
For $15.00 a month you can sponsor an American Indian child like Erlinda.
So that there can be electricity in the house instead of kerosene and wood.
So Erlinda can have a new dress. And books.
So Erlinda's neighbors can improve their village. With a community well. A new road. Perhaps a laundromat. To make money to buy necessities to make dependent people independent.
And for you there's even more. The chance to correspond with a child. To receive a photograph.
And progress reports.
Erlinda's mother instructs her in tribal customs, so Erlinda can learn about her past.
Won't you help her learn about her future?

If the children are going to save the world, won't you please help save the children?

Save the Children Federation, *founded in 1932, is registered* with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15.00 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:

- ☐ Where the need is most urgent
- ☐ American Indian
- ☐ Appalachia
- ☐ Africa
- ☐ Europe
- ☐ Latin America
- ☐ Vietnam
- ☐ India
- ☐ Middle East
- ☐ Korea
- ☐ Southern U.S.

Enclosed is my first payment

- ☐ $15.00 monthly
- ☐ $45.00 quarterly
- ☐ $90.00 semi-annually
- ☐ $180.00 annually
- ☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $_____
- ☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Stew at 30,000 Feet

WOMEN'S LIB? On airplanes? "I prefer to be a pussycat," Denise Vickery purred the other day in Miami, where the bouncy, English blonde teaches young recruits how to become stewardesses for Eastern Airlines. "I don't want to be completely equal with men."

No doubt the pussycats far outnumber the feminists in the world's stewardess corps. I have never met the Ti-Grace Atkinson of the air lanes, if there is one, though it must be admitted that stewardesses are granted more self-expression and a wider range of choices now than they were a few years ago, when the cemented smile and little Dutch-boy hairdo were standard equipment. Still, you had to wonder when Women's Liberation would take on the airlines, an industry that for years has been touting its women as bowing handmaidens.

Then, in October of this year, National Airlines came out with a $9.5-million promotional scheme devised by F. William Free & Company. Calling itself "the first-name airline," National splashed newspapers and television screens with pictures of comely stewardesses and such slogans as "I'm Karen. Fly me to Miami and back this weekend." Members of the National Organization for Women (NOW) picketed the airline's offices in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York, passing out circulars showing stewardesses hanging upside down on meathooks. In Miami, headquarters for National, NOW filed suit against the company for its fly-me campaign. Circuit Court Judge Shelby Highsmith, disagreeing that the promotion would "cause irreparable harm to womankind," dismissed the suit.

Southwest Airlines hostess, right, serves such drinks as the "Kentucky Mancatcher" on board. A sagging industry has temporarily closed TWA school, below, in Overland Park, Kansas.

National, delighted with the wave of free publicity, defended itself by observing that various male employees, including president Bud Maytag, were also featured in the ads. National painted the nose of each of its planes with one of the fifty most common first names of women in the company, an act many felt would assuage angry feminists. But it only caused stiffer opposition. "The issue," says Midge Kovacs, coordinator for NOW's Image of Women committee, "has struck a nerve among many groups of women."

NOW has also sent formal letters of protest to United Air Lines and American Airlines for the way they depict wives in their bring-her-along ads announcing new transcontinental fares. The United line, "You're going to have to find a new excuse to leave your wife at home," particularly rankled NOW, which said in its letter of protest: "Even the illustration serves as an interesting study in role portrayal, with the man looking positive and bright, the woman looking dumb and dependent." American ("Hide this ad from your wife"), hit with a similar broadside, defended its campaign by noting it was merely aiming at the majority of October's transcontinental clientele—men. "We hope," an American vice president told NOW, "you will be happier with some of our future ads."

Airlines are so closely regulated as to equipment, service, and fares that one company finds it hard to distinguish itself from the next in promotional and advertising campaigns. "The result," said an airline executive recently, "is that marketing studies now show the best thing to sell is the stewardess, even though she may not vary much either." National, United, and American are perhaps mild in their pitch compared with Southwest Airlines, "The Somebody Else Up There Who Loves You." Getting on a Southwest flight in Texas, you hear a sultry voice over a jazz tape: "Hi, I'm Suzanne, and we're so glad to have you on our love flight. You-all buckle your safety belts and don't you dare get up. We don't want anything happening to you now, because we love you." As the plane takes off, the stewardesses peel down to tangerine hot pants, low-slung belts over sweaters, and glossy side-laced boots. Businessmen aboard wait raptly for the last act, when the tan, leggy love maidens hop up on the seats to fetch coats from the overhead racks.

National has already begun to soft-pedal its own love campaign, or so it seemed on a flight to Miami the other

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night on a 727 with "Judy" painted on the nose. After the stewardesses finished the beverage run, I wedged myself in the back tier of seats between Diana and Mary Ann, neither of whom was wearing the infamous fly-me button. Diana had left hers at home; Mary Ann's was pinned to her purse. "I think just about everyone stopped wearing them after the Women's Lib ruckus," commented twenty-three-year-old Diana, who, like the others, was probably not so much inspired by the feminist protest as embarrassed by the suggestion of the slogan. "I think we all felt if it said, 'Fly *with* Me,' okay. But 'Fly Me' left us wide open for remarks."

A comedian on his way to a gig in Miami was standing in the aisle above Mary Ann, listening and making conversation of his own. In the midst of jotting down something Diana was saying, I couldn't help overhearing snatches of commentary the comedian was directing at Mary Ann; perhaps it was my pro-feminist antennae acting up. "I have to tell you," he said, "you have smashing legs." Mary Ann squirmed a little and smiled. "Well, thank you," she said. Not quite finished, he added, "I don't think I'm the only one to tell you what great legs you have, am I?"

Diana was saying she didn't object as much to the fly-me program as she did to generalized slurs against stewardesses, like the one delivered on a recent talk show: "Mayor Lindsay is cleaning up New York. He's getting rid of all the walking stewardesses." In fact, a story in *The New York Times*, describing the plight of stewardesses facing job layoffs, noted that five girls had been arrested on prostitution charges in New York. Like it or not, stewardesses have long been saddled with a coffee-tea-or-me reputation. Certain male braggadocios have told of being seduced at 30,000 feet. Some stewardesses claim that they never get on a flight without being stoned or without a joint to smoke in the washroom. And yet the overwhelming impression you get after hundreds of flights is that stewardesses are badly misjudged. Neither feminists nor vixens, they are usually old-fashioned American girls from small towns who simply want to get away and see something else of the world. That magic word "travel."

What they often end up with is a jaded view of life and a work schedule that would frustrate even a country doctor. Diana and Mary Ann were flying the last leg of a "dog trip." It had begun two days before in Miami, their home base, with a midday flight to New York; then a three-hour wait at JFK ("If it's more than four," said Diana, "they have to send you to a hotel"); followed by a milk run to Charleston, Jacksonville, Daytona Beach, and

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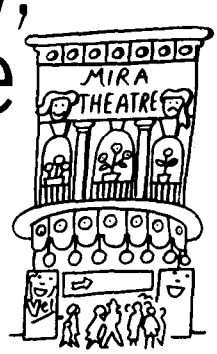

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Tampa, the day ending close to midnight. Overnight in Tampa. Early afternoon flight to Washington. Change planes to Newport News and Norfolk, Virginia. Change again for Philadelphia and New York. New flight to Washington, Newport News, and Norfolk. End of second day. Eighteen hours in Norfolk ("We just walked around during the day"). Early evening flight to Newport News and New York. Now, this 9 p.m. flight to Miami, and then a few days off. With less seniority, Diana and Mary Ann could draw trips with as many as eleven stops in a day—at only an hour's notice.

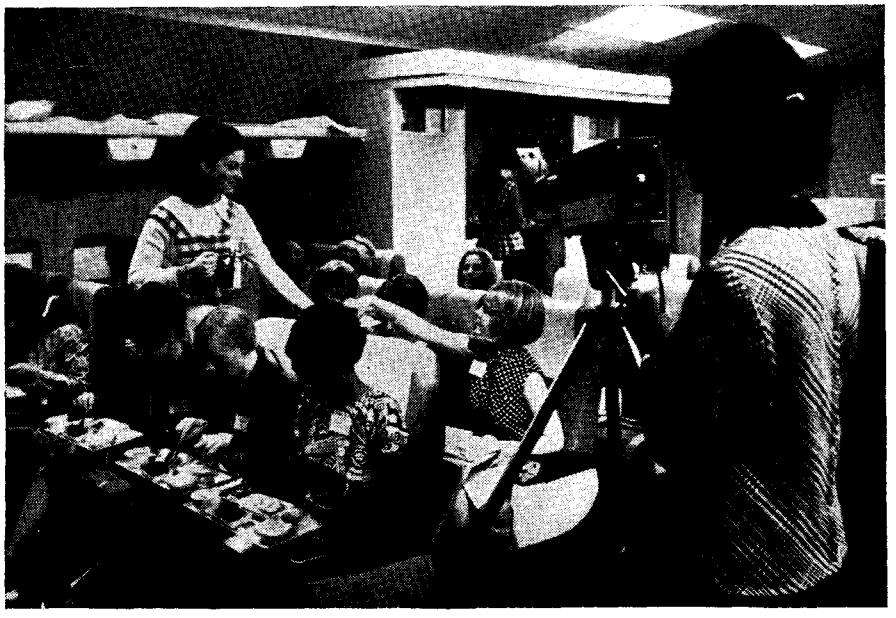
Glamour? Excitement? "I think this job is ruining my health," said Diana. "It's the pressurization and the dry air in the plane. Your skin gets dried up, you're susceptible to colds, you get varicose veins—at twenty!—and kidney troubles. . . ."

"I've never been so sick," Mary Ann said. "I have the flu every month. And I had the measles. People are breathing all over you, but you can't keep away from them."

Diana, sniffling and coughing, held out her fingertips. "Fungus," she said, "from keeping my hand in the ice bucket so much." But through it all they were smiling and laughing, as though all the maladies and dog trips were worth it just to travel and be free of a 9 to 5 routine.

With the industry sagging as it is, and hiring all but stopped, many airlines have temporarily closed their stewardess training schools. Eastern Airlines, however, has kept two classes running at its headquarters in Miami. Every morning for five-and-a-half weeks twenty young recruits are greeted by head pussycat Denise Vickery, who can be something of a drill sergeant when she has to. Two different girls are selected each day to meet their classmates at the door and usher them in as though they were boarding a plane. Then the two circulate through the room passing out magazines, offering "pre-departure" cups of tea or coffee, and reminding the girls to place "carry-on baggage" beneath their seats. Finally one delivers the familiar welcoming message over a fake microphone. "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. . . . An oxygen mask will be released. . . . Insert your arms through the loops. . . ."

Then the girls fill out a critique sheet, grading the two on such things as posi-



Stewardess school involves more than "a course in Emily Post." American Airlines trainees practice crash landing (or "ditching") procedure, right, and cabin service, below.

Uprising of the Galley Slaves

YES, flying to Madrid was no different than flying to Rochester. We took care of kids, drunks, and old ladies *and* kept a sharp lookout for handsome, young, unattached males. . . . We went about our business of collecting empty drink glasses and flirting with eligibles when a stern lady stopped me cold with an icy stare. She pointed to her tray. On it was a tiny red pamphlet, its cover stained from the condensation of an empty glass.

"Read this," she commanded.

I took it to the galley, and Trudy and I read it together. Its title was "Women Rise Up" and it dealt with the growing tide of female liberation. This particular pamphlet was directed specifically at stewardesses. . . .

Why can't we have women airline pilots? Let the men pour the drinks and change the diapers for a change.

That hit home.

We read on.

In modern commercial aviation, the role of women is typically degrading. Visit women's career day on a college campus. Big corporations are out there competing for male engineers and technicians. Nobody offers women anything but insulting jobs like nursing in the Army, tellers in banks, and waitresses on airlines. Airlines make it plain women are unfit even to participate in the technicalities of the flight. Airline stewardesses are required to take training in the theory of flight, navigation, communications, emergency equipment and procedures, and then when they go out to work they are told to forget all they know and smile. There is no way for women to advance in aviation.

For women, another "glamorous" occupation turns out to be a dead-end.

"How about that?" I sighed. "I never knew how mistreated I really was, Trudy."

"Me neither."

—*From* The Coffee Tea or Me Girls' 'Round-the-World Diary *by Trudy Baker and Rachel Jones,* © *1970 by Grosset and Dunlap.*

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tioning at door, serving graciously, grooming of hands, application of makeup, conversing with passengers. On this morning, only a week into training, the performances were unassertive and rough-edged, if enthusiastic, and Denise gave a tough appraisal. She dwelled on the necessity of making passengers feel comfortable. "Don't just say good morning or goodbye like a recorder. Think of something different to make him feel special. Tell him you like his tie or his shirt." Always the hypothetical passenger was a man. Later, when I called her on it, Denise admitted the oversight. "I should know better," she said.

The girls, exuding the uncomplicated cheer that Eastern looks for in its stewardesses, had come to class without makeup and in old slacks and blouses to be ready for an hour-and-a-half in the cosmetics room and a session in emergency landing. Denise apologized for their appearance "in front of this gentleman." Her colleagues, Gloria Johnson and Carol Clark, watched over the girls as they sat before mirrors and applied—if I have it right—moisturizer, base makeup, blusher for the cheeks, several eye shadows, eye liner, and mascara, an act that took some more than an hour but would have to be performed in twenty minutes on exam day. "We try," said Gloria, "for the natural look." When she started flying five years ago, heels, gloves, and girdles were part of the mandatory dress. "And they used to say if you didn't have enough, you had to wear a padded bra. Today the girls are much freer of that carbon-copy image."

If stewardess school begins to sound like a course in Emily Post, it's more than that. In fact, the balance of the training is devoted to such matters as how to deliver a baby and what to do in case of a crash landing. We climbed into an airplane mock-up and listened to the grim but necessary instructions, Denise observing, for one thing, that when passengers are boarding, a stewardess should always make a mental note of which are the "able-bodied men" she could call on in an emergency. These would include military personnel and airline employees who are deadheading, i.e., flying off-duty. Then Denise, resembling a tigress more than a pussycat, demonstrated the opening of an emergency exit, yanking out the heavy metal door with ease. As the girls lined up and attempted the same exercise, I stood by hoping that no one would be crushed under the cumbersome slab—and a few almost were.

All the while, they were sneaking nervous glances out the main door and down the steeply inclined canvas slide to the floor some twenty-five feet be-

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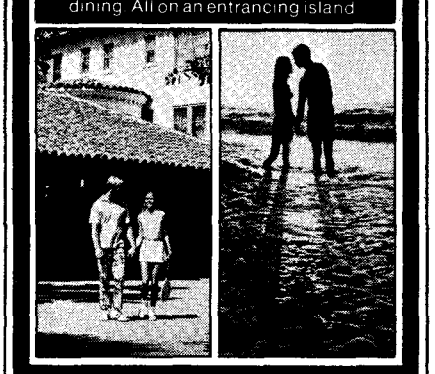

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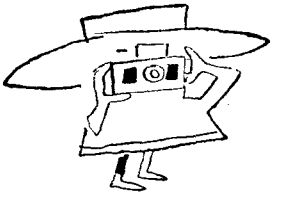
low. In an emergency, Denise told them, there is no time to sit down, take a grip, and slide down. "It's run and jump," she shouted, and leaped feet first out of the plane and was down the slide in a flash, bouncing to her feet at the bottom. Then, one by one, the girls, screaming, laughing, probably praying, shot out of the exit until I was the last one standing in the cabin and they were all down on the ground yelling my name and demanding a quick leap. "Take off your glasses," someone said. Doing so and tossing my notebook ahead of me, I slid into a blur of womankind.

At lunch in the Eastern cafeteria, recruits Bonnie and Donna were looking ahead to the next day, when they would work a flight to Boston, out of uniform, as sort of on-the-job training. "What do I think of Women's Lib?" asked Bonnie. "I think it's super. The femi-



nist movement has a lot to recommend it. I see nothing wrong with a fifty-fifty relationship—well, maybe sixty-forty. I want a man I can turn to. I guess it's upbringing, but the man does have an important role in my thinking. It's going to be easier for me to serve a good-looking guy than a crotchety woman."

Flying home on a National plane called Nancy, I noted that none of the four stewardesses was wearing a fly-me button. Barbara and Pat, working the back like drayhorses, constantly pouring, serving, and carrying, barely had time in two-and-a-half hours to talk shop. What they did say wasn't encouraging. "After a year I'm still on reserve, so I can never be away from my phone for more than two or three days," said Barbara, a spunky Long Islander. "Glamour? Are you kidding? No, it's not what it's cracked up to be."

Nearing New York, they looked exhausted. Pat had been battling a mustached customer who, she said, "thinks he's God's gift." Barbara had torn a hole in her stocking and dirtied her hands. But there was hope left. It was time to grab a bite standing in the galley, and they discovered to their delight that the one kosher meal packed for this flight hadn't been eaten. "It's the best stuff we serve," said Barbara, digging into a plate of chicken with noodle patty called *lukschen kugel*. "I hope nobody minds if I drink milk."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 65:
rectos, corset, sector, scoter, coster, escort.

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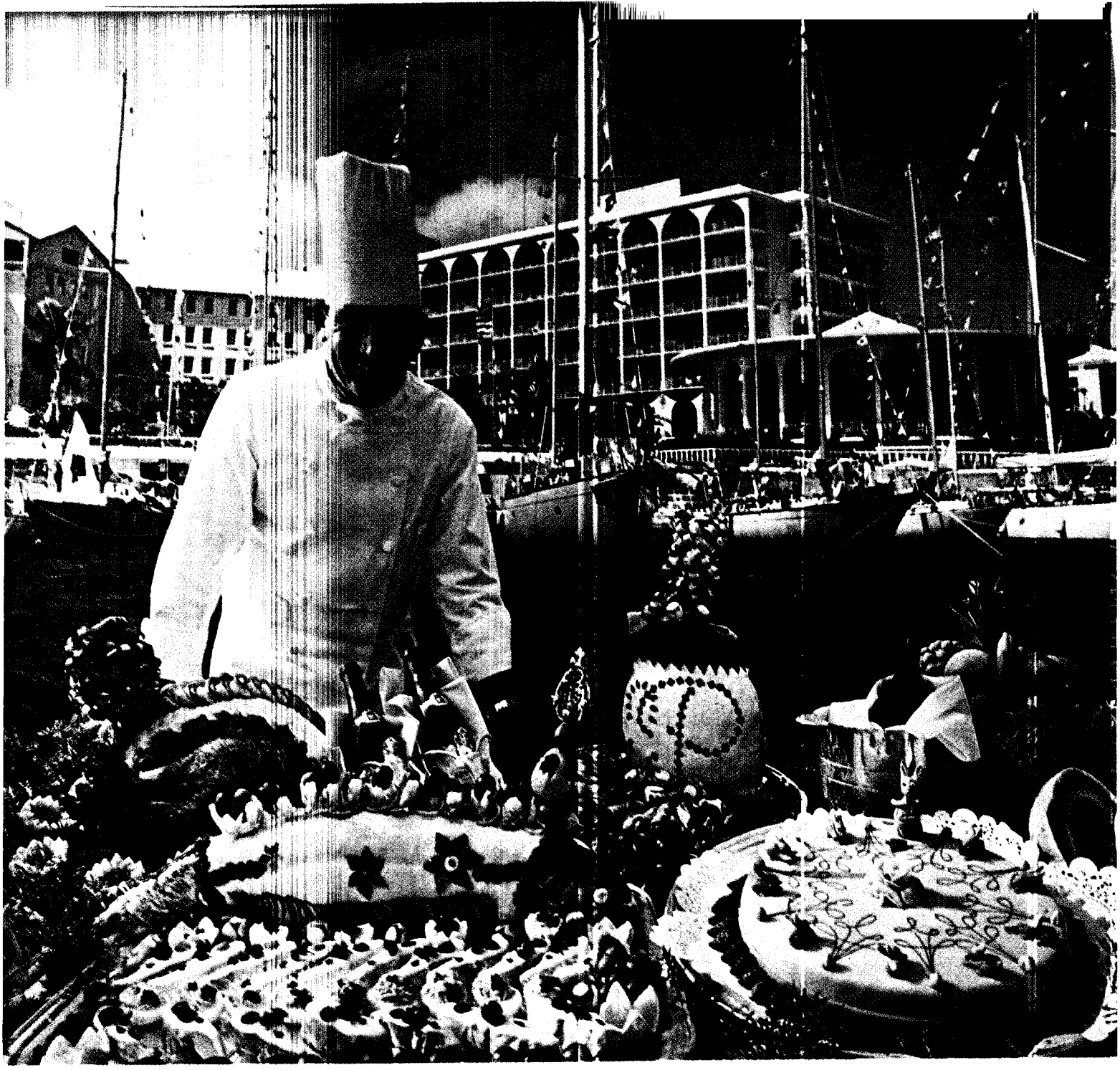

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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

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Cities on the Sea?

Cities of tomorrow will rise from the sea and float on its surface like water lilies. They will grow, ripen, and flower for the sole purpose of lifting the spirit of man. And when they have outlived this reason for their being, they will vanish into the watery depths that bore them.

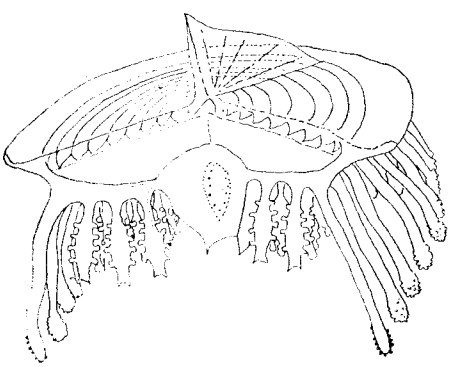
Such is the dream that Kiyonori Kikutake, a Japanese architect, has been dreaming for the last dozen years. His peers in creative esthetics have honored him for it many times. But all their bravos moved the dream no nearer to reality until he went to Honolulu to teach at the University of Hawaii last spring.

There in the Hawaiian archipelago, Kikutake's conceptions struck a resonant note in geological history. For nature has pushed that island chain up and out of the waves, hundreds of miles from the nearest neighboring land, in the same ordered fashion that Kikutake believes man will assemble cities on the sea in the future. One by one, the isles have formed from lava spewed by a single volcano vent beneath the planet's crust. With the passing of time, like a wind-powered surrey fringed on the ocean floor has moved over the vent, and while the volcano has grown quiescent in one island it has taken up residence in another until finally, today, only the big island of Hawaii continues to grow from the overflowings of a fiery caldron on a mountaintop.

Kikutake's scheming proposes to go nature one better. His designs call for cities that have no solid footing anywhere. Up to his arrival in Honolulu, their most substantial expression was sketched on sheets of paper. There on the University of Hawaii campus they assumed their first suggestion of three-dimensional tangibility. By that time, the dream no longer belonged exclusively to Kikutake's Oriental mind. It had melded with images carried to Hawaii from the direction opposite to the one whence he had come. The bearer of these was a Western antithesis of the dreamer: doer John Craven, U.S. naval engineer, a rare combination of scientist and lawyer.

In one of his books, *Marine City*, Kikutake had sketched a small sea creature, the velella (with a membrane on top that serves as a sail, it moves the bottom), as a model for a floating city. Craven, whose eyes view everything in segments susceptible to scientific packaging and manipulation, saw not a limp-hanging fringe but an aggregation of individual fronds that he visually separated and at once recalled a man-carrying laboratory that floated vertically on the sea as a frond might if its free end were petrified.

This lab that Craven thought of had been famed among oceanographers for a long while. It was called the FLIP ship because it went to sea like a log thrown flat in the water and then at some chosen destination flipped over, plunged most of its length downward, and stood upright with only a small tip visible above the sea surface.



Fringe of hanging tentacles maintains balance of the velella, a floating sea creature architect Kiyonori Kikutake used as his model for a floating-city design.

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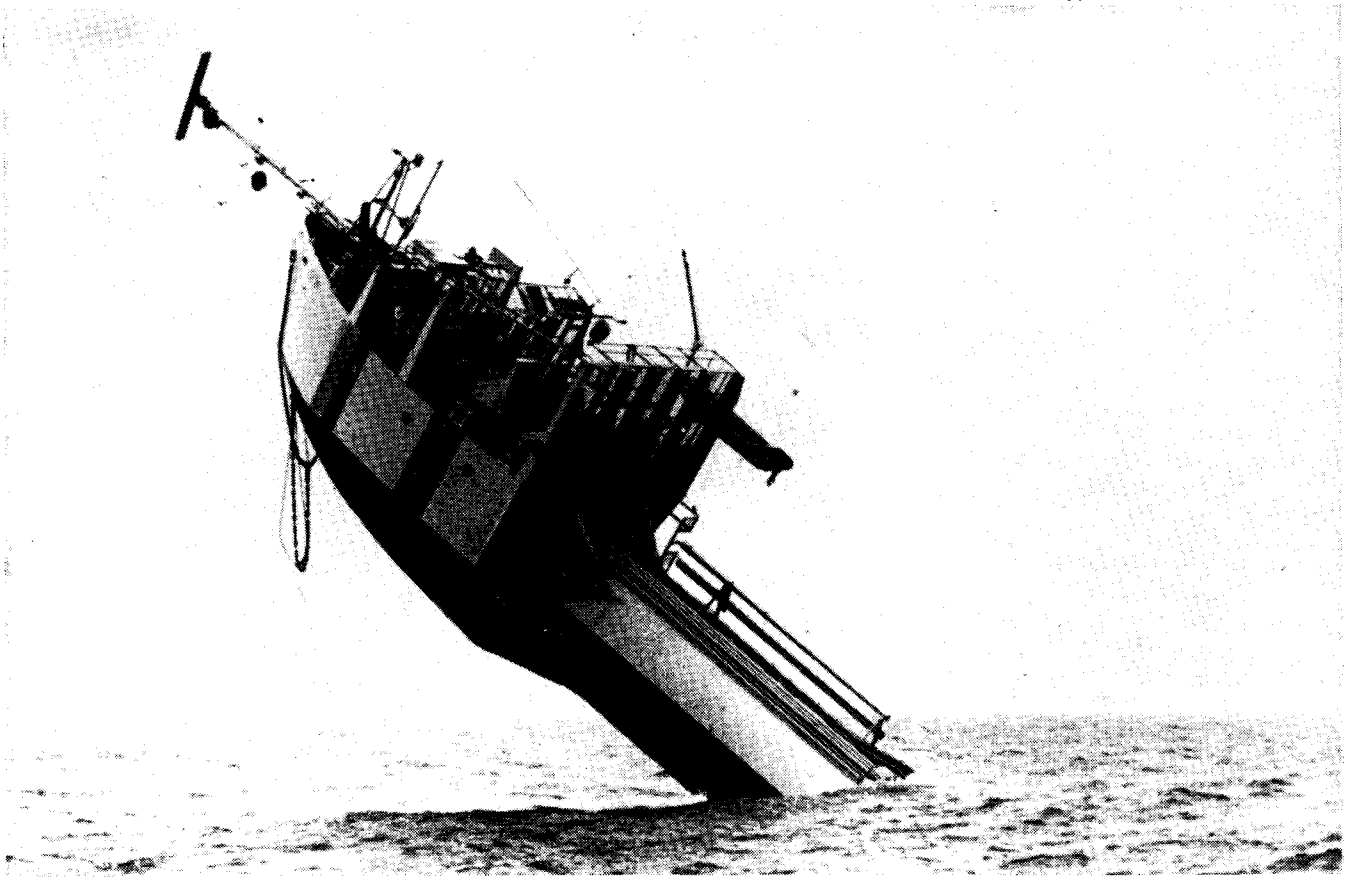
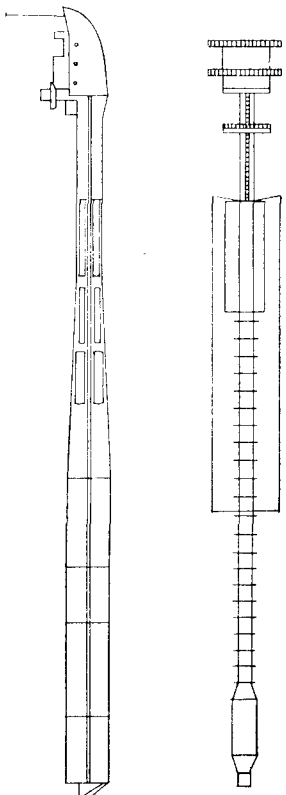
—Scripps Institution of Oceanography



To former Navy scientist John Craven, the velella's tentacles suggested a circlet of FLIP ships—rigid cylindrical capsules. One is pictured upending above, another cross-sectioned below (left) alongside Hawaiian-conceived MOSES.



The idea for FLIP had originated with Dr. Allyn Vine of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution on Cape Cod. He discussed it in the summer of 1956 with Dr. Frederick N. Spiess, director of the Marine Physical Laboratory of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at San Diego. The conversation stirred no ripples wide enough to draw attention in the National Academy of Sciences 1959 prospectus for significant oceanic studies during the 1960-70 decade. Yet Vine's idea thrived. His own choice for its embodiment was an upended conventional submarine hull, slightly modified. The submarine disappeared from competition in the four yeasty years that followed at Scripps, but Spiess and his MPL crew saved Vine's basic concept by housing it in a completely new oceanic research vessel 355 feet long, cylindrically shaped, with a diameter of twenty feet throughout the length of the 320-foot portion that rode beneath the water while experiments were under way. The portion that stood above the sea could negotiate waves thirty feet high.

FLIP's primary occupation consisted of probing the secrets of hydroacoustics. Small wave motions in open water cause refractions in sound comparable to the twinkling of starlight produced by instabilities in earth's atmosphere. FLIP's enormous success in penetrating the sound-twinkle in two oceans—off Barbados in the Atlantic and beyond Hawaii in the Pacific—encouraged the men at Scripps to seek a larger platform from which to conduct even more elaborate oceanic experiments. These would require a stable surface large enough to carry booms capable of lowering heavy equipment into the water and lifting it out again. Such payloads would be at least ten times the weight that FLIP could float. Twenty to thirty times as much would enhance experimental results by several orders of magnitude. To compensate for the large shifts that would occur in relative motion during transfers of personnel and instruments, it would be most desirable to land a helicopter on the laboratory roof to change crews on long expeditions.

Three years ago, research needs of the civilian scientists came into close alignment with long-range planning of the Pentagon. Looking ahead to days when American withdrawal from fighting bases abroad might be politically imperative, the planners began to call for prefabricated landing fields that could be flown across thousands of miles of sky and set down, piece by piece, on remote ocean surface sites. That meant thousands of square feet of structures capable of floating on the open sea while bearing the burden of great weights. So vital were these innovations that the Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA), a military banking conduit frequently used to finance unconventional weapons sys-

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tems, was summoned to foot the bill.

Stability, of course, was a prime requisite of the enlarged version of the Scripps floating laboratory. Since the triangle is the most stable of all geometric configurations, three FLIP-like pylons were lashed together to create the first model.

ARPA's involvement put the project within the ken of John Craven, who from 1959 through the first two-thirds of 1970 was chief scientist of the U.S. Navy's Special Projects Office and as such responsible for such mighty undertakings as the Polaris and Poseidon submarine-missile systems and seafloor habitats.

Craven is a dedicated believer in the future influence of the sea on human destiny. He was active in the build up of continental-shelf and deep-sea research first during the presidency of the late John F. Kennedy and later in the administration of Lyndon B. Johnson. He had prepared himself for deeper immersion in the subject by spending a year at Massachusetts Institute of Technology as a visiting professor of naval architecture and political science. But after Richard Nixon entered the White House, the National Council on Marine Resources and Engineering Development—which had been headed by the Vice President—closed up shop. The long upsurge in marine activity collapsed shortly thereafter. Like many other vigorous young men of similar persuasion, Craven became profoundly discouraged over the prospects of federal leadership in oceanography, yet was loath to retire and silently watch the accumulated momentum go down the drain.

The breadth of his assignment as a civilian scientist in the Navy had carried him often to Hawaii because of Pearl Harbor's central role in our Pacific defense network. He had directed extensive exploration of the feasibility of building underwater habitations in Hawaiian waters. These visits had made him aware of Hawaii Governor John Burns's determination to assume national leadership among marine-oriented states. In the days of its greatest authority, the White House Marine Council had issued a thick report blueprinting the future of "Our Nation and the Sea." Burns had enthusiastically extended the blueprints by detailing the marine prospects of his state in a volume titled "Hawaii and the Sea." The drafters of this document, who published it in late 1969, urged Burns to advocate and the insular legislature to authorize installation of a marine affairs coordinator in the Governor's office. Perhaps with Craven in mind as a possible candidate for that post, the Governor submitted the requisite enabling bill and the legislators adopted it early in 1970.

While this was happening at the state capitol, another key Hawaiian learned of Craven's restlessness in Washington. Harlan Cleveland, president of the University of Hawaii, recognizing the school's responsibility to offer intellectual stimulus to the state, acted before the Governor could and invited Craven to join the faculty as dean of marine studies programs. Craven accepted in September 1970. Within a week of his appearance on the campus, the Governor named him marine affairs coordinator for the state of Hawaii.

The legislation that had set up the coordinator's office specified one of the first assignments for the holder of the new job. This was to prepare for an international exposition that would span celebration of the 1976 bicentennial of the Declaration of Independence and the 1978 bicentennial of Captain James Cook's discovery of the Hawaiian Islands. Craven could think of no good reason why the exposition might not be staged on a giant floating platform—a logical elaboration of the one he knew to be under test at that time in the harbor at San Diego. But he hesitated to say so publicly. Such a proposal might seem unduly grandiose to some; and Craven felt obligated to be modest, for getting things done in the easy-going atmosphere of semi-tropical Hawaii is an accomplishment quite apart from ordering things done in the Navy. He could not afford to generate personal animosities in his new home, and had no wish to.

It took him three months to get up his nerve. Then, last December, he launched the idea in a talk to the American Institute of Architects at a meeting in Honolulu. The state of technology, he declared, had reached the level where it could be said:

> that marine mammals can be domesticated for entertainment, for work, for service, and for the saving of life;
>
> that men can live in the ocean at depths of 600 to 1,000 feet, at the pressure of depth, and for extended periods;
>
> that submersibles can dock and be undocked beneath the surface of the sea and free from the forces of waves and weather;
>
> that low-cost plastic submersibles can be built to operate at depths of 1,000 feet or greater;
>
> that low-cost structures can be built to carry equipment and possibly men to depths of 20,000 feet;
>
> that platforms can be built on the sea that are stable in the roughest water;
>
> that the size of these platforms is limited primarily by cost and necessity;
>
> that such platforms could be built at a cost per square foot of usable space that is competitive, or nearly competitive, with land construction with due allowance for the cost of real estate;
>
> that safe nuclear power plants can be deployed in the ocean and (this has been demonstrated in the tragedies of the *Scorpion* and *Thresher* submarines) can be subjected to catastrophe without contamination of atmosphere or ocean.

"These demonstrated capabilities," Craven asserted, "make it clear that man, were he so disposed, could build dwellings beneath the sea—at almost any depth and in almost any size, that he could inhabit them, that he could work in them, and that he could do so without substantial modification or destruction of the environment.

"But mankind is not so disposed and perhaps in this decade ought not be. Man has pressing and immediate problems that appear almost insurmountable: a world population that seems certain to reach eight billion before worldwide education and worldwide medical science can morally and humanely limit its further growth; a rising level of pollution that threatens the current balance of the world's ecosystem; and a rising level of social and material expectation that stretches world tensions to the point of armed conflict. Nowhere are these problems more aggravated than in the cities: Calcutta, Tokyo, Saigon, Rome, New York, Philadelphia, Newark, Los Angeles—you name them—all places where the quality of life is, at best, undesirable.

"As the citizens of no other state have done, the people of Hawaii have, to date, mastered transition from a remote and thinly populated bastion of national defense, producer of pineapple and sugarcane, and holiday resort for the rich, to a burgeoning crossroads of the Pacific, a mecca for the masses. But all can see that the bloom is off the rose. The increasing load of sewage and sediment in Kaneohe Bay has resulted in the growth of algae and the smothering of coral. Suburbia slowly edges its way up the slopes of the mountains and into the valleys which were once lovely virgin lands. Magnificently architectured high-rise buildings occupy an ever increasing portion of the skyline, but each in its magnificence represents the denial to some other citizen of a previously enjoyed view. Personal transportation and movement of goods are ever increasingly restricted. Noise grows steadily. Real estate patterns have reached configurations scarcely distinguishable from those of mainland cities.

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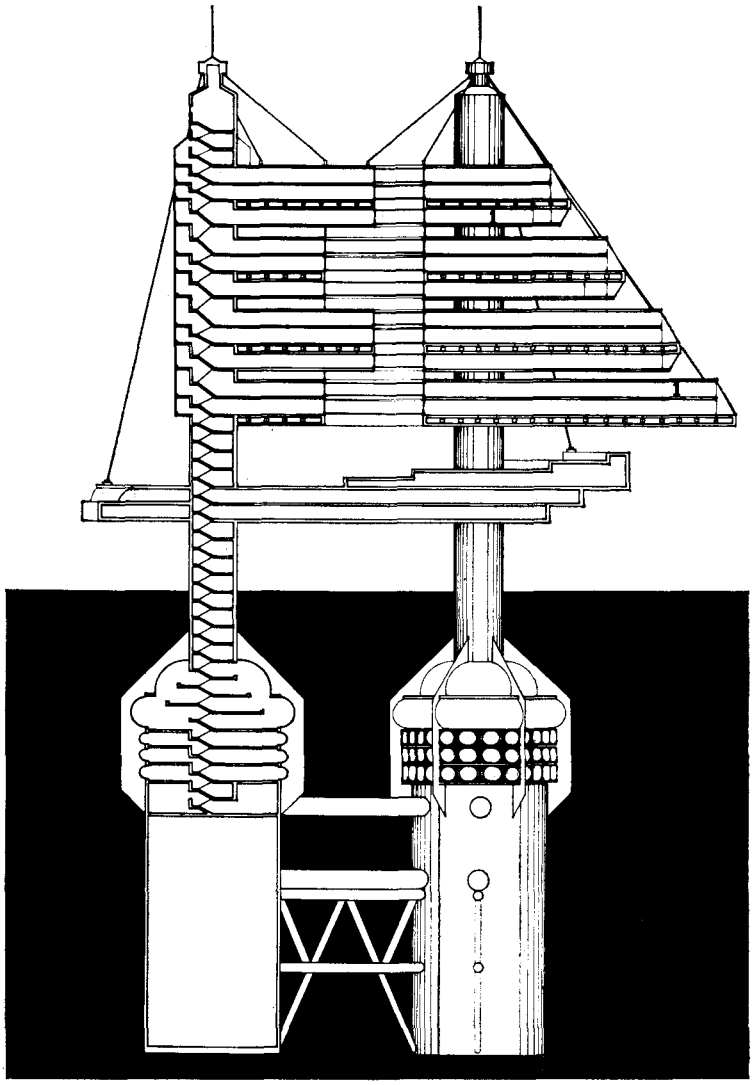
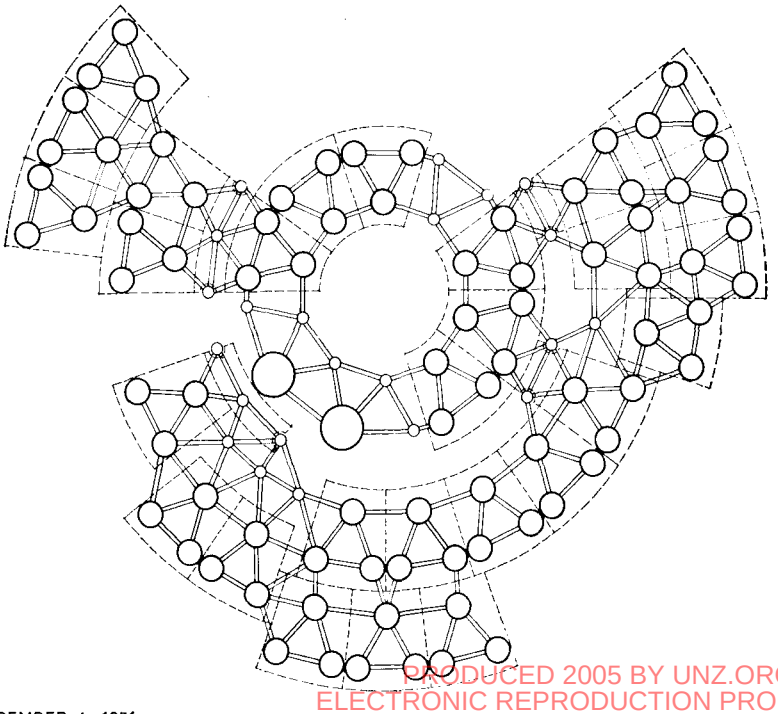


—Drawings, University of Hawaii

Hawaii's proposed floating city would ride on triangular clusters of FLIP-like pylons. Single module above, aggregates below.



"Carefuly conducted demographic and economic studies suggest that the population of Hawaii will not double until the year 2000. But they do predict a doubling of the number of visitors within the next decade; and they do not, in my opinion, adequately take into account 'mainland refugees' who will immigrate to the islands irrespective of economic opportunity. Nonstop plane flights to Detroit, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark, and New York have opened a pathway of enticement and opportunity to the very heart of the mainland's most troubled cities. Even a badly degraded Hawaii (and it must not be degraded) would look like heaven to the residents of these megalopolises. Many will not be drawn by the charms of Hawaii or its economic opportunities, but will come simply as refugees from an intolerable existence elsewhere. How many and at what rate they will come is speculative, and it may to some degree be controllable, but I believe that whether we are ready for them or not, they will come.

"What can Hawaii do to be ready? Last year you heard from Paolo Soleri. He told you that the preservation of environments is best accomplished by extremely high-density, totally planned living complexes; with each dwelling in them clean, comfortable, and artificially beautiful and with each occupant given rapid and convenient access to a vast surrounding park. Hearing this, you must have asked the question of engineering feasibility. How is high density compatible with the economy of scale, the need for compact large sources of power and for vast reservoirs for thermal cooling, the need for numerous accesses to the surrounding park?

"My own answer is the massive floating platform, around the periphery of which container ships and barges, high-speed hydrofoils, and hovercraft speed to existing complexes on the adjacent land. I have suggested that the technology is available today for the design and construction of such a platform. Is it too much to ask if the people of Hawaii, the people who visit Hawaii, the people who love Hawaii will seize the prospect of an ocean exposition, in a new spirit of '76, to build a pilot model of this new citadel of the sea?"

Craven was surprised and gratified by the prominent headlines and favorable editorial comment he saw in the Honolulu newspapers next day. But he let the seed germinate during the remainder of the winter of 1970.

When the spring of 1971 came, bringing the Japanese architect Kikutake to the university campus as a visiting professor, the horizon of Craven's expectations broadened dramatically. Up to then, the naval engineer had thought

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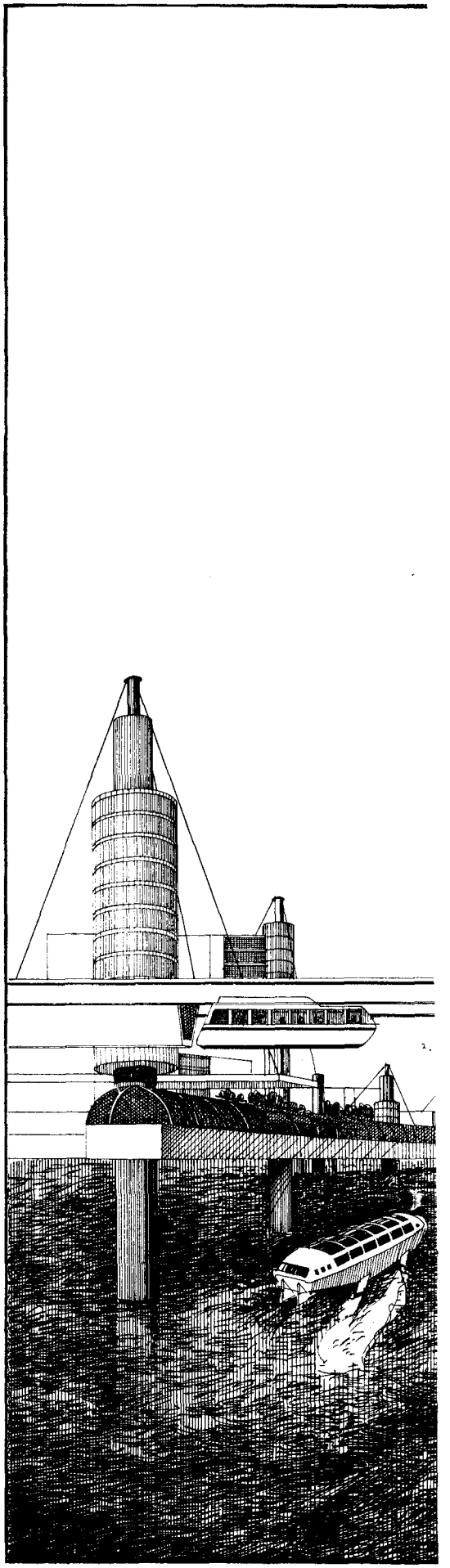
in the limited terms of a floating platform only big enough to carry an exposition. Kikutake spoke, in lyrical sweeps, of designing an entire floating city. The waters off Waikiki would be an ideal site, he told his students, because they neighbor an already existing cultural center enjoying a high degree of economic, social, and technological prosperity; because the ocean offshore is more than 300 feet deep, hence capable of bearing the necessary understructures without embarrassment; because the sea currents there are moderate, the weather mild, the rainfall light; and above all else because the islands are a crossroads on the way from America to the Orient, where the post-industrial living patterns of the twenty-first century will in very large part be shaped.

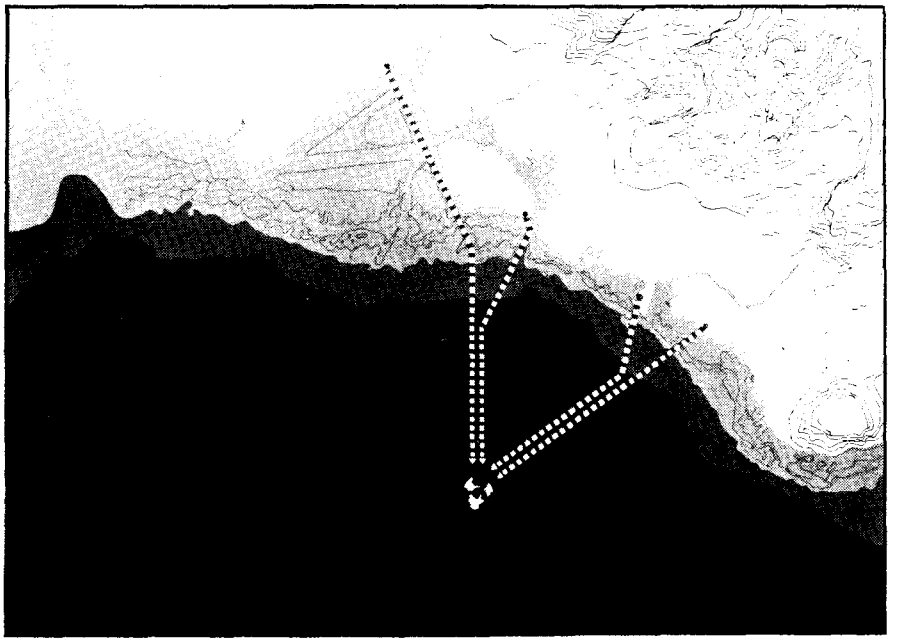
Man is multiplying at a frightening pace, Kikutake pointed out, but the land on which he has chosen to live has grown hardly at all. To escape suffocation, he must willy-nilly move onto the sea, which offers him 70 per cent of earth's surface to confront the future on. The floating state is a healthy state from which to approach the future, Kikutake preached: It is a soft state, a metabolic state, always changing, capable of responding quickly to the shifting emotional, psychological, and esthetic demands of the human condition.

The floating city he visioned would develop outward from a compact core, perhaps sixty square miles in area. It would hold a population density of between 200 and 300 persons per acre. It would be designed as a total organism, scaled to support a whole society rather than the individual members of a society. Structural forms would follow their designated functions, under a philosophy that holds only the beautiful to be functional. The setting would be international; every home would have its patch of sky, every inhabitant could see the sunrise and sunset.

Family residences would occupy horizontal slices in cylindrical towers, each slice with space adequate for a father and mother and two children. The overall space of a dwelling would be fixed, but the dimensions of the children's rooms would change with the growth of the children. Walking would be the mode of travel, assisted by moving belts, escalators, and elevators. Travel between the floating city and the island of Oahu would be by harbor craft, hydrofoils, and submarines. When the city outlived its ability to serve the needs of the population, it would be dismantled into its constituent modules, towed elsewhere and reassembled to fit new needs, or weighted and sunk to the sea bottom. To encourage this process, the steel shells of the dwelling towers would be fabricated to last no longer than half a century.

Buckminster Fuller, inventor of the Dymaxion House and the Geodesic Dome, had expounded a dream of even grander proportions four years before. In the April 1, 1967, issue of *SR*, he had capsuled into half a page the most ambitious "Formula for a Floating City" that had been concocted anywhere up to that time. In Fuller's conjuring mind, "Tetra City" rose almost 9,000 feet above the water. Formed of tetra-





Hydrofoils and air-cushion vehicles would link Hawaii's floating city with Oahu Island (map below). Artist's sketch (right) imagines skyline rising from the floating platform under design at University of Hawaii.

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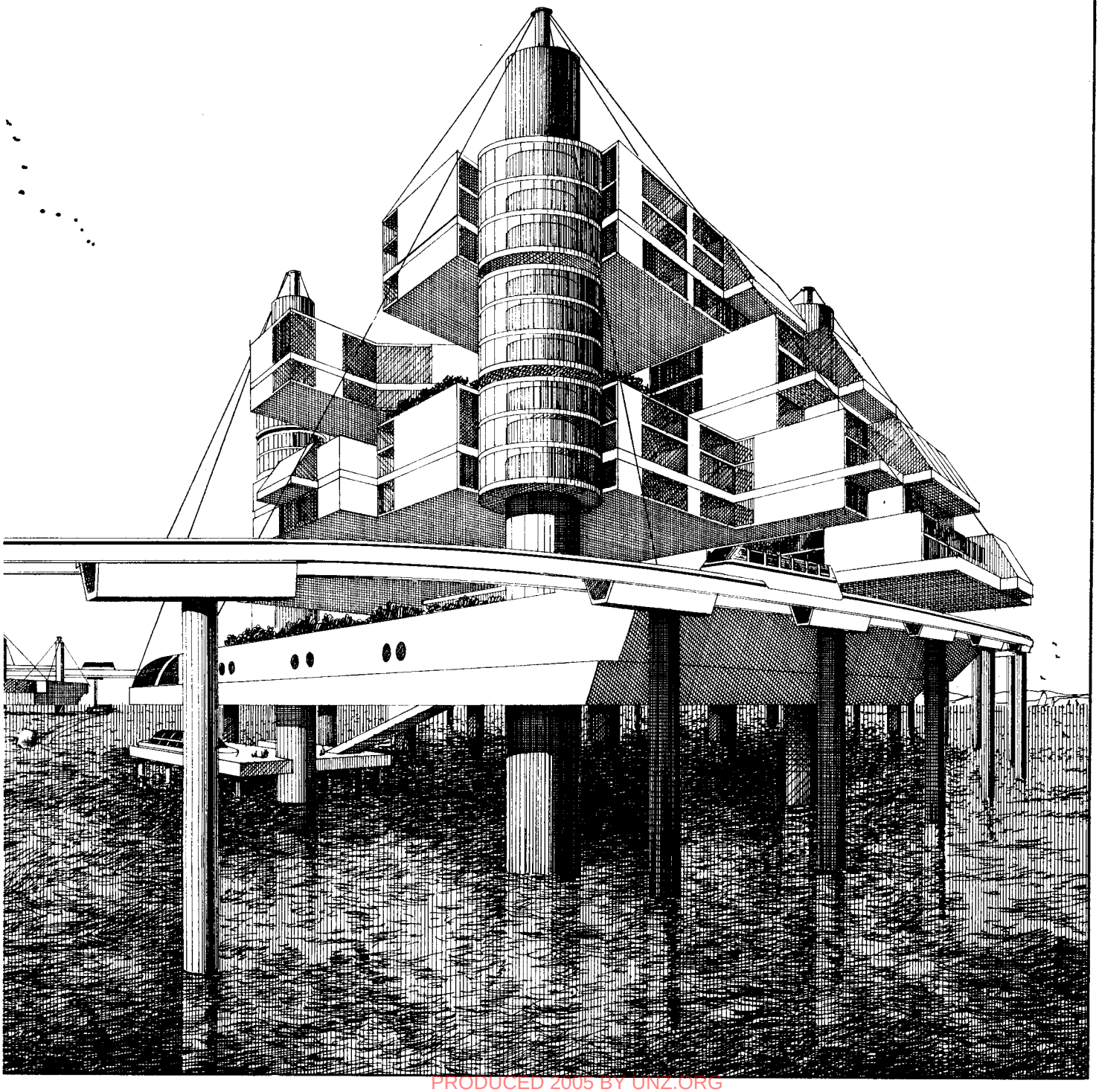
—Drawings by Ron Lowe



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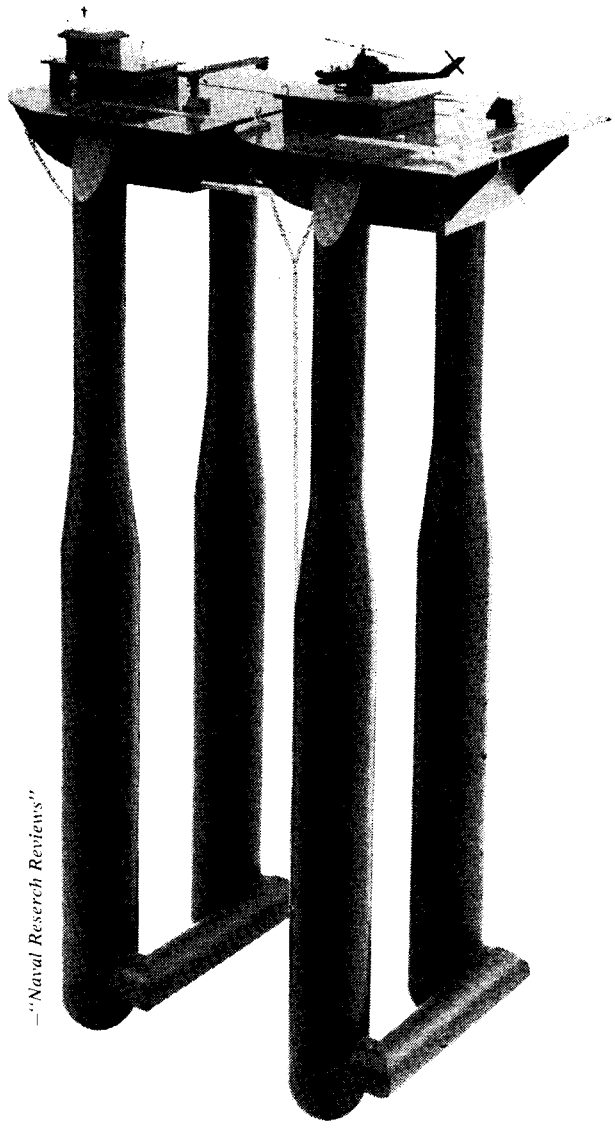
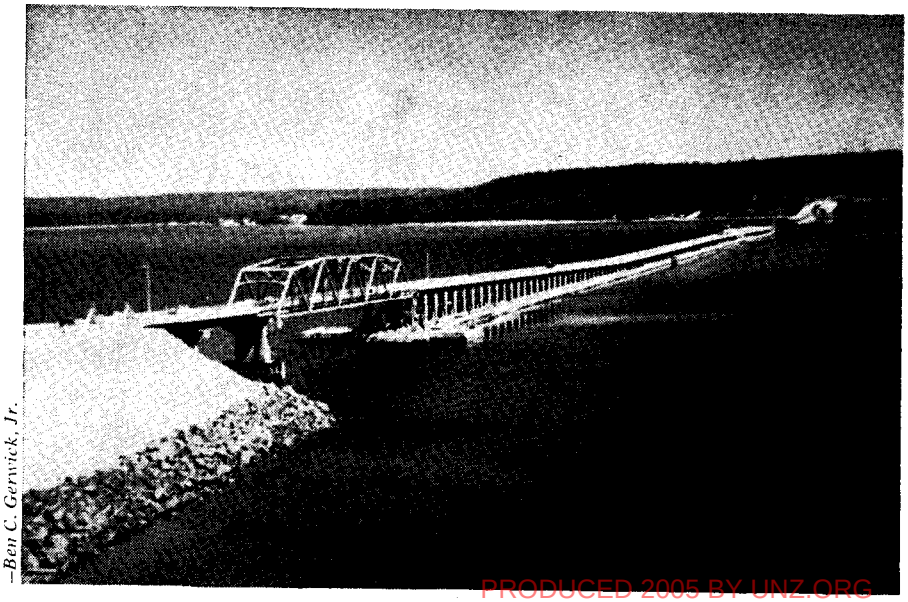


—"Naval Reserch Reviews"

FLIP's original builders, financed by the Navy, designed floating platform model above. Below: floating bridge, Washington state.



—Ben C. Gerwick, Jr.

hedrons, it floated across his imagination on hollow reinforced concrete boxes, carrying a million inhabitants, all living in balcony apartments, all eternally facing the sky.

A Japanese TV executive influential in the Nipponese government heard of this fabulous city-to-be and commissioned Fuller to prepare a model suitable for Tokyo harbor. However, this wealthy patron died while Fuller was still at work on the project and "Tetra City" remained a dream.

Kikutake's poetic cosmopolis promised no near approximation of Fuller's two-mile-high skyline. Nevertheless, it was a breathtaking conception and it awed John Craven along with all the others who heard it expounded. He was too hard-headed to expect it to be accepted *in toto*. But he was impressed by Kikutake's use of the velella to suggest the superior shape for a floating structure of any kind, and the fronds of the velella's floppy fringe needed only to be straightened to become models for buoyant legs strong enough to float great weights.

As dean of marine study programs at the university, Craven held responsibility for training students to follow particular lines of work and study that promised to be valuable in the ocean-probing society students would have to grow up in and share the guidance of. As coordinator of marine affairs in the Governor's office, he had a budget he was charged with spending in ways that would constructively develop the marine resources of the islands. Searching this budget, he found two items—one of $30,000 and another of $50,000—that he encouraged Governor Burns to interpret as applicable to the design and construction of a model floating city. To direct a university naval architecture class in the performance of this task, he organized a multi-talented team headed by himself and including Kikutake, ocean engineering professor Manley St. Denis, associate architecture professor Hugh Burgess, two experts from the United States Navy Undersea Center at Pearl Harbor—George Wilkins and William McLean—and the late novelist Philip Wylie's daughter Karen, who had married into the influential Pryor family, associated with Pan American Airways and active in hotel development and in management of Sea Life Park on Oahu's northern coast (the Oceanic Institute, founded by Karen's husband, "Tap" Pryor, conceived and tested a unique buoy named MOSES, a possible improvement on the FLIP ship).

The University students completed the model of the floating city before Kikutake's return to Japan at the end of last spring's semester. Craven showed it to me a few months ago when I stopped in Honolulu on my way

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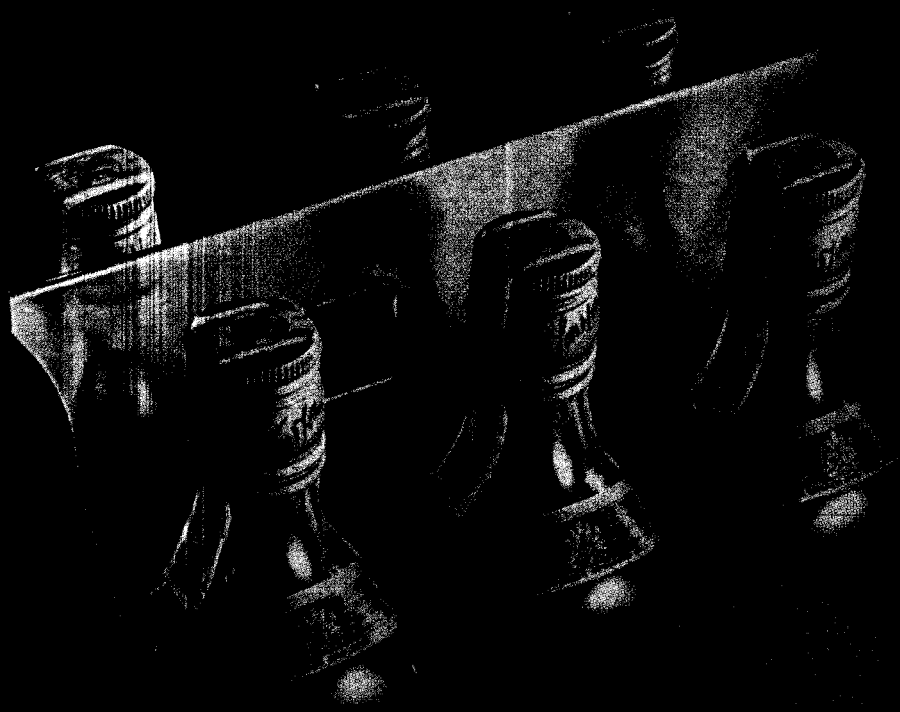

Christmas gifts, $60 and under.

Johnnie Walker

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home to New York from some international scientific conferences in Australia. Its above-water profile (see the cover) was much lower than the one Kikutake had dreamed of. Its undersea structure was plainly derived from the FLIP ship. It was made up of modules, each of which was poised on a triangle of pylons (see sketches, pages 83 and 85) Craven explained that each module at full-scale would represent a city block. The pylons would have an overall length of 450 feet, 200 feet of which would hang beneath the water. The underwater diameter of each cylinder would be eighty feet; above the water, this would narrow to twenty-seven feet. Craven estimated that at least ten modules would be required to carry a suitable exposition. He would prefer twice that number.

The cost of each module, bare of buildings, would, he said, run about $10-million. Given his wished-for twenty modules, the price of a floating exposition would total $200-million. Building construction in the islands last year cost $700-million. One stadium now a building will cost $50-million. Hotel complexes are springing up like mushrooms; each costs $40- to 60-million. "So," Craven observes, "a reasonable budget for the foundations of a small floating city would be only a couple of times as big as the budget for projects that are built four or five times a year in Hawaii nowadays."

Craven is a tall, lean, darkly handsome man. He exudes dynamism in a community that prizes leisurely charm. In spite of the emotional brakes he has applied to his personality, he abrades some important people. "Buck Rogers," they call him, and "a political extravagance that Hawaii can't afford." More measured comment takes such turns as: "He is an inspiration to the community, and his ideas flow in the right direction. But realization of his dreams seems further away to most of us than he is willing to admit."

Actually, in his talks with me, Craven cheerfully conceded—indeed, volunteered—that the odds may lean against him. "But I started at zero," he said, "and I now feel pretty sure of the support of 25 per cent of Hawaii's opinion makers. Judging by the way things are going, my guess is that by the convening of the legislature next January, the percentage will be up at least to 50."

The 1972 legislative session could dampen but could not destroy Craven's hopes. He is counting on passage of legislation enabling the appointment by Governor Burns of a Bicentennial International Marine Exposition Commission. The bill is already in process, having cleared one Senate committee last year. Its text specifies that Craven, as coordinator of marine affairs for the Governor, will be one of four ex-officio members of the commission. The other three will be the head of the state Department of Land and Natural Resources, the head of the state Department of Planning and Economic Development, and the state Director of Transportation—all of whom must give advance approval to any real estate development in Hawaii. Although Craven wants to float an island that "walks" back and forth on the water three miles south of Waikiki, the legislation he is sponsoring with the Governor's backing would not require the commission to choose a floating platform as the exposition site. Any site would do as long as the exposition were under way in time to serve as a Hawaiian showcase for a memorable period of time before closing exactly 200 years from the day when Captain Cook landed in the islands.

"I can live with whatever decision the commission makes," Craven told me. "But if the floating platform is rejected as the exposition site, then I, as the Governor's coordinator of marine affairs, will have to find another meaningful way to put a floating platform on Hawaiian waters."

I asked him if he might be willing to settle for five city-block-sized modules instead of the minimum of ten he had fixed earlier.

"I would settle for just one if I had to," he replied. "I would float it off shore close enough to build a bridge to it, just to educate the public, to let thousands of people see what is possible, to make them appreciate the inevitable answer to today's most urgent urban problems."

When I returned to New York, I found on my office desk a persuasive piece of evidence that floating cities indeed are not improbable dreams. The 1971 summer issue of *Naval Research Reviews*, a quarterly publication of the Office of Naval Research, contained a report on the progress that had occurred in application of the FLIP ship principle during the last three years. The report disclosed that an operational, eighth-scale, three-legged model of a floating platform—the one Craven had been acquainted with before he left the Navy's employ, the one he had used as a block-sized modular unit in the University of Hawaii's student model for a floating city—had been successfully tested in San Diego Bay and then abandoned in favor of a still more efficient operational, eighth-scale model (top photo, page 86) with only two legs: hollow concrete shells, prestressed with steel reinforcing cables.

Unlike the original FLIP ship—a rigid one-piece cylindrical steel hull with a control cabin and crew quarters in which all the fixtures were fastened on pivots to facilitate comfortable horizontal cruising and vertical station-keeping—the two concrete legs of FLIP's full-scale successor (each 250 feet long, 18 feet in diameter at the top and 20 feet at the bottom) will be hinged to a square superstructure, 100 feet on a side, that will ride always upright in order to carry booms and helicopter landing pads securely regardless of the attitude of the legs. En route to a site, the legs will float as horizontal extensions of the superstructure; when stationary and ready to assume burdens, the legs will unhinge; when flooded with water, they will swing down into a vertical position to counteract motion of the waves. After the legs are down, they will be locked in place, their uppermost compartments will be blown free of water, and the whole module will bob up and stay clear of the sea surface. In this attitude, a pair of two-legged modules will be coupled to form a floating platform 200 feet long and 100 feet wide. Numerous platforms can be congregated.

Robert H. Oversmith, Scripps's project engineer for the floating platform, confirmed to me by telephone that the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency, through a contract administered by the Office of Naval Research, had advanced a half-million dollars toward completion of the first full-scale descendant of FLIP. Scripps director William A. Nierenberg commented: "Such platforms are likely to become an increasing civilian feature of the ocean environment in years to come."

I telephoned John Craven in Honolulu to ask if he had seen the summer issue of *Naval Research Reviews*. He had seen it, and he suspected that the hard engineering data behind it may have been a factor in the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Agency's recent decision to award an $85,000 sea grant to the University of Hawaii for the purpose of designing and building a larger model of Craven's floating city and drafting engineering specifications for a third and still larger model. A professional model maker was already at work on the smaller model, and Craven hoped that it could be completed in time for the opening of the 1972 legislative session. To help prepare the larger design, he added to his team of experts the world's foremost authority on prestressed concrete: Ben C. Gerwick, Jr., of San Francisco.

A designer of concrete structures for twenty years, Gerwick in the last five to seven years has been forced to direct his skill to improvement of floating structures in order to meet the demands of the oil companies for means of conducting exploration and maintaining storage facilities in the marine environment. His career has been steered in John Craven's direction by

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the same pressures that initiated a current $200,000 U.S. Maritime Commission study of the economics of off-shore shipping terminals. No present-day port along the Atlantic or Mexican Gulf coast can berth greater than 80,000-ton oil tankers, but 250,000-to-300,000 tonners make up the new generation of tankers on which America's future fuel imports depends. This new trend has carried Gerwick as far afield as the Arctic Ocean.

"Very much overlooked," he told me, "is the fact that John Craven is proposing nothing more than application of technology that is already quite well understood."

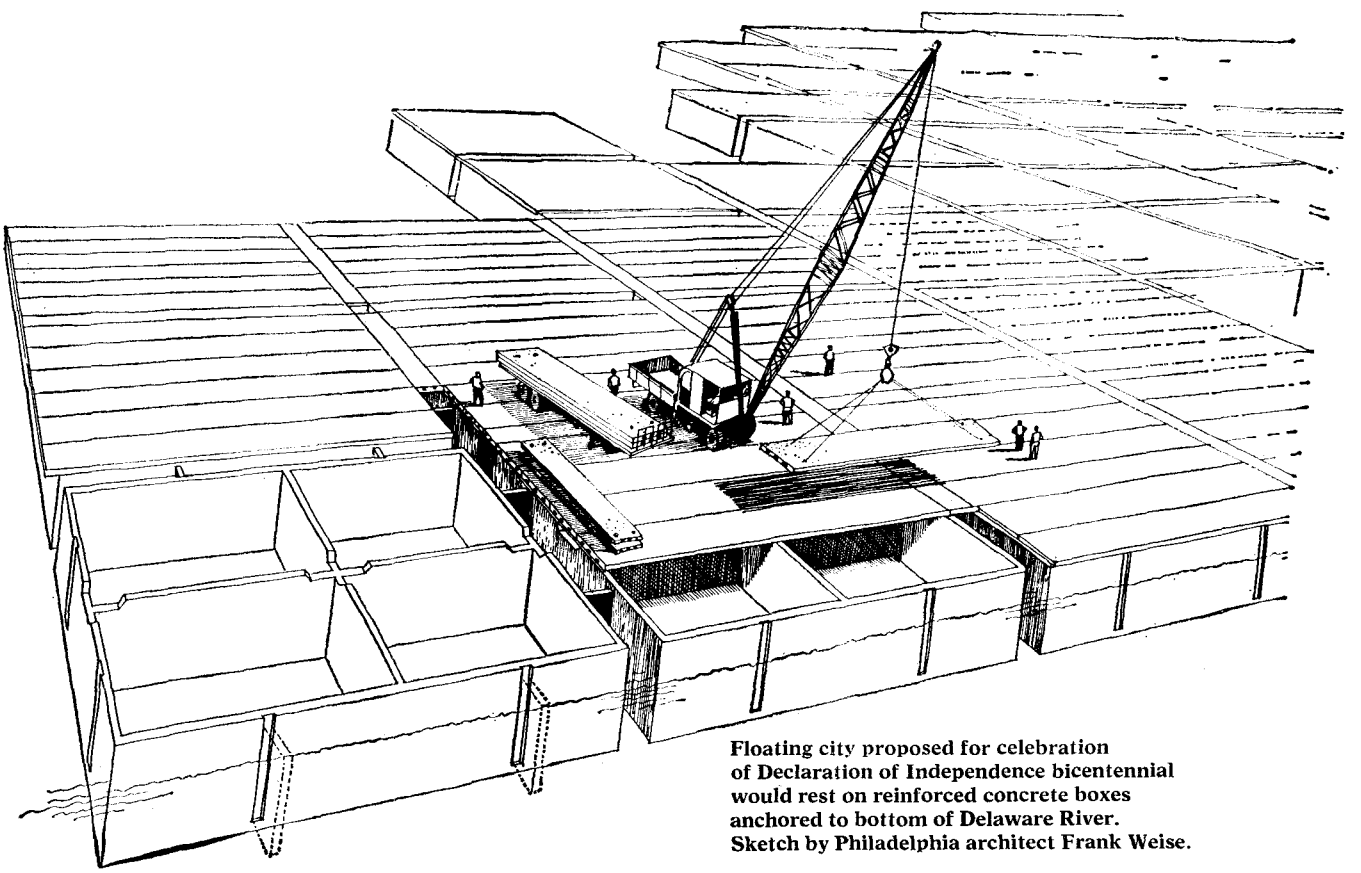
Gerwick disclosed that he had earlier consented to serve as an adviser to proponents of another floating city—a less pretentious one that would be built on shallow water to house an exposition celebrating the bicentennial of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia in 1976. Frank Weise, an architect practicing in that city, has submitted to the bicentennial commission a formal prospectus for three artificial islands totaling 125 acres, to be built of prefabricated concrete boxes, made of ten-inch-thick slabs 200 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 14 feet deep. Anchored to the bottom of the Delaware River by inclined cables to allow for the rise and fall of the tides, these pontoon assemblages would be interconnected by bridges and likewise linked to Petty's Island, a small body of land that lies between Philadelphia and Camden. Weise's scheme has rated evaluation by the Arthur D. Little engineering firm of Cambridge, Massachusetts, which respects Gerwick's judgment.

The floating box configuration proposed by Weise for the Delaware River is theoretically identical to the one Buckminster Fuller had in mind as the foundation for his spectacular Japanese tower. It is discussed in Gerwick's new book, *Construction of Prestressed Concrete Structures* (Wiley-Interscience), and was the basis for two floating-city designs completed about five years ago: one a Massachusetts Institute of Technology students' exercise called Project Romulus, the other named Triton City. The latter project was paid for by the United States Department of Housing and Urban Development and had three tangible consequences, a paperback pamphlet distributed by HUD and two small models assembled by a foundation set up specifically for the purpose by Buckminster Fuller. The models aroused the curiosity of former President Johnson, who, after leaving the White House, deposited them in the library erected to house his public papers in Austin.

The floating box is a thoroughly proved device, and was successfully employed in the invasion of Normandy during World War II. For years it has floated bridges several miles long over Lake Washington in Seattle and across the Hood Canal in Puget Sound. These spans carry thousands of automobiles every day. The concrete reinforcing techniques that account for their durability are now refined to the point where it is reasonable to think of submerged vehicular tunnels floating 150 feet below the surface of Messina Strait, which divides Sicily from Italy, and under equally rough water off Greece and Norway. Enormous concrete barges ply the waters of the Philippines regularly. But perhaps the ultimate demonstration of the carrying capacity of floating concrete platforms is the oil refinery that was built in Belgium, then towed across the sea to a harbor in Libya, where it has operated —still floating—ever since.

In translating this experience to the problems of living in a floating city, most people will ask what risk there is of seasickness. If the model makers in San Diego Bay and Pearl Harbor are right, there is little cause for fear.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.



Floating city proposed for celebration of Declaration of Independence bicentennial would rest on reinforced concrete boxes anchored to bottom of Delaware River. Sketch by Philadelphia architect Frank Weise.

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STARVATION AS A POLICY

Spraying of herbicides in Vietnam, ostensibly a military measure, kills civilians wholesale.

by PAUL R. EHRLICH and JOHN P. HOLDREN

Unhappily, the practice of genocide has a long history in human affairs. Ecocide, the deliberate destruction of ecosystems, is for practical reasons a rather recent development. Destruction of enemy crops has frequently occurred in warfare, and the near extermination of the bison was a decisive factor in America's conquest of the Plains Indians. But until recently man has not been able to destroy the entire life-support system over large areas in a short space of time. However, synthetic herbicides, insecticides, bulldozers, and nuclear weapons now give humanity a greatly enhanced capability to commit ecocide —a capability that has been fully exploited in Indochina by the armed forces of the United States.

As of late 1969, more than 5 million acres of Indochina, 12 per cent of South Vietnam, had been treated with "defoliants," applied at an average of thirteen times the dose recommended by the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) for domestic use. Most of the spraying was done in forests in an unsuccessful attempt to "expose" the enemy and secure the area. At such dosages some trees, especially mangroves, may be killed—not just defoliated—by a single application. Multiple applications kill other kinds of trees. The American Association for the Advancement of Science-Herbicide Assessment Commission (AAAS-HAC) reported that perhaps half of the trees in the mature hardwood forests north and west of Saigon were damaged.

One of the herbicides widely used in Vietnam is Picloram, which is both potent and (like DDT) persistent. It is so dangerous that the USDA has not licensed it for use in the cultivation of any American crop. Some chemists say it may continue to kill plants in southeast Asia for decades after the last GI has left.

Through 1969 at least 500,000 acres of cropland in South Vietnam had been sprayed with herbicides. The stated purpose was to deny food to enemy soldiers. Actually, the spraying starved civilian populations sympathetic to the National Liberation Front and forced people to move from the countryside into cities where they could be more readily controlled. As our military men are well aware, the first to suffer when food becomes scarce in wartime are not soldiers but children, old people, and pregnant and nursing women. The AAAS-HAC reported that virtually all of the crops destroyed would have supplied food to civilians, especially to the Montagnard tribesmen of the central highlands.

The overall effect of these herbicide programs is to degrade Vietnamese ecosystems. Forests attacked with herbicides have been invaded by bamboo, and some areas may have undergone laterization. The danger of laterization is especially severe in farmland attacked with herbicides. According to the AAAS-HAC, large areas of mangrove forests, which grow along waterways and play a critical role in the maintenance of economically important fisheries, have also been destroyed. Some 1,400 square kilometers, 20-50 per cent of all the mangroves in South Vietnam, have been killed and show no signs of regeneration. In addition to immense ecological damage, herbicides may leave the Vietnamese people with a legacy of birth defects, for evidence is now accumulating that some of the herbicides are teratogenic.

At last, due in large part to the AAAS-HAC report and other pressure from the scientific community, the use of herbicides as a military weapon in Vietnam apparently has been discontinued. Unfortunately, herbicides have not been our only ecocidal weapon. In 1967-68 alone, more than 3.5 million 500-750-pound bombs were dropped on Vietnam, each creating a crater as large as forty-five feet across and thirty feet deep. These craters occupy 100,000 acres. We do not know the exact bombing statistics since 1968 in Vietnam, or the tonnage dropped in Laos and Cambodia, since the Department of Defense has refused to release the exact statistics. Ecologist E. W. Pfeiffer of the University of Montana has estimated that 325,000 acres, mostly in South Vietnam, are now in craters. From the World War II bomb craters in New Guinea and the Solomon Islands, it has been calculated that natural recovery of cratered areas may take a century.

In many areas of Vietnam peasants are afraid to reoccupy bombed fields because of the danger from unexploded ordnance. This problem will worsen if bombing is substituted for both defoliation and ground combat troops. Another ecocidal device now being used with increased frequency, according to Pfeiffer, is the BLU-82B multipurpose bomb, the so-called "daisy-cutter." This 15,000-pound concussion weapon clears an area the size of a football field to make an instant landing zone for helicopters. It can kill all animals and people within a three-quarter-mile radius (i.e., over an area of some 1,110 acres). Daisy-cutters were being dropped at a rate of two or three per week in mid-1971.

Perhaps the crudest tool the United States is using to destroy the ecology of Indochina is the "Rome plow." This is a heavily armored D7E caterpillar bulldozer with a 2.5-ton blade. The Rome plow can cut a swath through the heaviest forest. It has been used to clear several hundred yards on each side of all main roads in South Vietnam. In mid-1971 five land-clearing companies were at work, each with some thirty plows, mowing down Vietnamese forests. By then some 800,000 acres had been cleared, and the clearing was continuing at a rate of about 2,000 acres (three square miles) daily.

Ecocide in Indochina has not been limited to Vietnam. A clandestine raid in April 1969 defoliated 173,000 acres in eastern Cambodia and damaged about one-third of the rubber trees then in production. In addition to this serious blow to the rubber crop (which is the backbone of that nation's economy), damage to local food production was severe. The raid was flown by Air America, an airline run by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency.

Although ecocide itself is not formally a war crime, it has contributed greatly to wanton destruction and devastation, which are both war crimes and crimes against humanity under the Charter of the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg. The use of herbicides (and tear gases) is against the Geneva Protocol of 1925 as interpreted in 1969 by a 58-to-3 vote (with thirty-five abstentions) of the main political committee of the U.N. General Assembly. The only nations to vote "no" with the United States were Australia, which has allied itself with us in Vietnam, and Portugal.

A large part of the American scientific community must carry a heavy burden of guilt for its failure to develop effective opposition to inhumane and possibly criminal acts by the American government. Our community developed the weapons, has the expertise to evaluate their impact, and through the lobbying effort that eventually forced the military to stop using herbicides showed that science can have a positive effect in political decision-making when it bestirs itself.

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THE MAGICAL AURA OF THE IQ

Is it beneficent? A child psychology specialist identifies some of its dubious environmental influences.

by JEROME KAGAN

Every society, or large cohesive group within a society, recognizes that in order to maintain stability a small group must possess some power over the much larger citizenry. The power is sometimes inherited, sometimes awarded, sometimes attained, and sometimes seized. In actual practice, this lean and rather raw description is usually disguised by a clever strategy—much like a magician's wrist movement—that makes select psychological traits symbolic of highly valued, status-conferring attributes—hence, they become the vessels from which power is inevitably drawn.

Tenth-century Europe awarded power to those who were assumed to be more religious than their brothers. The presumption of a capacity for more intense religiosity provided a rationale that allowed the larger society to accept the fact that a privileged few were permitted entry into marble halls. Pericles' Athens and Lee's Virginia both rationalized the subjugation of their slaves on psychological grounds: "They were less than human and, therefore, unfit for power." At other times and in other places sexual abstinence, sexual potency, hunting skill, a capacity for silent meditation, good soldiering, or efficient farming have been dimensions along which men were ordered and, as a consequence of that ranking, divided into unequal groups.

Contemporary American society uses intelligence as one of the bases for ranking its members, and it makes the same arguments that educated Athenians uttered 2,500 years ago. Major loci of power in the United States reside in state and federal governments, major businesses, and the universities. All three of those institutions require their members to be regarded by the citizenry as intelligent, and many meet this requirement, in part, by completing a minimal amount of formal education. Education is one of the best reflections of intelligence, the argument goes, for one could not master the school's task without intelligence.

Thus far the ritual and ideology are not very different from the Islamic Moroccan who celebrates the warrior-saint and invents ways to select him. It is more threatening, however, to note that the analogy with the Islamic Moroccan extends to our explanations of the unequal distribution of intelligence in our society. The majority of Americans believe that children are born with a differential intellectual capacity and that, as a result, some children are destined to assume positions of status and responsibility. "Nature intended it that way." A much smaller group believes that this psychological capacity has to be attained through early experience and will.

These opposing hypotheses are identical in substance to the two interpretations of differential "capacity for religiosity" held by Islamites in Morocco and Indonesia. The Moroccans believe that some are born with a greater capacity for strong and intense religious experience. The Javanese believe the greater capacity is attained following long periods of meditation. And they, like us, discover the small proportion of their population that fits the description of the pure, and allows them ascent. The Moroccans explain this phenomenon by arguing that those who possess power do so because they inherited some special capacity that, in our society, is intelligence.

I do not contest the obvious fact that there are real differences among individuals' psychological traits—such as intelligence—that our society values. But I do suggest that, given the insufficient and controversial quality of the information relevant to the causes of these differences, it is likely that deep personal attitudes rather than logic or sound empirical data dictate one's interpretations of the documented variability in IQ.

Let me try to support this rather strong statement with a fragmentary analysis of what an intelligence test is made of. For the widely publicized announcement that 80 per cent of intelligence is inherited and 20 per cent environmentally determined is based on information from two similarly constructed standardized IQ tests invented by Caucasian middle-class Western men to rank-order everyone.

The most important set of test questions (important because scores on this set have the highest correlation with the total IQ) asks the person being tested to define words of increasing rarity. Rarity is a relative quality, depending always on the language community one selects as referent. "Shilling" is a rare word in the language space of the American child, but so is "fuzz." The test constructors decided that rarity would be defined with respect to the middle-class Caucasian experience. And a child reared in a middle-class home is more likely to learn the meaning of shilling than the meaning of fuzz. If contemporary black psychologists had accepted the assignment of constructing the first intelligence test, they probably would have made a different choice.

A second set of IQ test questions poses the child some everyday problem and asks him to state what he would do in that situation. For example, one question asks a seven-year-old, "What should you do if you were sent to buy a loaf of bread and the grocer said he didn't have any more?" Clearly, this question assumes a middle-class urban or suburban environment with more than one grocery store within safe walking distance of the home. For the only answer for which maximal credit is given is, "I would go to another store." It is not surprising that rural and ghetto children are less likely to offer that answer. Recently I examined a set of protocols gathered on poor black children living in a large Eastern city and found that many of them answered the question by saying they would "go home"—a perfectly reasonable, even intelligent, answer for which they were not given credit.

A third class of IQ test questions, called analogies, has the same dubious validity that the vocabulary test does, for the concepts the child must reason about are of differential familiarity to various ethnic groups. The child is asked how a piano and a violin are alike, not how tortilla and frijole are similar.

The fourth class of questions asks the child to solve some arithmetic problems. Of course, if the child has not learned how to add, subtract, or multiply, he will not be able to solve them. If intelligence is presumed to be

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80 per cent inherited, it seems inappropriate that this quality should be measured, in part, by whether one has learned to add.

Another class of IQ test items includes a line drawing of an object that has an element missing and requires the child to discover the missing feature. As one might suspect, the pictures are selected to favor middle-class children, for they depict a thermometer without mercury in the bulb and a hand without fingernail polish, rather than a door without a double lock.

One task that does not favor middle-class white children asks the testee to remember a list of four or five numbers read at the rate of one per second. It is relevant to add that this test usually yields minimal differences between class and ethnic groups in the United States.

—Robert J. Smith, Black Star

—Black Star

If the word "fur" suggests to some "what happens when you light a match," the enunciation of it obviously blurs the hearer's image.

Biases in the selection of questions comprise only part of the IQ test problem. There is also a serious source of error in the administration of the test. White middle-class examiners usually administer the tests to children of different linguistic backgrounds. The test protocols of the black children mentioned above, gathered by well-intentioned, well-trained examiners, indicated that the children often misunderstood the examiner's pronunciation. When asked to define the word "fur" some said, "That's what happens when you light a match." Clearly, the children who gave this reply had misinterpreted the word to be *fire* and received no credit. Similarly, when requested to define "hat," some children said, "When you get burned," indicating they perceived the word as *hot*, and again received no credit.

These few examples, which comprise only a small proportion of all the sources of error that could be documented, are persuasive of the view that the IQ test is a seriously biased instrument that almost guarantees middle-class white children higher IQ scores than any other group of children.

However, most citizens are unaware either of the fundamental faults with the IQ test or of the multiple bases for differences in tested intelligence. And, like the Greeks, Islamic Moroccans, and medieval Christians, we, too, need a trait whose content can form a rational basis for the awarding of power and prizes. Intelligence is an excellent candidate, for it implies alertness, language sophistication, and ease of learning new skills and ideas. Moreover, it is a characteristic of a single individual and, like his fingerprints, is not, in theory, linked with his religion, region, or eating habits. It is our modern interpretation of saintliness, religiosity, courage, or moral intensity, and, of course, it works. It works so well that when we construct an intervention project, be it a major effort like Headstart or a small study run by a university scientist, we usually evaluate the effects of the intervention by administering a standard intelligence test or one very similar to it.

Our practice reflects the unconscious bias that a child's IQ must be the essential dimension we wish to change. If an intervention does not alter this quintessential quality, the effort is probably not worthwhile. Hence, we create conditions in which poor four-year-olds leave their homes for a few hours a day to play with other children of their own and other ethnic groups and to interact with new adults. Then we evaluate the growth-enhancing quality of this experience by administering an IQ test, rather than by determining if the child has become friendlier or less suspicious of children and adults who don't come from his family or neighborhood.

What implications are to be drawn from this acerbic analysis of the IQ? The first may seem paradoxical, considering my apparently hostile critique of the IQ test. Despite the injustice inherent in awarding privilege, status, and self-esteem to those who possess more of some attribute the society happens to value, this dynamic seems to be universal, perhaps because it is necessary. Power—and I mean here benevolent power—probably has to be held unequally. Therefore the community must invent a complex yet reasonable rationale that will both permit and explain the limited distribution of this prized resource.

Knowledge of Western language, history, and customs is not altogether unreasonable as one of the bases on which to found the award. But let us be honest about the footing of this arbitrary decision and rid ourselves of the delusion that those who temporarily possess power are biologically more fit for this role because their brains are better organized. Sir Robert Filmer made this argument in 1680 to rationalize the right of kings to govern, and John Locke's political philosophy was shaped on a brilliant critique of Filmer's thesis. Moreover, the conclusion that those in power are biologically more intelligent does not fit either the mood of objectivity hammered out during the last 300 years of modern scientific work or the historical fact that the use of power for benevolent or malevolent ends has usually been independent of size of vocabulary, arithmetic skill, or analogical reasoning.

I do not deny the existence of biological differences, many of which are inherited between and within ethnic and racial groups. But we do not regard inherited characteristics such as eye color or tendency to perspire as entitling anyone to special favor. Similarly, we should reflect on the wisdom of using fifteen-point differences on a culturally biased test—regardless of the magnitude of the genetic contribution to the IQ—as a weapon to sort some children into stereotyped categories that impair their ability to become mayors, teachers, or lawyers.

It is possible to defend the heretical suggestion that for many contemporary occupations (note that I did not say all) IQ should not be the primary attribute upon which a candidate is screened. Of course, biological factors determine a person's muscle mass, brain size, and adrenaline secretion in response to stress. But let us not unfairly exploit these hard-won facts to rationalize the distribution of secular power, which is a political and sociological dimension. To do that would be to use fair science for dark deeds.

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Earth Watch

Worldwide Environment Notes

New Vest-Pocket Park

NEW YORK CITY. GREENACRE PARK, a 6,360-square-foot oasis in the heart of midtown East Side Manhattan, has been donated to the city to provide New Yorkers with "some moments of serenity in this busy world." The donor is Mrs. Jean Mauzé, granddaughter of the first John D. Rockefeller and sister of New York Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller.

A twenty-five-foot-high waterfall, sculptured from large granite blocks and set in the rear wall, is the focal point of the sixty-foot-wide, three-level vest-pocket park. The splashing of the water into a sunken trough effectively drowns out the noise of passing traffic.

The park's central area is paved with russet brick and planted with twelve honey locust trees. Other planting includes rhododendrons, Japanese holly, andromeda, and pachysandra ground cover.

A "brook" runs from the street entrance along the granite east wall to the fountain. Water trickles down the wall. To keep everything flowing, the water, which is filtered and recirculated, is pumped at a rate of 5,000 gallons per minute.

A raised brick terrace along the west wall is protected by a trellis roof of steel beams and transparent acrylic. The roof contains heating units. Both the terrace and main area are furnished with tables and chairs. Snacks are available at a small bar. On a 1971 November day of record cold, the terrace was fully occupied at noontime.

The park, on the north side of 51st Street, between Second and Third avenues, will be open seven days a week, with the exception of Christmas Day. It was designed by Hideo Sasaki of Watertown, Massachusetts, former chairman of Harvard University's Department of Landscape Architecture.

Official Exhaust Sniffer

ANN ARBOR, MICH. A NEW FEDERAL laboratory designed specifically to help control automotive air pollution has been opened here by the Environmental Protection Agency. The $10-million, 100,000-square-foot facility is equipped to test emissions of fifteen motor vehicles and six engines simultaneously. The lab will also test emission control devices and evaluate automotive power systems proposed as alternatives to the internal combustion engine.

Under the provisions of the Clean Air Act of 1970, all new automobiles of both domestic and foreign make offered for sale in the United States—as well as engines used in trucks and buses—must first be certified by the EPA as meeting federal standards.

Automobile manufacturers inform the EPA about the engines and such options as carburetor configurations they plan to use in their next model year. Prototypes of all new models are divided into emission data and durability fleets. Emission data cars are operated on the road for 4,000 miles and then tested for their emissions. Durability fleet cars are operated for 50,000 miles and tested at 4,000-mile intervals with a final test at the 50,000-mile mark.

Most of the testing is done by the manufacturers, who submit their data to the EPA. But the government lab itself tests all domestic emission data cars and 50 per cent of the foreign ones. In addition, the EPA lab tests some durability cars at random. Emissions checked are carbon monoxide, the hydrocarbons, and nitrogen oxide. Certification depends on the EPA tests.

In dedicating the Ann Arbor laboratory, EPA Administrator William D. Ruckelshaus said it will play a vital role in the government's efforts to ensure a non-polluting automobile by 1975.

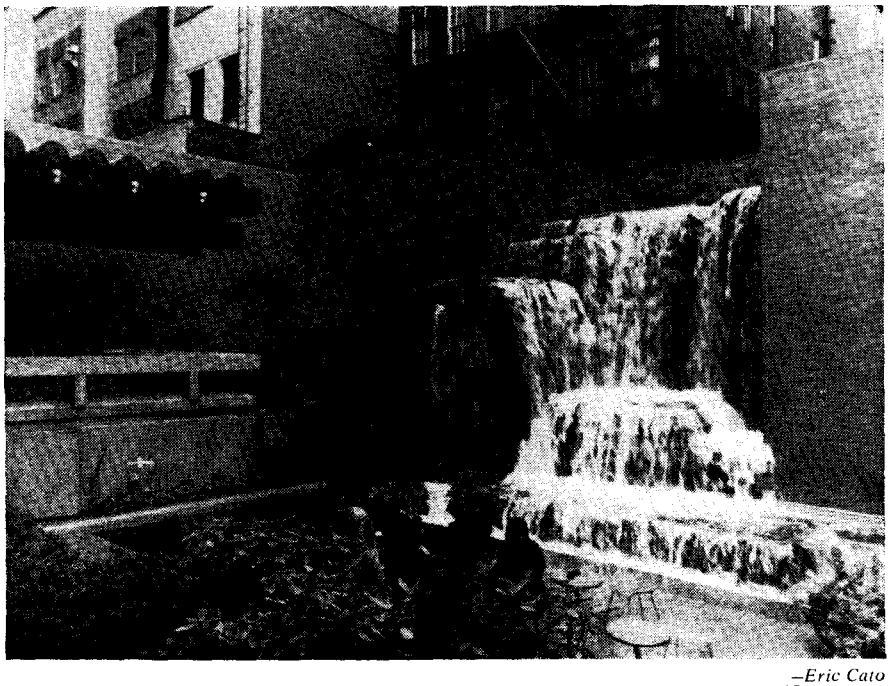
Personal Rapid Transit

MORGANTOWN, W.VA. AN AUTOMATED rapid transit system tailored to the needs of a small city is under construction in this college and coal-mining community of 30,000 on the Monongahela River. Known as Personal Rapid Transit, or PRT, the system will link the downtown campus of West Virginia University with the college's two newer campuses several miles away and ease the traffic snarls caused by Morgantown's steep hills and narrow streets.

When completed in 1976, PRT will have 3.2 miles of two-lane track—some at ground level, some elevated—and six stations. One hundred fiberglass cars, each equipped to carry eight seated and seven standing passengers, will be powered by non-polluting electric motors and will run quietly on rubber tires. Heated in winter and air conditioned in summer, the operatorless vehicles will travel at speeds up to thirty miles per hour. Guide rails will hold the cars on the track.

Travel time between stations will vary from 1.5 to 4.5 minutes, depending on the distance covered. The entire route will take thirteen-and-a-half minutes to traverse. Engineers estimate that PRT's peak capacity will be 1,100 passengers every twenty minutes.

During heavy daytime demand, the cars will be computer-programed to run on regular schedules. In off hours, the vehicles will operate on demand—like building elevators, responding to the summons of push buttons in the stations.



—Eric Cato

Waterfall splashes soothingly in new vest-pocket park in the heart of New York, donated to the people of the city for "some moments of serenity."

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The PRT system will be available to students, faculty, other college staff, and townspeople for a nominal fee per ride. It will replace the present university-operated bus service, which is open to students only and is so inadequate that students are unable to schedule consecutive classes on different campuses.

PRT was initiated by Dr. Samy E. G. Elias, an Egyptian-born expert on bus systems who heads the West Virginia University Department of Industrial Engineering. "A rapid transit system was going to be built in some small city sometime," he has said. "The WVU College of Engineering thought it might as well be Morgantown, and it might as well be now."

Dr. Elias's proposal received the backing of the U.S. Department of Transportation, which is constructing PRT as a demonstration-research project. Federal officials believe that if the system is successful in Morgantown, where steep grades and extremes of climate present a variety of transportation problems, it should be a feasible means of public transportation in any small city.

The Department of Transportation hopes the project will show the practicality of applying aerospace technology to the challenge of ground travel. The contract for PRT's design and construction has been awarded to the Boeing Company of Seattle, Washington. The Bendix Corporation of Ann Arbor, Michigan, will develop the control and communications equipment.

The rights-of-way, selected for minimal impact on the environment, were contributed by the university, the city of Morgantown, and the Monongalia County Court. Only one house, one business, and a metal salvage yard will have to be relocated.

The Slick-Licker

VICTORIA, B.C.

AMONG THE EFFECTIVE methods devised for cleaning up oil spills is a Canadian invention variously called the Slick-Licker and the Oilevator. This is a conveyor belt made of absorbent terry cloth that laps oil from the surface of water. A heavy wringer at the end of the conveyor squeezes the oil into drums. The belt and the wringer are driven either by a gas or electric engine. The terry cloth is treated with oil prior to mop-up, a procedure that leaves it impervious to water but attractive to more oil. The entire machine weighs about 700 pounds and can be mounted on a self-propelled barge.

The licker was developed several years ago with government funds by a member of the Pacific Laboratory of the Defense Research Board of Canada in British Columbia. In trials at the naval base at Esquimalt, near Victoria, one licker removed 40,000 to 50,000 imperial gallons of oil from the water in twenty-four hours.

—Tom Galley

"Slick-Licker" laps up oil and oil-soaked weeds after spill at Chedabucto Bay, Nova Scotia.

The machine first achieved prominence a year ago when an oil tanker broke up in Chedabucto Bay in northern Nova Scotia and spilled thousands of gallons of oil into bays and coves over a wide area.

Four Slick-Lickers were hurriedly built in Nova Scotia to clean up the spill. For many weeks the lickers, mounted on barges, hunted the oil and lapped it up, finally removing about 200,000 gallons. The government task force in charge of the Chedabucto clean-up was sufficiently impressed with the machines to recommend that one be installed in every Canadian port.

Slick-Lickers are now in commercial production at the R. B. H. Cybernetics Company of Victoria. They cost about $7,500 apiece.

Japanese Mercury Crackdown

NIIGATA, JAPAN.

IN THE FIRST court settlement of a major pollution case in this country a fertilizer and insecticide manufacturer has been held responsible for causing mercury poisoning through the dumping of its industrial wastes into a local river. The Niigata District Court ordered the Showa Denko Company to pay $810,000 in damages to the seventy-seven plaintiffs who brought suit. They were the surviving victims and members of the families of the deceased victims of the poisoning.

All the victims suffered mercury poisoning after eating fish caught in the Agano River. The presiding judge in the case, which took four years and three months to settle, ruled that the fish were contaminated by organic mercury in waste water discharged negligently into the river by a Showa Denko factory. The company claimed the source of the mercury was not its plant but a farm chemical warehouse located on an Agano riverbank that was damaged by an earthquake. Although protesting its innocence, the company, even before the verdict was handed down, announced that it would not appeal.

The court decision was based on Article 70 of the civil law, which states that a person or organization infringing the rights of others, knowingly or through negligence, must pay for damages caused by that infringement.

The ruling specified that the plaintiffs did not have to establish absolute scientific identification of the polluting material or the process of contamination but could rely on accumulated circumstantial evidence as long as that did not conflict with a scientific explanation. In effect, the court shifted the burden of proof from the plaintiffs to the defendant.

Commenting on the controversial Niigata decision, Buichi Oishi, director general of the recently formed Japanese government Environment Agency, said the judge's order would weigh heavily in future pollution cases that come to court. Oishi stated further that the government had not been strict enough in its inspection of industrial waste disposal. He pledged that new legislation would be introduced to strengthen the government's power to control pollution.

Vacuum Cleaning the Air

PARIS.

TWO GIANT air filtering towers have been installed in the Gare de Lyon section of this city to determine their effectiveness in removing dust and soot from the French capital's polluted air.

Sixteen-and-a-half feet high and 5.2 feet in diameter, the towers function like outsized stationary vacuum cleaners. Air is drawn into the cylinders through four vents just above ground level by an electric fan spinning at 2,900 revolutions per minute. The air is sucked up the towers through a series of filters designed to rid it of particulate matter, then ejected near the tower top.

Paris engineers responsible for installing the towers estimate that the filters will process 557,000 cubic feet of air a day and remove about eighty pounds of solid pollutants a year. If the devices live up to expectations and are not too noisy or expensive, more of them may be erected in the city's most polluted spots. —SALLY LINDSAY.

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Letters to the Environment Editor

Lead Pollution—How Much?

As chairman of the atmospheric lead study panel of the National Academy of Sciences, I must challenge the accuracy of the following paragraph in Paul Craig's article on lead ["Lead, the Inexcusable Pollutant," *SR*, Oct. 2]:

> The EPA [Environmental Protection Agency] published in June an interim report on a massive study of lead in several major cities. A comparison between atmospheric lead levels measured in 1961-62 and again in 1968-69 showed that ambient levels had increased by 13 to 33 per cent in Cincinnati, by 33 to 64 per cent in Los Angeles, and by 2 to 36 per cent in Philadelphia. The results of this important and alarming EPA study were unfortunately omitted from a National Academy of Sciences' study of lead released early in September, which concluded from older information that "the lead content of the air over most major cities has not changed over the last fifteen years." The omission of the most recent and best study from the NAS report led the Academy to recommend in its final conclusions only that more research is required on the health impact of automotive lead. Subsequently, the press reported that the Academy study showed that "lead is an overstated peril" (*The Wall Street Journal*, September 7). Meanwhile, the President's Council on Environmental Quality reported that there is little doubt that, at the present rate of pollution, diseases due to lead toxicity will emerge within a few years. The National Academy lead study is a dramatic example of how our most prestigious scientific body is incapable of taking a stand regarding the risks associated with introduction into the environment of substances that damage people in insidious epidemiological ways.

The EPA report referred to by Mr. Craig did not show a change in *ambient* levels of lead in the atmosphere in the cities of Cincinnati, Los Angeles, and Philadelphia between the years 1961-62 and 1968-69. The percentages cited by Craig were arrived at by sampling air in nineteen different locations within the three cities named, and the EPA report cautioned its readers that "data from a specific site have meaning for that site only, and pooling or 'averaging' for an entire city has no validity. . . . It would therefore not be judicious to make unqualified inference from the findings of a number of stations in a city or other area to that city or area; for example, the findings from eight selected locations in Los Angeles cannot be generalized to the 'situation in Los Angeles.'" A note preceding the EPA report carried this further warning: "All information presented at this time must be regarded as preliminary, since essential laboratory, statistical, and meteorological analyses, which might indicate the need for adjustments, have not been completed."

As Craig pointed out, this preliminary and incomplete EPA report was published last June. We learned in May of its impending appearance, three months after the last meeting of the Academy's lead study panel. Even if the panel had reconvened to consider the matter, no firm conclusions could have been drawn because the data had not yet been subjected to statistical analysis and other evaluative procedures. Nevertheless, we did include in our report an indirect reference to the EPA data when we said that "more recent information is not in complete agreement" with the conclusions of our own panel and that our conclusions might have to be slightly modified when the new information finally became confirmed.

Craig attributed to our Academy panel a finding that "the lead content of the air over most major cities has not changed over the last fifteen years." What our panel really concluded was that "the average lead content of the air over most major cities apparently has not changed *greatly* over the last fifteen years" (my italics).

Why a statement published in *The Wall Street Journal* should be accepted as a scientific characterization of our Academy study is not clear to me. Nor can I find any basis for Craig's statement that the White House Council on Environmental Quality has reported little doubt that, at the present rate of pollution, diseases due to lead toxicity will emerge within a few years. I do find the following passage in the 1971 Annual Report of the Council on Environmental Quality, issued last August: "Atmospheric levels of lead may be reaching the point at which widespread adverse health effects are likely, although the relationship between atmospheric levels and levels in the blood has not been determined and the danger posed by current levels of lead in the atmosphere is uncertain."

On the strength of three serious misquotations, Craig goes on to berate the National Academy of Sciences as "incapable of taking a stand." The Academy was not asked to take a stand but to evaluate for EPA all scientifically confirmable facts concerning lead in the atmosphere and to make recommendations for conduct of future research.

Craig's article set forth the proposition that any amount of lead above naturally occurring levels is harmful because lead has been responsible for many illnesses and deaths in man and animals. But our panel had to consider the established fact that poisons are not poisonous at all levels of intake. Low levels of such a well-known toxic compound as fluoride actually confer benefits on the human body. This is not to

(Continued on page 100)

"They did it again—not a word in the weather report about an ice age."

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Environment Letters

Continued from page 96

imply that lead is essential to health—it most likely is not.

Craig asserts that there is at present a narrow margin between the average level of lead in the blood of Americans and the level associated with severe poisoning. The margin he refers to is really more than a fourfold difference. To close that fourfold margin in the blood lead level would likely require a twelvefold increase in daily assimilation of lead from the air and from food and beverages; and a new plateau of blood lead would be obtained only after prolonged intake at the higher level.

To those who read it carefully, our Academy lead study panel report is anything but the whitewash Craig implies. The legitimate causes for concern over the possible health hazards of current levels of lead in the atmosphere are both very real and clearly supported by scientific evidence. Although I emphatically reject Craig's basis for believing that the general population is in immediate danger of lead poisoning, our panel report clearly points out that infants and young people and possibly some workers exposed to dense vehicular traffic are subject to hazards. That surely is reason enough for worry.

PAUL B. HAMMOND,
Department of Physiology and Pharmacology,
College of Veterinary Medicine,
University of Minnesota,
St. Paul, Minn.

Big Power Polluters

WHO NEEDS twice as much electricity every ten years ["The Energy Crisis" by Paul R. Ehrlich and John P. Holdren, *SR*, Aug. 7]? Certainly not low-use residential customers of the power companies. Yet these customers are penalized for their small consumption by being locked into the highest monthly rate schedule. Not only do they add little to the need for greater expansion, but they are expected to subsidize growth through higher rates.

In the St. Louis area, one-fifth of Union Electric's residential customers use less than 250 kilowatt hours per month the year round. They consume less than 1 per cent of the annual energy sold by this utility. In contrast, 50 per cent is sold to a small number of large industrial and commercial customers.

As temporary relief to the low-income, low-use customers, we have proposed a three-month minimum billing cycle rather than a one-month minimum cycle. The longer schedule would enable these customers to move into the lower rate schedules that become available with increased consumption.

A long-range answer to the problems of the poor in paying for essential electric service can be provided only by a complete re-examination of rate schedules, which presently encourage energy consumption and penalize energy conservation.

ALBERTA C. SLAVIN,
President,
Utility Consumers Council of Missouri,
Clayton, Mo.

Science Lib

IN READING the promotional literature on *SR* offerings, I note that Environment seems to supplant Science. For many years I've subscribed to *SR* primarily for John Lear's wide-ranging science coverage. I am delighted with the Environment Section but not at the cost of excluding the wider coverage.

LOUISE POLLARD,
East Meadow, N.Y.

Off-Track Flying

ANY EFFORT to "Bust the Highway Trust" [*SR*, June 5] should include a realization that airports and railroads must be welded together. Air traffic in this country has grown tremendously in the past twenty years, but with scant regard for connections with railroads. It is seldom possible for anyone to get off a plane and directly enter a Pullman car to complete the journey to numerous towns that are not adjacent to an airport. Or, conversely, it is almost impossible to take a train to an airport. Whether there has been a deliberate effort to keep railroads and airlines apart is moot. Unification of the two would certainly result in curbing automobile traffic to and from airports, give the railroads their due share of the passengers flowing from the jets, update the comfort and convenience of rail transportation, and provide a new surge of employment throughout the nation for a generation.

CECIL ALBERTS,
Pleasanton, Calif.

Pet Birth Control

I CALL the attention of *SR* readers to the need for pet population control. The growing rate of domestic house pets is upsetting the balance of wildlife, including horses and fish.

In Montana and Wyoming, herds of wild horses are disappearing because horse meat is being canned by pet food makers.

Fish and other forms af aquatic life are not keeping up with the rapid rate of growth of the domestic cat population.

Also, people do not realize that humane shelters for abandoned animals are overflowing. The shelter here in Carbondale, Illinois, must dispose of 150 dogs and 200 cats in an average month. A good percentage of these are offspring of pets for which the pet owners can't find homes.

There are several ways to control the birth rate of pets, and they ought to be used much more widely than they are.

JOELLA THOMPSON,
Carbondale, Ill.

Abortion, Morality, Law

IT WAS MOST disappointing to see in your pages the statement ["Abortion and Morality" by Paul R. Ehrlich and John P. Holdren, *SR*, Sept. 4] that "even the great Catholic theologian St. Thomas Aquinas thought abortion permissible until the 'quickening' (usually about between the sixteenth and twentieth weeks of pregnancy)."

St. Thomas Aquinas did not think that any intentional abortion was permissible at any time; in fact, he taught that contraception is immoral. Apparently the authors were thinking of the fact that Thomas did accept the teaching of the biologists of his day: that (from ignorance of the existence of the ovum) one could not be sure of new human life until human shape started to show; i.e., about the sixth week. After the sixth week, abortion was definitely considered murder; before the specifically human life began, it would not (strictly speaking) be murder, but would still be seriously immoral.

JOSEPH J. FARRAHER, S. J.,
Professor of Moral Theology,
Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley,
Berkeley, Calif.

I WAS BOTH amused and appalled by "Abortion and Morality." The amusement was provided by the writers' earnest approval

"There'll be a slight delay. We seem to have misplaced your soul."

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of another writer's "eloquent" statement that "neither they [dependent people] nor anyone else in our society now have a right even remotely like the one in question—the right to live inside the body of another person against that person's will." I had visions of a fetus pouncing on an unsuspecting female from a dark alley and invading her body by main force.

Their reasoning is also offensive. They blithely lump together the fetus and the ovum as "potential human beings," even though the fetus has all the forty-six chromosomes of an "actual" human being and, by a natural process, will mature, be born, and continue to mature further, while an ovum has but twenty-three chromosomes and, by natural process, will die within three days of release if not fertilized.

They claim, too, that "infants are entitled to due process and equal protection under the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, but fetuses are not." Actually, in several states (New Jersey, for example), the courts have ruled that the unborn possess basic rights—such as the right to inherit property—accorded to the born. The most recent affirmation of the personhood of the fetus came in an opinion written by Justice Thomas Brennan in connection with a case before the Michigan Supreme Court (July 1971): "The fact of [the fetus's] life is not to be denied. Neither is the wisdom of *the public policy which regards unborn persons as being entitled to the protection of the law.*" (Italics mine.)

DAVID M. BYERS,
Minneapolis, Minn.

MOST ERRONEOUS is the suggestion by Paul Ehrlich and John Holdren that the law does not and should not protect or recognize the fetus's interests. In the majority of American jurisdictions, the unborn child has been given complete protection by the modern criminal law, has been afforded virtually complete protection from the law of property and inheritance, and has been receiving ever expanding protection from the law of torts for prenatal injuries and wrongful death. Unborn children, through guardians, have also been allowed to enforce a statutory right to support from fathers-to-be and to receive life-saving intra-uterine blood transfusions despite parental religious scruples. Even though the rights of the unborn were not directly involved, the United States Supreme Court has recently upheld the Constitutionality of the District of Columbia's abortion law against an argument that it offended the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Every federal court that has considered the Constitutionality of state abortion statutes, even those that have invalidated such statutes, has recognized that there is some degree of compelling state interest in regulating abortions.

I do not mean to contend that abortion is never permissible or that current criminal anti-abortion laws should not be reformed. My point is rather that influential spokesmen should not mislead their audience into totally overlooking the very real competing interests in this situation.

KENNETH LAURENCE,
Lincoln, Mass.

IRC

Continued from page 31

through Spain, reports Fry, on an "affidavit in lieu of passport" bearing one of his pen names, James Wetchek. Fry himself accompanied into Spain Franz Werfel and his wife, the Heinrich Manns, and Golo Mann, Thomas Mann's son—all too fearful to venture alone.

"If some of the refugees in France were overanxious," Fry says, "others were not anxious enough. Jacques Lipchitz left Paris only because friends refused to leave without him. Arriving in Toulouse, he calmly resumed sculpting, and I had to beg him to leave France. Marc Chagall was also reluctant to leave. In the great exodus from Paris, he had gone down to his house at Gordes, north of Marseilles, and completely absorbed himself in his painting. I spent a weekend there, telling him of his danger and assuring him that there were cows in the United States—yes, and goats, too."

To avoid being shot by increasingly zealous French guards at the border after the frontier had been officially sealed, the Emergency Rescue Committee set up a number of nearby reception centers, from which in the dark of night the refugees could be guided over circuitous Pyrenean paths. "One of these reception centers," says Fry, "was the studio of the French sculptor Aristide Maillol, near Banyuls, and the person who conducted our refugees over the border was Maillol's beautiful young model, Dina Vierny. Though close to eighty, Maillol himself had shown her the route."

As a result of the committee's endeavors—supported by the American Federation of Labor (headed by William Green, David Dubinsky, and Adolph Held); American art authorities and patrons (Alfred Barr, Peggy Guggenheim, and others); and leaders in scientific, literary, business, and scholarly circles—1,500 people who have contributed much to world culture cheated the concentration camps and probable extermination. Among them were the painters Max Ernst and André Masson; the harpsichordist Wanda Landowska; the Nobel Prize-winning physiologist Otto Meyerhof; and the writers Hans Habe, André Breton, and Hannah Arendt. Varian Fry was deported from France in 1941, "after being arrested twice and searched so many times that I lost count," and Carel Sternberg, who claims, "I didn't personally have any dramatic escapes," worked in the Marseilles office until January 1942, when he slipped away to Morocco. Nevertheless, the rescue operation managed to function into the summer of that year.

With headquarters in an old Manhattan office building and sixteen overseas branches, the IRC, America's major nonsectarian voluntary agency, has continued to succor the displaced: Soviet soldiers in the West unwilling to return to the U.S.S.R.; Cubans, Haitians, and victims of Trujillo in the Dominican Republic; Hungarians after the abortive Budapest uprising [see *SR*, Dec. 22, 1965]; and, later in the Fifties thousands of residual concentration camp inmates. The IRC has helped Angolan refugees in the Congo, Jews from Egypt and North Africa, Tibetans in India, Biafrans in Nigeria, Iron Curtain Europeans, and, most recently, dissident Greeks. It pays for emigration, finds people dwellings and jobs, equips workers with tools, trains them for new occupations, sets up art shows and concert tours by refugee artists, and furnishes drugs and medical supplies.

The personnel in New York, all but

"You've been walked and you've been fed. Now I suppose you want love and affection."

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one of whom are former refugees, refer to themselves as "resettlement workers." "If a person knows a little English, we contact companies that would be likely to employ people with his profession," says Barbara Nagorski, herself a Polish escapee who learned Spanish so that she could deal with Latin American DPs. "If he doesn't, we have to look around for manual work where somebody speaks his language. Toolmakers and mechanics are probably the easiest to place. Many Polish women take jobs as office cleaners. It pays three dollars an hour for night work and is very popular among them."

In 1952, however, when its program was still urgently needed, the IRC ran out of funds. Leo Cherne, a talented sculptor and executive director of the Research Institute of America, was asked to take over the chairmanship of the board from Niebuhr, who had suffered a stroke, and to effect the orderly liquidation of its activities. With scant hope he appealed, as a last resort, to Lessing Rosenwald, who had done much to persuade the U.S. government to adopt a more generous policy toward displaced persons. "That one day's visit to Jenkintown, Pennsylvania," Cherne says, "led to a quick grant from the Rosenwald Foundation of a hundred thousand dollars, which kept IRC alive at a dismal hour. Rosenwald personally approached the Ford Foundation, which resulted in another several hundred thousand dollars' grant. It was just in time, for our resources would not have been adequate to assist during the crisis in the winter of 1953, when six thousand East Berliners a day fled to West Berlin, a city that had no shelter for them and no employment."

West Berlin's Mayor, Ernst Reuter, urged the IRC to start a massive refugee program. In the 1930s, Reuter, one of the Socialist leaders of former democratic Germany, was twice imprisoned by the Nazis. The first time he escaped and continued to oppose Hitler in Germany. "The second time," comments Cherne, "he wisely went to Turkey, which, oddly enough, became an important refugee center." During World War II, Reuter headed the IRC office in Ankara. After hostilities ended, he returned to free Berlin, where he became the first Mayor. "Not surprisingly, he was especially sensitive to others fleeing another type of totalitarianism. He also knew," says Cherne, "the effectiveness of the IRC in meeting that kind of challenge." Reuter himself came to the United States and made a successful cross-country fund-raising tour.

In 1954, the French Indochina War ended with the Geneva Conference, which divided Vietnam into communist and noncommunist halves. Under the terms of the Geneva Agreement, during a period of eighteen months Vietnamese were free to migrate north or south as they chose. Some 80,000 went north; 900,000 went south, resulting in a major refugee crisis. Dispatched by the International Rescue Committee to Saigon to determine whether its help was indicated, Cherne strongly recommended action. IRC Vice Chairman Joseph Buttinger, who had led the Socialist underground against Nazism in Austria, directed the operation, which again concentrated on the democratic elements among the scholars, students, and writers. Concurrently, a young Navy doctor, the late Thomas A. Dooley, whose vessel had transported migrants from the north, became so troubled over their plight that he determined to offer the balance of his life to treating people in areas of Southeast Asia where there had never been other than folk medicine, not even a French doctor. The IRC, to which he turned for support, set up Medico, with Dr. Dooley at its helm in the interior of Vietnam and Laos.

The war in Vietnam has increased the refugee population by more than 3.5 million, whom the IRC is trying to assist through programs of relief and resettlement, medical and child care, reconstructive surgery, rural development, technical assistance, and training and self-help projects. Ever a basic objective of the IRC, the achievement of self-sufficiency has been notably successful in Hong Kong, where the committee established day nurseries for refugee children, enabling both parents to work, a hotel training school to groom employees for the burgeoning tourist industry, and a shop in the heart of Kowloon for the sale of refugee handicraft. No longer are Chinese DPs from the mainland living on the streets of Hong Kong and Kowloon, as they were in the Sixties; the merchandise outlet itself has been so lucrative that supportive IRC funds have ceased to be necessary.

Funds, however, are critically short for the overwhelming needs of the now 9.5 million East Bengalis swarming into poverty-plagued India, principally the state of West Bengal down to Calcutta, where thousands of wretched human beings, displaced since 1947 by the partition of the subcontinent, have existed entirely without shelter, bedding side by side like mounds of rags from Dumdum Airport to the portals of the Great Eastern and Grand hotels. It is said that during the recent monsoon many were swept by the flood into the latter's garden restaurant, along with the debris.

Leo Cherne was alerted early by Freedom House, of which he is executive committee chairman, to the tragedy that began March 25, when the Pakistani Army in an obviously well-planned, synchronized move brought forces into Dacca and Chittagong for the purpose of stamping out the intellectual life of East Pakistan. "Especially in underdeveloped countries," remarks Cherne, "if you want to destroy any independent vitality, that is where to strike. All totalitarian countries know this." By nightfall heads of departments at the University of Dacca and professors were called down from their homes and summarily shot. The playing field was turned into a vast grave. Still more were machine-gunned in the streets. Women were raped. Men, women, and children were bayoneted to death. An estimated 200,000 were slaughtered.

The IRC quickly formed a five-member volunteer mission, headed by ex-Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, a former IRC president, to go to Calcutta to seek ways of helping the professional leaders who managed to make their way out of the country and whose survival is essential if there is to be a free Bengla Desh. "The mission," says Cherne, "went to India to obtain a first-hand picture of the situation and to establish an emergency assistance program. (The people you see pictured living in drainage pipes are the lucky ones; they at least have shelter.) Instead, the mission came up with a completely different concept—a remarkably creative response. Why, they asked themselves, dole out a handful of rupees to keep a person alive and nonfunctioning when for the same money you can employ him in the camps, using his professional capability to assist his own people?"

To set up the machinery for the project, Mrs. Lawrence Copley Thaw, a petite Park Avenue socialite who has long been a director of the IRC, stayed in India after the rest of the Duke mission departed until she could hand over the reins, six weeks later, to Professor Aaron Levenstein of Baruch College and his wife, Margery. "It has been estimated," reports Dr. Levenstein, "that some fifteen hundred East Pakistani doctors are in India. As of November 15, 1971, the IRC had placed a total of three hundred five medical personnel in forty-eight refugee locations. The roster includes ninety doctors and two hundred fifteen paramedical persons and aides. The stipends range from a hundred to five hundred rupees (roughly $13.50 to $67) per month, depending on professional rank. This scale was fixed to conform to the level being paid by the Indian government for similar services. The medical program did encounter one unforeseen difficulty. In six of the locations, IRC doctors reported that they

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were completely lacking in medical supplies. It therefore became necessary for the IRC to make local purchases of pharmaceuticals and some equipment to keep them functioning."

Again as of last month, the IRC had established fifty-one schools, each with a staff of fourteen, one of whom is a "health teacher" to educate the youngsters about the dangers of disease from the lack of sanitation (compounding the malnutrition from which 300,000 to 500,000 children will soon die unless massive relief is forthcoming). The IRC pays the teachers 100 to 200 rupees a month, depending on their rank—primary schoolteachers, secondary school, college level. "This scale," notes Professor Levenstein, "was set up by the refugee Teachers Association, whose members are quite status-conscious."

Though providing only a minimum emergency curriculum, the schools—like the camp doctors—have been important in raising morale. "There is a visible difference between the apathetic children seen in camps where there are no schools and the alertness of the children who are attending schools and whose day has a focal point of interest and achievement. Similarly, one can observe a difference in the attitude of adults whose children are still enjoying some degree of educational continuity."

According to Professor Levenstein, unofficial estimates suggest that the ultimate number of East Bengali refugees may range between twelve and fifteen million. "The specter of famine haunting East Pakistan as a result of the civil disorders, the sabotage of industry, and the failure to cultivate crops will undoubtedly speed many others toward India, whose government continues to be hospitable to the victims." Half the administrative resources earmarked for development of West Bengal are now being consumed by refugee needs.

The response of the people of the United States, Mr. Duke observes, has fallen far short of what America has been capable of in similar emergencies —"none of which in recent times has been of similar scope in suffering and disruptive impact." To augment their efforts for the unfortunate Pakistanis, the International Rescue Committee is trying to raise $1-million. It has more than $700,000 to go.

"There are moments of despair," says Aaron Levenstein, "when we realize that we are trying to empty an ocean of sorrow with an eye-dropper. Marge and I have had to say to each other time and again the words of the Talmud: 'It is not required of thee to complete the task, but neither art thou free to desist therefrom. . . . He who saves one life, it is as if he had saved the whole world.' "

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(Continued on page 106)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 104)

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PERSONALS

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VACATIONS

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VACATIONS

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(Continued on page 108)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 107)

INFORMALITY AND TRANQUILLITY—Ideal for families: large de-luxe connecting rooms, double beds. Let the family explore 365 beaches—join them or lose them; enjoy an Antigua Rum Punch in bar or patio; or a hammock to relax. Continental dining; island famous barbecue; breakfast on your balcony. Write Blue Waters Beach Hotel, Antigua, W.I. Represented by I. Oliver Engebretson, NYC.

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TRAVEL

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TRAVEL

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WRITER'S TOUR of Paris, Rome, London—August 1st-15th, 1972. For details, write Writer's Digest, 20 East 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45210.

DREAM OF JOINING AN EXPEDITION? Sign up! Expedition—the fascinating quarterly of Archaeology/Anthropology—scientific adventure around the world. Handsomely illustrated, written for the layman. $6.50 per year. Checks payable to the University Museum, 33rd and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19104.

OUTDOOR TRIPS. Summer 1972. Hiking in Scotland. Camping in Canadian Rockies and Vancouver Island. Emphasis on nature study and photography. Write: John Philip, 508, 990 Lagoon Drive, Vancouver 5, Canada.

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FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and Graduates. Stay in a Soviet youth center. Or sail with Breton fishermen; ski in August at Mont Blanc; make bicycle trip in Denmark; climb glacier-covered Alps; hike with Czech students; speak French in France or Spanish in Spain all summer; live with European family. Music festivals, theatres. Exceptional summer travel plans in Western Europe—Russia—Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. 21st year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

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GUADALAJARA GUIDE! Illustrated, 160 pages. $1.95 postpaid. Box 533, Claremont, California 91711.

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If Mr. and Mrs. Bill Keller had known their son would choose the Navy after college, they could have saved $12,000.

Please send complete information about the Navy-Marine College Program.
Commander, Navy Recruiting Command
NROTC Dept. L-42
BLDG. 157
WASHINGTON NAVY YARD
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20390

Your Name_____

Your Son's Name_____

Age_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

The Navy

Of course Mr. and Mrs. Keller of Rockville Centre, Long Island, were pleased when their son chose the Navy after college. Especially proud because he received a commission as an officer. But financially, the Kellers—like many parents—missed the boat. They didn't realize the Navy might have paid for their son's college education through the Navy-Marine NROTC program, the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps.

The NROTC Scholarship pays a student's full college tuition, cost of textbooks and instructional fees, and a monthly subsistence allowance. All this could be worth as much as $12,000, depending on which of the more than 40 colleges and universities with NROTC units he chooses.

NROTC students spend their college years in a normal course of study, with the addition of Naval Science courses. They also attend scheduled drills and summer training.

And upon graduation, they are commissioned as Navy or Marine Officers on active duty (the minimum service requirement is presently four years).

If you think your son can qualify, talk it over with him and the Navy Recruiter in your area. It just might be that if he's ready for college, the Navy or Marines is ready to send him.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1965

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS

A. Platform or the like for a gun or battery and its accessories

B. State of being no longer used or practiced

C. Easy victory or contest

D. Confirmed in a habit, feeling, or the like

E. Not at all close (2 wds.)

F. Trinkets, baubles

G. Deleterious to health or well-being

H. Residential suburb of London that includes Hampton and Teddington

I. Act conservatively (4 wds.)

J. Danish writer (1865-1932; "Revolutionary Wedding")

K. Toward the wind (*naut.*)

L. 2 wds. followed by WORD O: "____, do no wrong, / Come not near our fairy queen," sings the First Fairy. ("Midsummer Night's Dream")

WORDS

5 95 166 185 193 209 218 231 18 57 58

147 158 160 183 197 205 234 9 21

48 80 88 109 125 176 184 10

36 61 219 8 15 28 49 82 101 105

133 136 188 207 220 22 37 70 79 87 104

124 138 196 235 12 51 63

75 144 206 216 2 126 142 182 23 106 113

114 119 132 169 4 43 76 85 90 137

177 202 215 227 26 33 44 56 78 100 150 161

211 226 93 102 107 117 127 140 190

199 222 65 94 121 180 214 221

14 67 89 139 195 212 6 46

DEFINITIONS

M. Willful; disobedient; capricious

N. Hebrew unit of dry measure equal to about a bushel

O. See WORD L (comp.)

P. Friendliness

Q. Cutesy bedtime utterance (comp.)

R. Remove, as from office or service

S. Searching stealthily (3 wds.)

T. Controversial former gov. of Arkansas

U. Leafy shelter or recess; arbor

V. Licentious or dissolute man

W. Chilean revolutionist and dictator (1776-1842)

X. Coils

Y. Predominantly Moslem people of N Nigeria and S Niger

Z. Edible

Z¹. Climbing rose having clusters of small flowers

Z². Live temporarily

WORDS

54 152 187 225 233 31 164

165 77 122 223 236

1 19 52 83 154 11 34 66 112 130

171 156 24 45 200 208 20 60 68 91

159 170 62 229 41 50 194 115 134 210 84

213 149 29 116 173 32 71

73 174 157 228 69 98 198 111 129 148

163 189 191 203 40 110

3 30 64 145 167

35 47 27 146 55 168 186 201

217 59 178 151 175 230 7 143

17 99 120 135 172 224

42 123 204 38 81 103 92

86 118 179 97 162 96 192 53

74 16 141 39 232 72 108

13 128 25 155 181 131 153

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

1 O	2 G	3 U		4 H	5 A	6 L	7 W	8 D	9 B	10 C		11 O	12 F	13 Z²	14 L	15 D		16 Z¹
	17 X	18 A	19 O	20 P	21 B	22 E		23 G	24 P		25 Z²	26 I	27 V	28 D	29 R		30 U	31 M
	32 R	33 I	34 O	35 V	36 D	37 E	38 Y		39 Z¹	40 T	41 Q		42 Y	43 H		44 I	45 P	46 L
	47 V		48 C	49 D	50 Q		51 F	52 O	53 Z		54 M	55 V	56 I	57 A		58 A	59 W	60 P
61 D	62 Q	63 F		64 U	65 K	66 O	67 L		68 P	69 S	70 E	71 R	72 Z¹		73 S	74 Z¹		75 G
76 H	77 N	78 I	79 E	80 C	81 Y	82 D	83 O	84 Q		85 H	86 Z		87 E	88 C	89 L	90 H	91 P	92 Y
	93 J	94 K	95 A	96 Z		97 Z	98 S		99 X	100 I	101 D	102 J		103 Y		104 E	105 D	106 G
107 J	108 Z¹	109 C		110 T	111 S	112 O	113 G	114 H	115 Q	116 R	117 J	118 Z		119 H	120 X	121 K	122 N	
123 Y		124 F	125 C	126 G	127 J	128 Z²	129 S	130 O		131 Z²	132 H	133 E	134 Q		135 X	136 E	137 H	138 F
139 L	140 J	141 Z¹	142 G	143 W		144 G	145 U	146 V	147 B	148 S	149 R	150 I	151 W		152 M	153 Z²	154 O	
155 Z²	156 P	157 S	158 B	159 Q		160 B	161 I	162 Z	163 T	164 M	165 N	166 A	167 U	168 V	169 H	170 Q	171 P	172 X
173 R	174 S	175 W		176 C	177 I	178 W	179 Z	180 K		181 Z²	182 G	183 B	184 C	185 A	186 V	187 M		188 E
189 T	190 J		191 T	192 Z	193 A	194 Q	195 L	196 F	197 B	198 S	199 K	200 P	201 V	202 I		203 T	204 Y	205 B
	206 G	207 E	208 P	209 A	210 Q		211 J	212 L	213 R	214 K		215 I	216 G	217 W	218 A	219 D	220 E	221 K
	222 K	223 N	224 X		225 M	226 J	227 I	228 S		229 Q	230 W	231 A		232 Z¹	233 M	234 B	235 F	236 N

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 24 of this issue.

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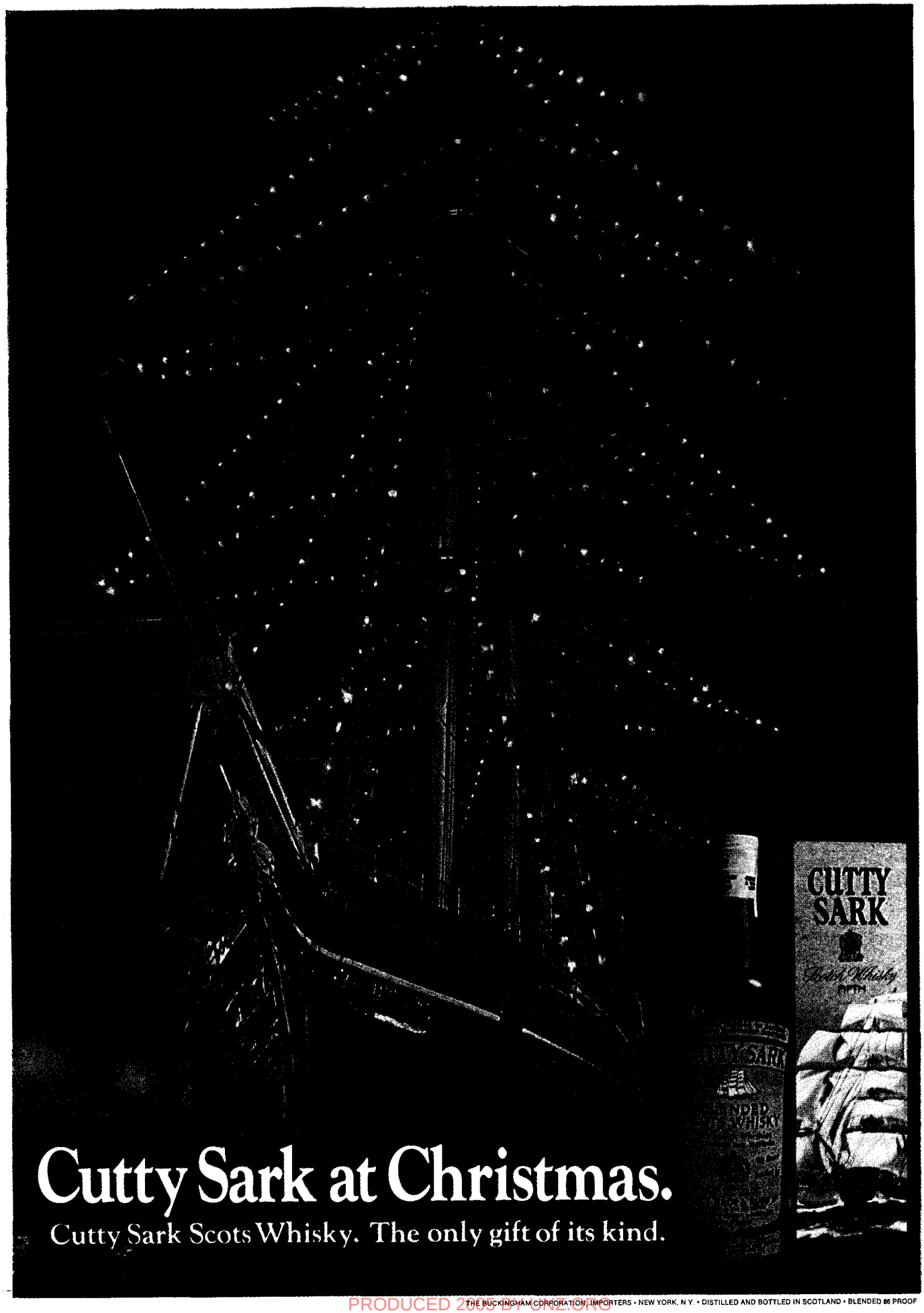

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After a woman serves her meal,

a man pays tribute to it.

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